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THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

BY TIMOTHY FLINT,

Author of 'Recollections of the last ten years in the Mississippi Valley,' 'Geography and History of the Western States,' &c.

BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.

VOLUME I.

FROM MAY 1827, TO APRIL 1828, INCLUSIVE.

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MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

MAY, 1827.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

In presenting our readers with the first number of our proposed Journal, they will expect of us our inaugural speech, for in our country no one enters on the duties of a new office without one. We shall not follow the common example of reviewers by making our portico larger than our house, but shall come to our point at once;—Where is the use of a review at Cincinnati? At the census of 1830 the Mississippi valley will contain more than four millions of inhabitants. We are physically, and from our peculiar modes of existence, a scribbling and forth-putting people. Little, as they have dreamed of the fact in the Atlantic country, we have our thousand orators and poets. We have not a solitary journal expressly constituted to be the echo of public literary opinion. The teeming mind wastes its sweetness on the desert air. The exhausted author, after the pains of parturition, is obliged to drop the dear offspring of his brain into the immense abyss of a public, that has little charity for any bantlings, that do not bring money in their hands, and

> 'Where it is gone and how it fares,
> Nobody knows and nobody cares.'

The ornament, the grace, the humanity and even the lesser morals of society, as has been said a thousand times, essentially depend upon the cultivation of literature. A community without it is like a rude family without politeness, amenity and gentleness. It may be a family of wealth and power, and courted, as such, by

those, who know no higher qualifications. But a gentleman in feeling and manners would choose to resort to another family, in which to spend his evenings. We hope our readers feel, without our prosing upon the subject, that it is high time, amidst our improvements of every sort, that some effort should be made, to foster polite literature among us. We conceive it a necessary preliminary step to this, to have a review of our own—not clannish in regard to west country productions, interests and feelings, but with sufficient respect for them, to do as much justice to a work written here, as elsewhere.

We have seen, and we therefore know what one, who has not seen can not know, with what a curl of the lip, and crook of the nose an Atlantic reviewer contemplates the idea of a work written west of the Alleghany mountains. What, say they, a back woods man write! A poet make verses on Red river near the borders of Arkansas! who ever heard of any thing worth remembering, that was written any where, except in Europe, or at least in Boston, or New York? Where could a writer be even supposed capable of gaining any adequate conceptions of the splendors of the meridian sun, except in a high and dark city cock-loft, illumined at mid day by the sure and cloudless light of a candle? Where could he feel the genuine inspirations of nature, except in such a spirit-stirring apartment, and contemplating a single bilious *hydrangium* in a red earthen flower pot?

Now we are of the number, who are so simple, as to believe, that amidst the freshness of our unspoiled nature, beneath the shade of the huge sycamores of the Miami, or cooling the forehead in the breeze of the beautiful Ohio, and under the canopy of our Italian sky, other circumstances being equal, a man might write as well, as in the dark dens of a city.

Be that as it may, writing has long since grown to be a profession, and book making, a trade, in which—tell it not in Gath of the Philistines! there is more falsehood, flattery, supplanting and envy, than in any other profession practised on the globe. Reviews are the engines of this trade, too often driven with a forty-horse power of arrogant injustice. They might, they ought, and so far as our humble interest and exertions can go, they shall be restored to the efficient and salutary purposes of their original invention.

It will be conceded, that our country contains a great amount of native talent. Unfortunately, there is but one in ten thousand of our readers, who is not either too diffident, too indolent, or too unused to the pain of making up a judgment, or too much engaged to do it. A few inane, and yet oracular dandies read; suspend their opinion, and their response; shake their heads; look sapient, and wait for the review. As soon as it comes, they find their key-note, and raise the tune. The great mass of readers, glad to be relieved of the trouble of making up an opinion, chime in. Thus, one, or two self constituted reviews become despotic courts of opinion, from which there is no appeal. A single whipster, a coxcomb, a literary Jeffries may have promulgated the sentence from the impulse of ignorance, or envy; but it passes with the community for the impartial, unanimous and solemn decision of every member of the court. Clearly, there ought to be other tribunals, who may act as checks upon the injustice, or despotism of a court, so constituted, and administer prompt, and legal remedies.

Remediless injustice of this sort may be sport to the community; but it is cruelty, poverty and death to the luckless fraternity of authors. The slow roasting of a victim at an indian torture has always been held a disagreeable operation. The burning of a victim at an *auto da fe* must be far from a pleasant endurance. But they are either of them a luxury, a 'bed of roses' compared with the horrors of an author-baiting. Contemplate the poor consumptive victim, dragged from his garret-cell, in *tattered galligaskins*, bound hand and foot, like a shorn Sampson, to make sport for the Philistines. A community of estimated intellectual giants stand forth before his morbid fancy, wearing the mysterious mask of concealment, starting a sneer and a grin, which the community catch, and communicate to the remotest points of society. No wonder, that poor authors so often lose their wits, and go distracted.

As an excuse for these terrible inflictions, the reviewers tell you, that they have a commission from the high court of the muses, to 'burn, sink, and destroy.' We have sometimes taken the liberty to look at their commission. We have not a doubt, that there is much picarooning with wooden guns, and a show of terror under this flag by swashing mariners, who never saw the 'gentle nine' in their lives. We ought to make common cause to repress piracy on the high seas.

The 'Edinburgh' is unquestionably the most able journal in the English language, and probably in the world. But the wit, after all, bitter and irresistible as it is, seldom amounts to more, than the cold, heartless, little-minded wit of sneering. We may read that powerful journal for a year, without finding a single gleam of the genial, cheering, and delightful humor of Addison. The reviewers had rather show themselves fiends, than not be thought wits, and capable of writing better, than the author, they review.

The 'Quarterly' has a prodigious amount of lumber learning, frequently fine and eloquent articles, and in poesy seldom gives any quarters to conceit. It is well known to be a full fed, court parasite, with a round and ruddy face, on which sits the eternal smile of proud and self satisfied sapience. It holds every thing American in too much contempt to hate it. It only respects the acknowledged abilities of the Edinburgh enough, to hate it cordially. Our American reviewers are often at fault, which of these two periodicals to copy. The *small fry* among the advocates of Rome are said to have affected a pretty bend in the neck, to imitate a defect in Cicero's manner, which resulted from his having a wen on one side of his neck. These people would ape the Edinburgh and Quarterly in all things, no doubt; but as the learning and wit of those journals are articles of somewhat more difficult transfer, they are obliged to content themselves with carrying off the flippancy and sneering, and to allow them justice; in these respects they sometimes out do their models.

In the United States we have hitherto looked chiefly to Boston for reviews, and that city contains, out of question, much critical and discriminating talent. We regret to perceive, that this does not circulate very copiously into the reservoir of the reviews there. The conductors of the two reviews in that city appear to us to be clannish, and illiberal, and incapable of the calm, enlarged, and philosophical impartiality, that ought always to pervade such works. Every work, which was not generated in their small circle, is greeted with the questioning, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?'

The 'United States' Literary Gazette' has an imposing, if not a modest name, and has produced some just criticisms, where it was impossible to mistake. There is certainly considerable talent

enlisted in that work, which renders its aberrations more guilty. It promulgates its literary bulls with a most amusing air of infallibility. It is said always to find the richest aspirant, the cleverest writer, and to be in no danger of dying with grief, when it sees rising excellence strangled in the birth. We see among the names of its editors, that of Mr. Bryant, a name, which does honor to American literature. He has no more hearty admirers of his beautiful verses, than we are. We were reluctant to believe, that the cruel flippancy, and the obvious and wanton injustice, which so nearly touched us, in that journal, had passed the ordeal of such a mind, as his. The reading public, indolent and diffident, as it is, has reversed, and will continue to reverse those decisions. In reading that journal, we have been on the very tenter hooks of curiosity, to learn on what part of it Mr. Bryant had breathed. It has seemed to us right marvellous, that a review, to which his name is attached as an editor, should be so generally heavy, and so pertinaciously in bad taste. We are well aware, that it has been very differently estimated in Boston and New-York. We are equally aware, that the public is so indifferently courteous, and so ready to have the trouble of judging for itself taken off its hands, that a donkey might receive from St. Croix to the Mississippi the literary honors of an Apollo, if half a dozen persons, of a certain standing could be found to vouch for his divinity.

We formerly identified our own national pride with the proud name of the 'North American.' The editors seem to us, to have slept upon that name, until four in the afternoon. We hope they will wake up, and use words of power to evoke from their slumbers, or their wool-gathering, or their desertion, the strong men that used to hold it up. Its last year's existence was on the strength of its name. Occasional corruscations gleam even yet across its dark atmosphere, like an *aurora borealis* in a Dutch fog. But if the editors allow men, who look through a microscope, instead of critical spectacles, to judge for them, it will soon be a soporific of the next efficacy to laudanum.

Another review has recently appeared in the city of 'brotherly love.' From the first specimen we are confident, that the spirit of the merciless motto, 'burn, sink, and destroy' will not find its way into that journal. We are persuaded, that if any man in the United States is capable of conducting a review, of which Ameri-

cans may be proud, the editor is that man—liable to prejudice, and inflexible in his opinions, however formed, he may be. ' But he has a fund of gentlemanly and honorable feeling, and an unchangeable leaning, to what he deems to be truth, which will prevent his ever becoming the conscious instrument of injustice. Sneering will not be the weapon of his warfare. The radiance of benevolence will still gleam across his sallow and sickly countenance, and he will incline to the side of indulgence and praise, rather than of ridicule and censure. 'Let the righteous smite. It shall be a kindness.' We will hope, that our little bark may be taken in tow, to make common cause.

We hope, that we shall never manifest the disposition to 'burn, sink, and destroy.' There is one enemy, however, against which, if they will allow us the honor, we will join forces even with them of the bloody flag. Show us an author, who advances an irreligious, or an immoral sentiment, an opinion that has a clear tendency to confound the unchangeable distinctions of right and wrong, unhinge principle, and overturn the social foundations, and we will do our best to paddle our skiff into the line of battle, and will fight with as hearty good will to the cause, as the best of them.

In the remarks, which we have made, touching the Boston reviewers, they will perhaps say, that it is all the bitterness of wincing under righteous castigation. A generous public has already pretty generally thought otherwise. Instead of vindicating ourselves from this charge, we will invite our readers to recur to the manner in which they have reviewed Cooper, the general favorite of the American public; to the tone and manner, in which we were reviewed; and the delectable grin, with which, they admitted, that a young aspirant of the Western country had *produced the best verses that had ever been written on Red river, near the borders of the Arkansas.* To sneer at the author, an unoffending and respectable community must be sneered at, and inexcusable ignorance of geography in wise men betrayed; for in fact, Red river is nearly as far from Arkansas, as their own Boston is from Baltimore. One of our maxims is, that a book, which interests every body must have interest. If a reviewer cannot see it, it is a shrewd mark, that the defect is in his own vision, and that the weakness, which he thinks, he has discovered in the author, is a vacuity in his own brain.

That there is very little justice to be expected from the decisions of the best reviews, that have yet appeared, is obvious from a single circumstance. Any one, who knows the avowed character of the Edinburgh and the Quarterly, and the principles of the author to be reviewed, can anticipate the decision that will pass upon him. In effect every one, who is only moderately acquainted with the history of literature, knows, that almost every author, who now stands before the public with acknowledged talents, not only rose to that estimation without the help of reviews, but against their harshest censure. It is only necessary to select a few prominent facts of this sort out of a thousand. 'The Paradise Lost,' was pronounced by the journals of the time a poor thing, and the immortal author was glad to pocket ten pounds for it. 'Paul and Virginia' was condemned in manuscript by the whole twenty reviews of Paris, as a miserable, clumsy, dawdling fiction, laid in the day of its publication. A few good women, who had tact and hearts, rescued this most delightful work from the flames. Every one has heard with indignation, that the sneering of the reviews of the day upon his work, went to the heart of the amiable H. K. White, and probably hastened his premature, and lamented decease. We have been told, but do not vouch for it, that Waverly, on its first appearance, was described by the reviewers, as a stale, flat thing, out of all joint and shape. Every one knows, that the Scotch and British reviews united to find Lord Byron a silly fellow, with no claims, as a writer, but that of being a lord. Shall the public continue to consider tribunals, that award such decisions, as just, impartial, and infallible? The thing is better understood in England; and an unjust and illiberal review, recoils upon the reviewer, instead of the author.

Reviewers generally acquire great quickness in discovering an author of mediocrity, who has a certain regular cleverness in manufacturing sheet lead in rectangular pages of the true cerulean polish, and they puff him to the skies. But the moment they ken from a distance another sort of author, they instantly declare against him the war of the giants with the gods. They heap over him Pelion and Ossa. Many a sensitive and gifted mind has thus been extinguished and buried under the superincumbent mountains. But, if the native vigor of the author enable him to throw off the pressure, and shake himself from the dust, who then but

he? As soon, as they find, they can not destroy him, they turn round, enlist in his train, and shout *Io Paean!* with the rest.

Reviewers, who imagine, that nothing good can be written beyond a circle of three and a half miles diameter, of which circle they are the centre, may have, as must certainly be conceded to the Boston reviewers, a great deal of mechanical cleverness in manufacturing sentences, and rounding periods. Extensive reading of common-place canons of criticism may enable them to mount the bench, and promulgate critical axioms. They may be, and they doubtless are very useful in the humbler department of verbal criticism. They may make a fine garnish of a ponderous and long winded oration with parsley and sweet sauce. Their heavy professional disquisitions, may be very useful to the 'lazy and lame' professional men, for whose use alone they seem to be compiled. But let fall among such folks a work, that has genius, and with the excentricities generally appended to genius, emitting scintillations in its track, and their dislike, their alarm, and astonishment, and inability to name, and rate the work, reminds us of the narrative, which our ancient host, at their own native Cambridge, used to give of the falling of a bomb in a meadow among his cows. They instantly crowded round it, smelling at the burning fuse, and exerting their vaccine reasonings in infinite wonderment to investigate, what sort of new thing it was. It burst, and with erected tails, and a broadening circle, they spread from it at the top of their speed. No doubt their *scavans* improved the first moments of coolness and security, to pronounce it a most outré, and uncriticisable production.

Our notion of the proper character of a review will be seen from our motto. With the priests of ancient Rome, when called upon to denounce the Sabines, we say that our proper function is, '*benedicere, haud maledicere*,' to bless rather than to curse. If we apply the scourge, many of our readers, we are sure, will say, it is in righteous retaliation, and only on those, who like wanton boys, that have stolen the coachman's whip, are eternally snapping the thong in their neighbor's eyes. Pity that such should not learn a little sympathy by suffering. Our conception of the spirit, that ought to regulate such a journal, as ours, especially in a young and growing community, where the writers must of course be fresh and inexperienced, is that of a gifted and good father developing

the powers of a child, mixing discriminating praise with kind censure; is that of an experienced and benevolent instructor, watching, encouraging, and enlightening the efforts of his pupil. If our views are correct, how unlike the spirit of modern reviews all this is, let the reader determine. The censure is malignant. The praise is nauseous. 'Lay on thick. Some will stick,' say they; and more reviewing thrives by this maxim, than all others put together.

We shall be asked, if we dare assume, that we can be impartial, and just, and disposed to foster, and encourage whatever we discover of talent in the works, we review? If we shall be less disposed to make our author a foil to show ourselves, less disposed to be envious, and to indulge party feelings, and to sneer, than our predecessors? We are sure, that we carry a good conscience to the work, and we answer in the modest and firm words of the hero of Bridgewater, 'We'll try.' Our view of the proper object of such a work is to foster literature. We see no possible harm, that can result from encouraging authorship, especially in a new country, to the utmost extent. The bitterness of modern reviews does not touch the impenetrable and the dull, who write on, and do not care a brass farthing for them. It is only the gifted and sensitive, that they hurt. Instead of wishing there were fewer books published, than there are, we wish, there were five times as many. It shows a mind above the common, even to have the ambition to make a book. More good than harm, we dare affirm, will ordinarily result from publishing even a dull book. It produces a corresponding excitement in the mind of the congenial reader, and a new lump of dough, thrown into the great intellectual cask, has its proper tendency to raise the fermentation. The paper maker, the author, the printer, the bookbinder, the bookseller, and in succession, the barber, and pastry cook, and various other incidental trades, are encouraged, and no harm, that we can foresee, will follow. Dull books are necessary for dull readers. What would become of the reviews, if there were not multitudes of the latter? No notion can be more erroneous, than that the multiplication of bad works will prevent the sale of good ones. Book buying, like alms giving, is sure to increase with the increasing demands made upon it. But do we mean to praise every book? Not at all. We mean to bestow as much honest and dis-

criminating praise, as we can. Where we are compelled to find fault, we will be on our guard, to carry to that very unpleasant duty a spirit of kindness. We will make the author sensible, that we have no disposition to ridicule him, and that we regret, that we cannot praise him. We will humbly and honestly suggest our poor opinion of the helps, that will enable him to do better. We will be rigid in our economy of fault-finding. Above all, we will make it manifest, that we feel that we also are in the flesh, and that we have not imbibed the cold, heartless, belittling, sneering spirit of the modern reviews, that goes to the heart of an author, like an ice-bolt.

We are well aware, that a reviewer is more solemnly sworn to integrity and impartiality, than any other judge. On the bench of intellectual judicature, it is pitiful to know men, and birth-place, and clannish and territorial limits. The republic of letters ought to have no bounds but the range of intellect. Its limits ought to be '*ultra flammantia mœnia mundi*.' We shall strenuously maintain the opinion, that, circumstances being the same, a man can write as well now, as he could have written in the times of Homer, or Milton; that for the developement of mind, it is not necessary to court 'the nine' in Jerusalem, or Samaria, or Paris, or London, or Edinburgh, or Boston; and that wherever a vigorous intellect opens itself to the inspirations of nature, be it on the Ohio, the Mississippi, Red River, or even *near the borders of the Arkansas*, it will operate the same results, as it would in Boston. Revolutions, that always bring out so much talent, prove, that no man knows what is in himself, until it is shaken out of him by circumstances. We will not enquire who our author is, where he wrote, or to what clan he belonged. We will 'pity neither his youth, nor his age,' but try him on the naked merits of his book. Our literary creed is included in one word, 'simplicity.' Our school is the contemplation, and the study of nature. If we admire the fine, old fellows of antiquity, who have said all our good things before us, it is only because they had little to imitate, and were obliged to be original, and abhorred conceit, and wrote simply, and saw nature with their own eyes.

So much for our views of duty, as an editor of a new journal. If he allow himself, to add a remark, that is personal to himself, it is only because he deems, that he ought to look to an interest

infinitely higher, than that of literature. Some of his readers will know, that he has sustained for many years the office of a minister of the gospel; and some might be disposed to enquire, why he has renounced the calling? He would shield, if he might, that holy office from receiving a wound, which was aimed at him. He venerates the office, which he has sustained, and considers it, when properly discharged, the highest and most honorable, that was ever committed to man. Religion is the key stone of the arch of the moral universe. Religion is the bond, that unites the living with the dead, and time with eternity. Religion is the poesy of existence, the source of all high thought and generous feeling. Religion is the basis of all virtuous and enduring friendship, the support of all the charities, and morals, and the very tie of social existence. Let any motives for his relinquishing the ministry be assigned, so that want of veneration for religion, and cordial respect for its ministers be not of the number. The real cause is a dispensation of providence, which has long since denied him sufficient strength and voice, to discharge the public duties of his office.

This journal, as yet only struggling into life, cannot be supposed capable of having present form and character. It throws itself upon the indulgence and patronage of the western people. It shall be strictly impartial. For himself, his children, his charities, his first ties and duties, are here. Those most dear to him, scarcely know another country; and here, if the people will encourage all the industry, application, and zeal, for their welfare, of which his feeble health is capable, he will hope to find the term of his wanderings. These circumstances give bond for him, that he will be thoroughly a western man. One pledge, which he makes, he hopes will ensure the contributions of his friends to the work, and will excite the emulation of example. We ought, above all people, to encourage every thing domestic. He pledges himself, that this journal shall consist of original articles, entirely of domestic fabric. Nor shall any article appear in it, which has acquired immodesty by being already hackneyed before the public eye.

In this number he finds himself straitened for room, and this must be his apology for the brief manner, in which some of the following articles are noticed. It is proposed to have the two subse-

quent numbers *monthly*, like this. They are then intended to be issued *quarterly*, in numbers containing something more than 200 pages. He respectfully, and earnestly solicits contributions of short and pithy articles, of such a character, as may be supposed most interesting and useful to western people. As the Editor must be supposed to feel most keenly what the interests of the journal require, and to be more deeply interested in its success, than any other person, he hopes, it will not be unreasonable to expect, that every article submitted, will have attached to it permission, to enlarge, retrench, and alter at pleasure. All letters, except communications for the Journal, will be addressed, (*post paid*) to TIMOTHY FLINT, Editor of the WESTERN JOURNAL, CINCINNATI.

THE LOST CHILD.

PUBLIC feeling in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, has been prodigiously excited, during the past winter, by a mysterious and inexplicable catastrophe, which has excited in us a more harrowing interest, than any tale of fictitious distress. The following circumstances were gleaned from the journals, the accounts of different persons, who conversed with the parties, and are corrected from a long conversation with the sheriff at Natchez, who was obliged by his official duties to see much of the father and mother of the lost child, and to attend the trial of the person, arrested on suspicion of being concerned in stealing the child, and under whose care and inspection he fell, while in prison. That gentleman was obliging enough to communicate to the writer many details of great interest, which are necessarily precluded in the brevity of this narration.

Something more than a year ago, the only child of a Mr. Clark, of Hempsted county, territory of Arkansas, a fine boy of four years, disappeared from the scene of his morning play, near the house of his parents, and could no where be found. A little negro boy had been playing with him, and related, that two men on horseback came upon them, and that one of them alighted, took up the child, and carried him off. The parents were sober, respectable, and comparatively affluent. It is a country of dark forests, and immense prairies; and wolves, bears, and panthers, are common in the woods, and different tribes of Indians hunt in the vicinity. The affection of these parents for their only child was

such, as would be naturally expected, and no effort of the imagination is necessary to conceive the anxiety and agony of their suspense. The honest hearted people about them, though not given to eloquent descriptions of their feelings in such cases, expressed a more unquestionable sympathy by turning out, *en masse*, and scouring the forests, prairies, and bayous, in every direction. The agonizing father followed a man, who preceded him a day or two, as was reported, carrying a child with him on horseback. After a pursuit of three hundred miles, he ascertained, in the bitterness of disappointment, that the child was not his. Every exertion, made to find the child, was to no purpose. The father rode in different directions thousands of miles. Advertisements, promises of ample reward, the sustained search of hundreds of people, were alike unavailing, to furnish a vestige of the child, or the slightest clue to stimulate to hope, and further exertion. After a search of months, the feelings of the parents, from the natural effect of time and disappointment, settled down to the calm of resignation and despair, and they mourned for their child, as dead. It will be easy to conceive, that it was not the tranquil mourning of parents, who have seen their child in its sinless innocence buried under the clods of the valley. The agony of suspense, the feverish efforts of imagination, excited to activity, by the indescribable tenderness of parental affection, and still fashioning new and more horrible catastrophies, especially at particular periods of the day, or the evening—from this they could only be delivered, by finding their child, or becoming acquainted with his doom. They had not even the sad satisfaction of the patriarch, finding the bloody clothes of their lost child, by which, suspense might be terminated in the conviction, that an 'evil beast had devoured him.'

Some time last winter, the father received a letter, mailed at the Natchez post office, informing him, that if he would enclose fifty dollars in a letter to the writer, and would send the mother of the child, unaccompanied by any other person, to a certain house in Arkansas, which he designated, with two hundred dollars more, the writer engaged, that a certain woman in the designated house should deliver up the child to its mother. This letter was written in a gentlemanly hand, and signed 'Thomas Tutty.'

The plan of the distracted parents was settled by advice of many respectable people in Louisiana, who entered warmly into their feelings. A letter stating all the circumstances of the case, was written to the post master at Natchez. Another, agreeable to all the requirements of Tutty, and enclosing a bank note of fifty dollars, was addressed to him. In the letter to the post master, he was directed to watch for the man, who should call for the other letter, and have him apprehended. At the proper time, a man of gentlemanly appearance and manners, with the dialect of an Irishman, enquired for the letter. The post master by design made difficulty

and delay in making change, and detained the man, until an officer was procured, and he was then apprehended. He was found to be a man, who had kept a school for some time in the vicinity of Natchez, whose singular and cautious habits had already excited suspicion. He proved himself shrewd, sulky, and pertinaciously obstinate in his purpose, to confess nothing, and to throw the whole burden of proof on the magistrate, before whom he was tried. He would not admit the identity of the hand writing of the letter with his own, and he denied, that his name was Thomas Tutty. He was charged with having fabricated the story, that he knew where the child was, and would cause it to be delivered to its parents, merely with the base purpose of extorting money from the affection of the parents. He continued to affirm, that he knew where the child was, and proved, that he was acquainted with the long way between Natchez and the residence of Mr. Clark, by answering with the utmost promptness and intelligence, questions about the numerous bayous, swamps, and passes, in the distance, put with a particularity, intended purposely to perplex him. On the suspicious fact of his having enquired for the letter, directed to Thomas Tutty, he was committed to prison. The parents, who repaired to Natchez, and various people, who took a deep interest in this strange, and terrible affair, exhausted their ingenuity to no purpose in efforts, to get something out of the prisoner, that might furnish a clue, by which to find the child. He told the father, that in a certain place, where it was supposed he would pass in search of the child, he would find the clothes, which the child wore when it disappeared, and bones having the appearance of those of a child of his years, that had been devoured by beasts. But he assured him, that the bones were not those of his child, but of an animal, placed there to produce that impression. Such an investigation was found to be the fact. Yet strange to tell, nothing could extort from the man the slightest information, that had any other tendency, than still more to excite the imagination, and harrow up the feelings of the parents.

Meanwhile a number of the respectable people of Natchez, stimulated by their intense interest, the warm blood of the south, and their impatient fondness for summary justice, and thinking probably, that a little 'hideing' could do the Irishman no possible harm, and might operate upon his imperturbable closeness the benefit of a course of gymnastics, took him by night from the prison, and gave him a pretty severe drubbing, intimating between the intervals of discipline, that whenever he found the application transcending the bounds of health and pleasant feeling, any useful information, touching the child, would save them the trouble of carrying the operation any farther. The Irishman shrugged, and seemed for a long time disposed to persevere in his customary closeness, and receive all the benefits of the prescription. But at a point, where

the thing was becoming evidently very unpleasant, he seemed to relent, and said, that if they would send to a certain house between forty and fifty miles from Natchez, in Mississippi, the people there would tell them, where they might find the child. The sheriff, who stated, that he had disapproved of these proceedings, and was, moreover, ill at the time, was no sooner apprized of this information, than he started at midnight for the designated house. When he arrived there, he found that the people were of good character, and perceived in a moment, that he was on a false scent, and that the prisoner had given this information only to get rid of correction.

The parents and the people, having exhausted every effort upon the pertinacious silence, and unshrinking obstinacy of the prisoner to no purpose, became fully impressed, that he had, indeed, been concerned in the stealing of the child, but that he no longer knew any thing about its present condition, and had been induced to what he had done, merely to obtain money, by trifling with parental anxiety and affection. They consented to the enlargement of the prisoner on a *nolle prossequi*, on condition, that he should return with the parents, in the hope, that threats, or promised rewards, or a returning sense of justice and humanity, when he should arrive where the clothes of the child were laid, might yet induce him, to put them on a clue to finding him.

He was accordingly enlarged, and crossed the Mississippi in the same ferry boat with the parents, on their route towards home. It had been purposely intimated to him, that unless he would frankly communicate to Mr. Clark on the journey, all that he knew about the child, as soon, as they should have travelled beyond the settlements, he would be put to death. Having advanced beyond the settlement of Concordia, he asked Mr. Clark, how long he intended to allow him to live? The reply was, if he persisted in withholding information about the child, perhaps thirty six hours. Mr. Clark carried a pistol in his belt. The Irishman rushed upon him, seized the pistol, and snapped it at his breast. Although he had primed and loaded it himself, it fortunately missed fire. Failing in his purposes, the Irishman broke away and made for a bayou, to which they were approaching. He plunged in, disappeared, and was drowned, and thus extinguished the only visible hope of a clue to unravel this mysterious and tragical affair. This crime of fiends, child stealing, has been often threatened in that region, which furnishes such facilities for perpetrating it, as a mean of diabolical revenge. An indescribable interest yet exists there in regard to the elucidation of this mystery. Parents, watch your children. Be careful of the presence of suspicious villains, who might in this way sting you to death. The happiest feeling, which a good mother can have on the earth, is, when she sees her children safely and sweetly sleeping in their own beds, under the united protection of innocence and parents, good angels and God.

REFLECTIONS

ON WESTERN INTERESTS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Farmers and planters are continually croaking about the lowness of prices, and the impossibility of making sales of produce to profit; in short, the difficulty of making money. It were pity, we should starve, where beef and pork can be had at a cent and a half a pound, and corn at twelve and a half cents a bushel; or be cold, when the lower country grows more cotton, than they can sell, and the hills of the upper country wave with flax, or whiten with merinos. The question incessantly recurs, how shall we get rich? We answer, be frugal, and make every thing within ourselves. Let us rear the silk-worm. The temperate and medial climates of the upper western states, uniting the peculiar advantages of northern and southern regions for this kind of culture, and indicated by nature herself, as peculiarly adapted to it, by the abundant, spontaneous, and universal growth of mulberry-trees, invite us to rear the silk-worm. But we have heard some of our farmers of ancient ideas say, we are too young for that culture. Silk is an unnecessary article of luxury. Away with luxuries, and let us talk only of necessaries. But we reply, let us make, and sell this luxury for *necessary* money. Let us tax the pride of the lordly, and wealthy English. Let us set Ohio, Kentucky, and the country west of us, against all the world for making silk. But are you sure, my good sir, that silk is a luxury? Ask your daughters, if they are too plain, and farmer-like in their habits to wear silks, even when they are obliged to bring them at an exorbitant price from abroad. By the time you have known the dear, and gentle daughters of Eve as long, and as intimately, as I have, you will allow, I think, that silks, and gorgeous silks, flaming red, pink, and scarlet silks, are not mere luxuries. Pride, and the love of finery, will cause, that the market, which they require, can never be glutted. Let us raise bees, and export their honey and wax. Let us have hedges, instead of perishable rail fences. Let us copy the Germans, and build good stone houses and barns, and improve, and beautify our farms. This is the only real wealth. Let us spend less time, and throw away less labor and money, in building flat boats, and sending down to New Orleans corn in bulk, and other articles, which will not pay cost and charges. At that city, our sons find the way to the *roulette* and the *theatre*, and bring back morals, health, and purse, no ways replenished. Let us save their exertions and their morals, by putting them to labors of permanent comfort, utility, and beauty, at home. Taking into view our distance from the sea, and the expense of transport there, let us send abroad articles

of the least bulk, and bearing under that bulk the greatest value. For instance, let us shell our corn, kiln-dry it, and carry it in boxes and barrels. Then it will not rot with the first rain and warm weather; nor shall we be obliged to sell it, just at the price, which the people there choose to give. We can preserve it to take advantage of the market, or send it abroad. We send them immense quantities of whiskey, to keep up their spirits. Perhaps it is forecasting benevolence, to render the poison as little noxious, as possible, which causes, that every barrel, which we send to New Orleans, is half full of the Ohio. Suppose we should send it as hot, as they can sup it, for instance, alcohol, or highly rectified spirits, we could convey the same amount for half the price of transport; and if a benevolent regard to their morals and their health impels us to dilute it, the Mississippi, when filtered, is admirable water, and the hot liquid might be reduced there. We are a shrewd, fippenny-loving people, and like *Boston folks*, *full* of improvements and *notions*. Nevertheless, we think that the people generally, have a thing or two, yet to learn, even touching these every day concerns.

PROGRESS OF THE WEST.

At the next census our numbers will probably exceed four millions. Ohio is estimated to contain at present, between eight and nine hundred thousand inhabitants, and will then contain a million. The lady, in whose house we write these remarks, is a young and fresh looking woman, and she remembers, when there were but six framed houses in Cincinnati. It contained last winter, as ascertained by actual enumeration, sixteen thousand two hundred inhabitants. It has a great many neat houses, and a few gardens, which will bear a proud comparison with any, that we have seen. Nearly two hundred houses were built the last season, and yet, as we know to our cost, not a house is to be rented. We have a great collection of enterprising mechanics, spreading the products of their industry up and down our almost interminable streams. Turn a hungry army loose among us, and if they have money in their pockets, it will be their own fault, if they have not plenty of pork and flour. Nearly one hundred and fifty steam boats ply on our waters. An Atlantic cit, who talks of us under the name of backwoodsmen, would not believe, that such fairy structures of oriental gorgeousness and splendor, as the Washington, the Florida, the Walk in the Water, the Lady of the Lake, &c. &c., had ever existed in the imaginative brain of a romancer, much less, that they were actually in existence, rushing down the Mississippi, as on the wings of the wind, or plowing up between

the forests, and walking against the mighty current 'as things of life,' bearing speculators, merchants, dandies, fine ladies, every thing real, and every thing affected, in the form of humanity, with pianos, and stocks of novels, and cards, and dice, and flirting, and love-making, and drinking, and champaigne, and on the deck, perhaps, three hundred fellows, who have seen alligators, and neither fear whiskey, nor gun-powder. A steam boat, coming from New Orleans, brings to the remotest villages of our streams, and the very doors of the cabins, a little Paris, a section of Broadway, or a slice of Philadelphia, to ferment in the minds of our young people, the innate propensity for fashions and finery. Within a day's journey of us, three distinct canals are in respectable progress towards completion. Two will probably be finished this summer. The very thought of either would have been rejected, as moon shine speculation at the close of the revolutionary war, when contemplated, as the work of the whole nation. The Erie canal, taking the freshness of the country, through which it is located, into view, is a project absolutely stupendous. But twenty years ago, and nine tenths of the route was an unbroken wilderness. Scarcely have log cabins sprung up among the trees, when a survey is made for a canal 320 miles in length, and with 1185 feet of lockage. It will stretch along from hill to hill, through forests as old as the world, uniting the limped waters of the lake with those of the gulf of Mexico on the one hand, as they are already united with the Atlantic on the other. One hundred and sixteen miles are contracted to be finished this year. The prospect is, that the whole will be finished in 1830, at an expense of between three and four million dollars. The Miami canal, terminating at this town, is 67 miles in length; will cost between 6 and 700,000 dollars; has 300 feet lockage, and will open the greater part of its extent to boats, this summer, and is expected to connect the waters of Madriver with the Ohio, next season. Cincinnati will soon be the centre of the 'celestial empire,' as the Chinese say; and instead of encountering the storms, the sea sickness, and dangers of a passage from the gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic, whenever the Erie canal shall be completed, the opulent southern planters will take their families, their dogs and parrots, through a world of forests, from New Orleans to New York, giving us a call by the way. When they are more acquainted with us, their voyage will often terminate here.

The whole country above, below, and on all sides, is on a march of improvement, of which this is a fair sample. We have twice travelled through the state of Ohio from Wheeling to Cincinnati, an extent of between two and three hundred miles. We have travelled in no part of the United States with more pleasure. The aspect of the country is charming, with the pleasant alternations of fertile valleys, and cultivated hills, dotted with a number

of considerable towns and pleasant villages, and sprinkled with a succession of many stone and brick houses, not of the most beautiful architecture to be sure, but evidencing abundance and comfort. We could hardly bring ourselves to realize, that the country through which we passed in a line of mail stages, was scarcely twenty years old. The noble national road is completed in many places, and you see hosts of the laborers at their work upon it. The taverns are every where excellent. The abundance of the table would dine a file of soldiers, after the guests had risen. The load of eatables, with which the table groans, is universally surmounted with fowls, killed after your arrival, and no doubt from patriotism, placed before you in the form of a spread eagle. You regale on old fashioned apple pies, and, for the exhiliration of the true sons of the west, two decanters of the 'native' nod at each other, from either end of the table. All this, except in the towns, where they have learned the vile city tricks of bills, costs you twenty cents. Except in possessing greater abundance, and something less of puritanism, Ohio is now what Massachusetts was thirty years ago. The ladies wear caps after the same fashion. The bed linen has the same fragrant and home made smell, and the women, that attend, are officiously kind, and almost to a fault. A man who would impose upon their efforts to please, merits the stocks. A stray Atlantic city dandy sometimes exercises this inhumanity, and makes the landlady blush, that after she has done all she can, she can not please the thing.

THE MISSOURI TRAPPER.

At the sources of the Missouri, Yellow Stone, Platte, White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, and on all their tributaries, that have courses in the Rocky mountains, the great object of pursuit of the trappers, white and savage, is the beaver. The buffalo is hunted for food, beds, clothing, and furniture; the other animal is trapped for money. It is the chief mean of gain to the savages, their dependence for their supply from the whites of arms, ammunition, blankets, strouding, traps, whiskey, and all objects of necessity and desire. To these lonely and sequestered regions, isolated from social nature and man, by ragged and lofty mountains, and wide and sterile deserts. repair hundreds of white hunters, who hunt for subsistence, and trap for gain. They make their way there in companies of armed partnerships, fitted out as a kind of *guerillas.* Arrived at these frowning barriers of nature, they separate. Sometimes a pair of sworn friends trap together. There are not a few, who repair, each by himself, and as far, as

may be, from the known haunt of another, to these solitary streams and mountains. Outlawry, necessity, avarice, an appetite for lawless, unrestrained, and unwitnessed roving, constant exposure to danger, and a habit of defying the elements, of becoming sufficient to themselves, the absolute necessity of relying alone upon their own personal strength and resources, create an astonishing compound of quickness of perception with a reckless confidence in their own prowess. We have seen more than one person of this cast incurably attached to solitude of labor and danger, compared with which Robinson Crusoe's sojourn on his island, was but a mere pastoral experiment. They furnish an impressive proof, that there is no mode of life intrinsically so repulsive and painful, but man may become reconciled to it by habit. A lonely hunter, cast upon nature and the elements, with nothing but prairies and mountains in view, without bread or salt, and in jeopardy from beasts and savages every hour, amidst scenery and dangers, that would naturally tend to raise the heart to God, trusting to no divinities but his knife and his gun, and building all his plans for the future on his traps, regarding the footsteps of man, imprinted in the sand, as objects of calculating apprehension, and almost equally dreading the face of the white man and the savage; in situations thus lonely and exposed, he braves the heat of summer, the ices and the mountain blast of winter, the grizzly bear, and robbers of his own race, and the savages, for years. When he has collected a sufficient number of packs of beaver, he fells a hollow tree, slides it into some full mountain stream, paddles down the thousand leagues of the Missouri, and is seen with a dress, a gait, and manners, as appropriate to his pursuits, as a sailor's, bustling about the streets of St. Louis to make bargains for his furs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Gallantry impels us to exclude another article, intended for this place, in order to insert a letter from our fair correspondent, of whose letters we think very differently from the Boston reviewers. We shall be delighted to hear from her again.]

'*Durango, March* 1, 1827.

'SEÑOR: I am in a tremble of consternation. As soon, as I have breath, I will tell you, what has put me in such a flurry. My husband is absent at Mexico. You are my first American friend, and I have a proud consciousness, which excludes the fear of being thought forward and indiscreet in the confidential remarks which follow. You can not but know, Señor, that I have been not a lit-

tle proud of my English, and since my trip to the north, have ordered, and regularly received, the more considerable of the American journals. Among a bundle of other trumpery, that I received by the last mail, I got the Boston reviews. I began to turn them over with very little interest, having found them for a considerable time past, particularly dull. Our lady of the pillar defend us! Evil spirits are never nearer, than when we think least about them. Oh! such a shock! When I was learning English, I read bishop Berkeley along with him, who is now my husband. That author almost convinced me, that flesh and blood had no actual existence, and my head was often dizzy in pursuing the enquiry, whether every thing on the earth was not an illusion. Vague and distressing apprehensions of this sort, have often haunted me since. All these terrors rushed upon me in a moment, as I found these wise reviewers actually denying my husband's existence and my own; and by the same token, showing dispositions of so little courtesy towards us, that I should have trembled for my life, to have fallen into their hands. I ran to the mirror, and, our lady! I was as pale as death, and felt, like the pursued nymph in Ovid, as though I might dissolve, and be converted into a fountain. I took a glass of water, and became a little assured. In the midst of this tremor, in came my little Francis Miguel from school, skipping in all the buoyancy of beauty, and love, and a youthful existence. He ran to me, as usual, for his kiss. I kissed him a thousand times, and tears of assurance and relief, flowed. As he clung to me in astonishment, to see me weeping, I felt, that he was indeed my own dear boy, and a 'thing of life.' Have you heard, said he, in his charming Spanish accent, and half sobbing at the sight of my tears, have you heard any thing bad from the yankees? Out upon the monsters, said I. Let me never hear the name again. My boy is discreet, and saw at once, that I was afflicted with something, that he could not comprehend, and he left me for his top.

'To be sure we went to the north, as much as possible incog. But to think, that these men never heard a word about my dear husband, or me. What a lesson for people, who think they occupy a great space in public opinion! You well know, that we saw no society, while in Boston, but that, which is there considered the first, and the best. How many compliments, and kind things we heard! But I find, 'out of sight, out of mind.' Not one of those civil friends is now ready to vouch even for our existence. I was at first half inclined to find fault with the city. But it is certainly a handsome, and hospitable, and wise, and substantially built city, and surely for a few inconsiderate and pedantic people, one ought not to be in a passion with a whole city. I suppose, they would not trouble themselves about it, even if I were. I am half inclined to think, that I saw some of these very people,

who treat us so roughly, while I was there. We staid, as you know, at the house of Mrs. C***. She had shown us the lions of the city. She promised us one evening a visit of some of the literati. Sure enough, in the course of the evening there came in three or four tall, grim, bolt personages, whose thin, long visages evidenced, that they lived upon sharp diet, such as vinegar and toast. While they eyed me, they shifted from side to side, as if they were undergoing the operation of the spit. As a foreign lady, one of these learned men addressed me in French. What work he made of it! You know, what unmanageable things the French articles are by any, except real scholars. He made my husband a female, and me a male, half a dozen times, and because they could not determine our sex in French, they have ended by making us both nonentities. I kept as smooth a face, as possible. Our lady forgive me! I could not restrain a smile. Suspecting, I fancy, that I was not particularly pleased with them, or their French, they soon, and much to my satisfaction, cleared themselves. I smiled no more; but the young ladies laughed at them heartily, as soon, as they were gone. I dare say, they were these same reviewers, and they revenge themselves after this fashion, and this they call 'backing their friends.'

'If these men did not hear a word about us, while we were at the north, I console myself, that, let us have journied, where we might, the same calumnies might have been fabricated in respect to us, and the objection, which is made against our having 'a local habitation and a name,' at the north, might be urged with the same force against the existence of Sir Charles, and a host of other historical personages. In short, there have been people, who have dared to declare, that they sought in vain, in the isle of France, for the former residence of 'Paul and Virginia.' Alas! what will become of the credibility of history! Besides, it is some comfort, that not to have known us, only argues these people unknown. I dare say, they are obscure garretteers, who know nothing, until a year after it has happened.

'Only think of their taste, Senōr, in asserting, that we ought to have lived three or four hundred years ago. Now I think more of my living dog, Tray, than the famous dead lion of Androcles, and infinitely prefer my dear husband, aged only thirty years, to Scipio Africanus, the chevalier Bayard, or even Sir Charles Grandison himself. My interest in any person, that I read about, diminishes, as objects do in my vision, in proportion to their distance. Only think, if I had lived three hundred years ago, how many present delightful things would have now been as a last year's almanac. The very idea of my dear husband, and my little Francis, existing three hundred years ago, is shocking to me. Besides, in that case, they could have uttered any fibs about us, that they chose, and nobody would have been able, or disposed to refute them.

They complain, too, about our having in our family, the tedious and worn-out offices of priest and duena. It would have been a very pretty account of a family, like my father's, in which these personages were omitted.

'The last was the unkindest cut of all. My letters! I am in repute here, as an absolute, blue stocking, and am daily consulted on points of taste. My decision is that of the autocrat of all the Russias; and have not these reviewers the rudeness to tell me to my face, that they think my letters particularly bad! Well! I am so used to flattery, and being told I am pretty, and wise, &c., I probably need a lesson of humility. I feel easier, since I have begun to write to you. I will take it, like a saint, and get good from my enemies. Besides, who knows, but they may publish letters? Possibly their powers may lie more in that direction, than in writing reviews. Then I shall have models, that will enable me to do better. With one more remark I shall dismiss them. The famous Misses Skeggs could only harp two strings, 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses.' Take away from these famous reviewers the words, 'he has but one merit; and he is following the example of other inferior authors, in copying Waverly;' take away these two sentences, and in regard to the review of all American works of fiction, they would be obliged to shut up shop. What perplexes me most, is how I shall keep a sight of the abominable reviews from my dear husband, when he returns. By living in the South he has lost something of that meekness of the Yankees, which the southerners charge them with having in excess to a fault. To make sure of the matter, I have burned the journals, and I mean to keep my own secret.

'Oh! Senõr, come, as you once proposed, to our dear Durango. Under the shade of our sycamores, you shall find books, repose, the view of noble scenery, a glass of passo, when you choose, and the affectionate welcome of real friends. Since the yankees treat us so harshly, we ought to prefer the south. Only come, and we will set reviewers, and the 'foul fiend' at defiance, and we will be so happy, that their very envy shall compel them to admit, that we are actual and happy personages of flesh and blood, though we are growing old in a bad world. Our lady of the pillar inspire you with this purpose, and restore your health! May God preserve you many years.

'MARTHA MIGUELA BERRIAN.'

Poetical.

THE WARRIOR'S EXECUTION.

'I will go to the land, where my fathers have gone;
Their shades will rejoice in the fame of their son.'

Beside the stake, in fetters bound,
A captive warrior lay,
And slept a sleep as sweetly sound,
As children's after play;
Although the morrow's sun would come
To light him to his martyrdom.

And as he slept, a cheering dream
His flitting hours beguil'd:
He stood beside his native stream,
And clasp'd his first-born child.
The wife, that drest his hunter-fare,
And all his little ones were there.

The buried feelings of past years
With that sweet vision sprung,
'Till his clos'd-lids were moist with tears,
That anguish had not wrung.
But they were kindly tears—not weak,
That cours'd each other down his cheek.

Again he heard those accents dear—
No—'twas the savage yell,
That burst upon his sleeping ear,
And broke the magic spell.
A moment—and his waken'd eye
Had scorch'd its lingering moisture dry

The sun sprang up the morning sky,
And roll'd the mists away;
But he was nerv'd to sufferance high,
And saw without dismay
That cheerful sun in glory rise,
As though to mock his agonies.

Amid the flames, proud to the last,
His warrior-spirit rose,
And looks of scorn, unblenching cast,
Upon his circling foes.
'Think ye, I feel these harmless fires?
No—by the spirits of my sires!'

'I, that have made your wigwams red;
Your women captive borne,
And from your bravest chieftain's head,
The badge of triumph torn:
Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
No—by the spirits of my sires!'

'This frame to ashes ye may burn,
And give the winds in vain;
I know, ye can not thus return,
Your friends, these hands have slain:
Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
No—by the spirits of my sires!

'Shades of my Fathers!—oh draw near,
And greet me from the flame:
My foes have drawn no coward-tear,
To stain my warrior fame;
Nor wrung one plaint amid these fires,
To shame the spirits of my sires.'

'They come—on yonder fleecy cloud
Slow sails the shadowy throng;
They bend them from their misty shroud,
And catch my dying song:
I mount in triumph from these fires,
To join the spirits of my sires.' M. P. F.

THE CAMP MEETING.

There is a lovely vale, that, isle-like, sleeps
Embosom'd in the rough and craggy hills
Of Tennessee. Girt round, as with a storm-
Toss'd sea, by mountains hoar, precipitous
And wild, its verdant basin lies at rest,
And in the summer sun-shine smiles, as 'twere
A soft and beauteous dimple on the harsh
And furrow'd visage of the land. 'Twas eve,
The loveliest of the spring, and in that vale,
From their far homes among the distant hills,
And desert solitudes, a mighty throng
Had gather'd round, to meet and worship God.
There were the grey-hair'd fathers of the land;
And there, in sober manhood's hardiest prime,
Their forest-sons. And their sons' sons were there;
Their young eyes glist'ning with the looks
Of aw'd and wondering curiosity.
And there were mothers with their infant babes,
Delightful burdens, slumbering in their arms;
And aged matrons, and the young and fair-
Hair'd maidens, with their eyes of light, and looks,
That told the sweet day dreams of youth and hope.
There were the young divines, severely plain
In dress, and look of sanctity; and there
Old pilgrims of the cross, whose wandering feet,
For three-score years, had borne to cities full,
To crowded populous plains, and to the few,
That met, and worship'd in the wilderness,
The Gospel's peaceful mission; who had preach'd
From the broad Lawrence, and his nursing lakes,
To streams, that ripple in the southern breeze;
And still the burden of their theme, to laud
The power of Him, who died upon the tree.
Such was the crow'd, that from their distant homes
Had met, and peopled that green solitude.
The shades of evening slowly gather'd round,
And deepen'd into gloom, until at length

Their bright and cheerful fires were kindled up,
And they in many a scatter'd group were seen,
Some visiting around from tent to tent;
Some meeting in the midst with interchange
Of friendly questionings, and words of love,
And greetings apostolic. And there were,
That walk'd apart, as though wrapt up in deep,
And solitary meditations. They,
Perchance, dwelt on the coming rites, and girt
Them for the sanctuary's services.
Meanwhile the mountains with their tow'ring peaks,
Stood forth, their blackening masses pictur'd on
The sky, as from behind their summits rose
The full-orb'd moon, and far o'er hills and vales
Her pale and melancholy radiance cast.
Her slanting rays glanc'd through the opening trees,
And, here and there, at intervals between
Their branches, some bright star was seen, as 'twere
A living spirit looking forth from its
Blue resting place. But the dim light of moon
And stars shone feebly through that forest's gloom.
Nor lighted up its sombre aisles, obscure,
And dun, save where a thousand torches from
Its giant trunks suspended, shed around
Their fiery brilliance, and display'd its broad,
And overhanging arches, and its huge,
And ivy-wreathed columns, 'till it seem'd
A glorious temple, worthy of a God.
At length the hour of evening worship came;
And on their rustic seats, fresh cleft, and hewn
From the huge poplars, and in many a range
Of circling rows dispos'd, in quiet sat
The expectant multitude. Oh, 'twas a scene!
The silent thousands, that were list'ning there,
'Midst the gray columns of that ancient wood,
Its dark green roof, the rows of whitening tents,
That circled in the distance, and the clear,
And sparkling waters of the mountain-stream,
In torch light gleaming, as it danc'd along;
And, more than all, the rustling leaves, that caught

On their moist surfaces the light, and wav'd
On every bough, now in their native green,
And now in burnish'd gold. The preacher rose:
He was an aged veteran of the cross,
Whose thin, grey locks had whiten'd in the snows
Of four-score winters, and whose feeble sight
No longer from their letter'd tablets conn'd
The chosen text, and answering song of praise;
But with a memory, quicken'd, till it seem'd
Almost an inspiration, and a voice,
That age alone made tremulous, he spoke
A simple, well known hymn. And when he ceas'd,
From the deep silence of that desert vale,
A mighty sound, the mingling voices of
A thousand tongues, in one proud anthem rose;
And as it rose, far through its hoary depths,
The forest shook; and from the distant hills,
Like the far rush of many waters, deep,
Long, and reverberating echoes came.
Loud burst the song; now swelling to the sky—
Now soft'ning down, and at each measur'd close,
Along the woods expiring; till at length
'Twas hush'd into a stillness so intense,
That the half sigh of penitence alone,
Throughout that multitude, was audible.
And then again that trembling voice was heard,
In fervent accents breathing forth the warm,
And heaven-ward aspirations of a soul,
Whose strugglings shook its weak old tenement.
His words were simple, humble, solemn, deep—
Such as befit a prostrate sinner's lips,
When from the depths his earnest cries ascend
Up to the mercy seat; yet words of power;
As 'twere strong wrestlings, that would not release
The cov'nant angel, 'till the jubilee
Of slaves, enfranchis'd from the iron chains
Of sin and hell, announc'd the captive free.
And then he plead, that brighter scenes of things,
And glad millennial days of promise yet
In this dark world might dawn upon his eye,

And truth and mercy fill the peopled earth,
E'en as the waters fill their pathless beds.
And then, invoking audience for a theme,
To which the babbling tricks of eloquence
Of Greece and Rome, were children's idle sports,
He rose, to lure back wandering souls to God.
His burden was, 'I tell you there is joy
In heaven, when one repentant sinner comes
Home to his God.' The trembling orator,
Pois'd on his mighty task, and with his theme,
Warm'd into power, applied the golden key,
That opes the sacred fount of joy and tears.
His solemn paintings flash'd upon the eye
The hopeless realms, where dwells impenitence,
The tearless mansions of a happier world;
The Eternal sitting on his spotless throne
For Judgment, and an universe arraign'd
For doom, unchanging, as his truth and power.
Deem not, I fondly dare the hopeless task,
To paint the force of sacred eloquence;
Or trace the holy man through all his theme.
Were all, like him, thus fearlessly to grasp
The pillars of the dark colossal towers
Of the destroyer's kingdom, 'till it shook,
A happier era soon might dawn to earth.
E'en yet in better hours o'er memory comes
His picture of the wand'ring prodigal,
With devious, comet-course, receding still
From God and hope to mercy's utmost verge;
And there, arrested by th' unceasing power
Of the great Shepherd's love, and by divine
Attraction turn'd, and circling back to God.
The choral anthems still, methinks, I hear,
Symphonious, swelling acclamations loud
From heavenly hosts, to hail the wanderer home.
There are, to whom all this would only seem
Fit subject for the scorner's idle mirth.
The cold and seanning critic's sneer I felt
Were out of place. But flitting visions pass'd,
Like light'ning scorching through my wilder'd brain;
And memory's spectres sprang up from the past.

My earth-born schemes, my palaces of hope,
Lately so proud, all melted into air.
Eternity, and truth, and God alone remain'd.
'Twas, as the Great Invisible had come
In power, o'ershadowing all the vale.
I almost look'd, to see the mountains smoke,
Emitting Sinai's thunderings and fires.
Nor was I single; many a sin-worn face
Was pale, and woman's sympathetic tears,
And children's flow'd, and men, who thought no shame,
In tears. The proud ones, looking down in scorn
From fancied intellectual heights, whose hearts
The world had sear'd; e'en these, unconscious, caught
Th' infectious weakness, like the rest, and though
They only 'came to mock, remain'd to pray.' M. P. F.

REVIEW.

THE LAY OF GRATITUDE, &c. pp. 104. *Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.*

THE APPEAL, &c. pp. 80. *Way & Gideon, Washington City.*

WE have read these little poetical volumes of Mr. BRYAN with attention. Without the honor of the slightest personal acquaintance with the author, we flatter ourselves, that we discern in them such a fund of good feeling and virtuous sentiment, that we are prepared at once to award to him a higher praise, than any, to which a poet, merely as such, would have a right to aspire, the praise of having an honest and good heart situated after the old and gone-by fashion on the left side of the breast. From an elaborate preface we discover what, indeed, we could easily have made out from the volumes themselves, that he is much more polished, and has been more liberal in the application of the file and the pruning knife to his present works, than he was to the 'mountain muse.' We do not, however, think so humbly of that juvenile effusion, as the author himself seems to do. We remember to have read it, when we were wandering over the beautiful country, where the scene of it is laid. He had then, as we imagine, abundantly less fear of the critics before his eyes, than he now has. In the wild and antic gambols of his muse, trenching at times, it is true, a little on the borders of rompishness, a great many fine images and happy expressions were elicited. We are of the number, who think, that a writer ordinarily loses more than he gains by the bit and the rein. When we see an author fairly astride of his Pegasus, we love to hear him say, go! and to see him drive with his splashing the critics, and '*omne scribile vulgus*' out of the road.

The author has been censured by some for choosing a theme in the 'greeting,' as they are pleased to think naturally of transient and perishable interest. We are so far from thinking so, that we would recommend it to an author, to hang his hopes of immortality on this subject, rather than almost any other. There are subjects, that become trite and hackneyed by repetition; but this is not of the number. There are spectacles, that lose nothing of their interest by being often seen. A steam boat, plowing along in its majesty against a mighty current, and walking up the stream with its untiring and self derived power will be a proud spectacle after a hundred generations. As long as men have hearts, those hearts will thrill in contemplating the character and circumstances of the late visit of

La Fayette to this country. We saw in him the spectacle of personified chivalry, gentleness and amenity, and a benevolent ardor of patriotism, mellowed and almost rendered holy by age and suffering. We saw a character, from which the bitter passions, the wormwood and gall of humanity seemed abstracted. We saw him contemplating with the tranquil and complacent eye of history the waxing splendors of that vast social edifice in the new world, whose corner stone in his young days he had assisted in laying. The heroes and sages, who wrought with him in the great work were almost all gone above the stars to the congregation of the great, the wise and the good. Almost the only remaining leader of the armies of the revolution, he walked over the battle fields, where the war horse had neighed, and where amidst the uproar of conflict, the shouts of conquest had mingled with the cries of expiring nature. He remembered the calm majesty of his great compatriot, as he had seen him 'guiding the whirlwind, and directing the storm.' These scenes of youthful remembrances, dangers and darings, were now covered with cities, or wheat fields. A hundred towns had sprung up in the wilderness. The vast, gay and opulent republic, which he now contemplated, had scarcely a vestige of the distracted, poor, and disorganized country, which he left on his return to France. We saw him, as a man, who had displayed more disinterested and youthful gallantry of patriotism, more generous sacrifices for the cause of liberty, and more sympathy with the oppressed, than history had yet recorded of any man. The children saw returned to their great & happy country, the man, at whose eventful story of deeds and sufferings, told by their fathers, their young eyes had glistened; and they saw him calm, simple, unpretending, a grey headed, noble and good old man, the very mirror of politeness and manners, without a single one of the miserable *insignia* of birth, wealth and pride. In consequence, through the whole twenty-four states from Maine to the Mississippi, and from the lakes to the sea he was welcomed with one heart-felt and sustained shout of gratulation. It has been said a thousand times, and in every form, but it has not ceased to be true by repetition, that history has nothing to offer, as a parallel to the visit of La Fayette to this country. Who has forgoten the first, or the last address that was made to him amidst the thousands, to which he listened? The last, a part from the impressive circumstances, under which it was delivered, will descend on its own merits to the generations to come with the speeches of Cicero, and the '*oraisons funebres*' of Bossuet, when the place and office of the orator shall have been forgotten.

That verses founded on such a theme, and interweaving into its texture much of the fine thought and language of that address, could be charged with having a basis of transient and ephemeral interest, never occurred to us. Had we the space of a quarterly, we would make copious extracts from the volumes before us.

and select samples of all degrees of merit, from simple and beautiful verses to those, which would scarcely claim a higher character, than mediocrity. We consider the following from the 'valedictory,' p. 48, simple and handsome.

"A Father's greeting—when from journeying long
In foreign climes, through perils dark and dire,
He meets again the dear domestic throng
Who spread the feast, and tune the rapturous lyre;—
With smiles and open arms around him press,
With melting looks gaze on his altered form,
And gladden him with many a fond caress;
A Father's greeting thus sincere and warm—
Thus flowing unconstrained from hearts benign—
My country's, Freedom's reverend friend! was thine."

"Not thine the fleeting triumph of an hour,
It filled the compass of the rolling year!
Throughout the land, in hall and festive bower,
Where solemn fanes their sounding arches rear,
Where pleasure and the jocund dance obtain,
And wit, and song, and gayety preside;
From farthest mountain height to lowland plain,
In cites vast, where rolls the living tide,
And through the scattered peasants' rural grounds,
Thy triumph's, gratulating strain resounds."

We think well, too, of the following lines, p. 73.

"Like some proud courser bearing on the rein,
And vaulting high, impatient of delay,
That stately ship doth on her moorings strain,
In haste to bound along the watery way."—

The 'bow and the smile,' p. 101, is simple and pretty; so are the verses of the greeting, p. 11, and 19, and of the 'jubilee,' p. 89. We could mention many other verses in this volume with deserved praise.

The 'appeal,' &c. in the other volume, shows in the author those deep sentiments of sympathy with an unfortunate and gifted mind, sinking under the ravages of disease, which powerfully incline us to identify our best and most earnest wishes with the cause of his muse, and to hope for it every degree of success. It is written in blank verse, sometimes impressive and fine, and sometimes bordering on the prosaic. We gave our applause to the verses, p. 19, from the third verse to the bottom of the page, and to pp. 21 and 36 to the bottom of the paragraph. There are in our view a great many simple and fine verses in this poem. We have not space to quote them, and the reader can have no adequate idea of their merits, except by reading the whole poem for himself.

'The triumph of truth' contemplates the character of the censorship of the press in France, and the muse is filled with just indignation at the idea of throwing chains over mind, and manacling the efforts of reason. The poem contains some happy, and more generous thoughts upon the subject. Take the following, as a general sample.

> "Then, Man—where'er his home—enlightened, free,
> Shall bow to God alone the suppliant knee.
> His Conscience, then, no faggot's glare shall fright,
> His guide to Heaven the Gospel's holy light.—
> No bigot arts, to prop a mouldering creed,
> Or Superstition's cloistered vultures feed,
> Shall then in ghostly night ingulph the soul,
> Or wrest from Labour's hand its hard-earned dole."

To give our views in sum. When an author is evidently a grammarian and a scholar, casual verbal mistakes, and faults of measure in the rhythm, which were clearly the result of haste, or inadvertence, are minor offences, of which we do not take cognizance. Mr. Bryan has seized with admirable tact the prevalent taste of the American public in poetry, and few writers have received more general, or liberal praise. We think highly of his powers along with the rest. He evidently has the *materiel* of poetry abundantly in him. He possesses, too, the '*os sonans*,' and an extreme facility in rhyming. But he seems to us to have had the standard of American taste too frequently in his eye. Our public generally runs with an unhallowed coveting after the meretricious and sterile gaudiness of attributes and adjectives, the prettyisms of affected phrases, and fancied beautiful turns of expression. Lord Byron abounded in these faults. No person can exceed us in our general admiration of Mrs. Hemans. But an abundance of these delicious offences is one of the charms, by which she has so generally fascinated the public. A fondness for these faults, constantly on the increase, is almost as ancient, as the art of verse-making. Even Homer himself was in these respects comparatively a modern in full dress, and we sometimes see him strutting along surrounded with a luminous atmosphere of adjectives. For what we hold to be the true standard models in poetry, we must ascend to Hesiod and the Bible, and look at this beautiful universe of God with our own eyes, and with as much freshness of admiration, as though we were the first persons, who had seen it. After running through the whole scale of fondness for affectation and conceit, within a century, men will return again to simplicity, truth and nature. We rejoice in the general applause, with which these volumes have been received. The author ought to receive the patronage of the public.

Narrative of an expedition to the source of St. Peter's river, lake Winnipeek, Lake of the Woods, &c. performed in the year 1823, *by order of the Secretary of War, commanded by Major* LONG: *Compiled from notes, by* WM. H. KEATING, *A. M. &c.* 2 *volumes, pp.* 439 *and* 459. *Carey and Lea, Philadelphia.*

Travels in the central portions of the Mississippi valley, by HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, *U. S. I. A. &c. &c. pp.* 459. *Collins and Hannay, New-York.*

A government can prefer no higher claims to solid fame and true glory, than by fitting out, and yielding munificent patronage to expeditions, like those, commanded by Major LONG. The utility, indeed, cannot be immediately converted into revenue and dollars; but the advantages are of that broad, diffusive, and permanent character, which ought to be stamped upon all the public acts of a nation. Had LEWIS and CLARKE and PIKE, the intrepid and deserving precursors of Major LONG, performed, as subjects of England, the same services for her, which they rendered the United States, they would have been honored and rewarded, while living, and as they departed, would have rested with the illustrious dead in Westminster-abbey. Our government, it is true, does all it can for such men. But an indifferent public knows little, and cares less about them, and their modest, meritorious and interesting records of what they saw, dared, achieved, and suffered, in too many instances, perish on the shelves of the bookseller; and this, while miserable, affected and flimsy books of foreign travels are bought with avidity. The British government derives more real glory from the scientific voyages, and travels of discovery, which it has patronized, than from all the wealth wafted by the four winds into the bosom of the Thames, and all the blood-stained laurels of the Peninsula and Waterloo. As their colonies embrace no inconsiderable portion of the different quarters of the globe, in exploring them, in giving accurate maps, charts and geographies of them, and in creating graphic effect of locality and vision by splendid engravings, the whole globe in all its grandeur of scenery, in all its variety of productions, animal, vegetable and mineral, and in all its aspects of beauty and utility is laid open to the inspection of the fireside circle. The rotund and full fed citizen, who has never in his life travelled farther, than from St. Paul's to Hampstead, spreads his maps and charts, and itineraries, and journals, with their vivid and coloured engravings before his lady and children, and while in winter they regale on pine-apples and bananas, he points them to the country, where they ripen in the open air, and then shows them the engravings of the plants, executed and coloured with a fresh-

ness, from which the dew seems almost ready to drop. In the tooth-pick moments of the dessert in summer, he sails them by the direction of his finger among the eternal frosts of the polar seas, and shows them the whales gamboling amidst the mountains of ice. Not only is a vast mass of useful knowledge thus presented to their view, in its most attractive form, but the very mind itself is enlarged by stretching itself to the contemplation of such extended and magnificent views of nature. It would be useless to enter into detail of the utility of these great works to science, commerce and the arts, or to explain their diversified bearings upon the advancement of society.

A disposition to become acquainted with our own great and beautiful country is but just beginning to develope. There are thousands of reading men in the Atlantic country, who know less about the Mississippi valley, naturally the most interesting and fertile country in the world, than they do about China or New Holland. An immense and most interesting stretch of country, to-wit: from the sources of Arkansas and Red rivers to the Californian gulf, embracing the great ridges of the rocky mountains, regions of mineral and vegetable and animal wealth and novelty, and the sources of those long rivers, the lower courses of which are weekly ploughed by steam boats, while their fountains are almost as unknown, as those of the Niger or the Nile; this vast range of country is, to all the purposes of science and exact knowledge, a *terra incognita* both to our own and the Mexican republics. Our territorial limits there, are lines of latitude, and marked only on the sky.

We have more than once felt keenly for the honor and information of the Western country, in finding, that not one in a hundred even of our reading men has read the interesting and splendid works, to which we allude. We have not a doubt, that if scientific British travels in their colonies, or even hackneyed tours of Europe had been published among us, they would have been far more eagerly and universally read. We exceedingly regret our want of space to give these books an ample analysis. We have seldom read works with more interest and profit, than the volumes of Long's first expedition. The narration is sustained throughout in a modest, simple and yet dignified strain, and has all the freshness of original remark, and the impressiveness of descriptions by persons, who do not give us the 'shadow of a shade,' but what they personally saw, and observed. We noted a great many passages, which seemed to us to be written with genuine eloquence, although the stile is generally plain, and unpretending. Indeed, the most obvious feature of these volumes is an air of calm, dignified and philosophical reach of thought, hardly to have been expected from men so young, as those who composed the expedition. So far as we have travelled over the ground, which falls under their observations, we can attest to the fidelity of their descriptions, and the truth of their painting. In

going with some particularity into the history of the Omawhaws, they have given us, we being judges, more clear, philosophical and just accounts of the Indians, than any, with which we have ever met. The picture of their manners is strikingly correct, and the vocabulary of their language of signs, a work, as unique, as it is faithful. There are some stories which are read with great interest. The picture of the display of the passion of jealousy among the squaws is given with the true humor of Addison, and the narrative of the trader, who married, and deserted his Indian wife, together with the heroic and yet feminine manifestation of the strength of her natural affection, and her persevering attachment to her worthless paramour, would form the outline of an interesting novel. The department of natural history might have been expected, to suffer from the premature death of the learned man, to whom that province had been entrusted. Even as it was, nothing seems to have escaped their observation.

The same general features mark the narrative of the second expedition, that did the first. A kind of journal is given of the route of the persons, composing it, from Philadelphia to Wheeling. Ample notices of the geology of the Alleghanies occur. In travelling over the national road, that great work seems not to have struck them so favorably, as it did us. We do not at all doubt the impositions, which they relate to have been practised by the contractors on the government, 'Uncle Sam,' in their slang dialect, is a personage, that many of the public jobbers hold it meritorious to cheat, even did they not themselves pocket the spoils. Their route through the northern extent of Ohio was equally interesting, and undescribed. Their track from fort Wayne leads us through pathless forests, and wide prairies, occasionally giving us views of the fur trade, and the Pottawattomies. To us there is an indescribable charm in following them in these sequestered regions, in the passage of unknown rivers, and on the shores of vast lakes, which have seldom been explored, except by trappers and savages. Their views of the country about Chicago accord with ours. In a sterile region of junipers and sand heaps, swept by the bleak and desolating gale of the lake, and cheered by no sound but the angry dashing of its surge, they found a very different country from the paradise, which some travellers have imagined there. Their journal thence becomes more interesting, as they advance. They give extensive views of the geology and natural history of the country, through which they pass. Their account of Wennebea, the brother of the Sauk chief, and of his views of religion, is eloquent and impressive. We would extract the whole of it, did our limits admit. It occurs vol. 1. p. 210. The following passage, p. 213, strikes us, as eloquent.

'It was eight o'clock when they left the Wisconsan, and about eleven when they reached the Mississippi. This ride, at a late hour, was one of a

most romantic character; the evening was fair and still; not a breath of wind interrupted the calmness of the scenery; the moon shone in her full, and threw a pale light over the trackless course which we travelled. Our way lay across a beautiful country, where steep and romantic crags contrasted pleasantly with widely extended prairies, which, seen by the uncertain light of the moon, appeared to spread around like a sheet of water. Our party was sufficiently numerous to form a long line, which assumed a more imposing character from the dark and lengthened shadows which each cast behind him. All seemed to have their spirits excited by the sublimity of the scene. Even the Indian, whose occupations must have accustomed him to such excursions, appeared to have received an accession of spirits, and the loud whoops which he occasionally gave, as he raised the summit of a hill, enlivened the ride. Our course was a winding one along the glens which divide the bluffs; and whenever we rode in the direction of the moon's rays, the vivid flashes of light, reflected by our military accoutrements, contributed to impart to the whole, a character entirely new to many of the gentlemen of the expedition. It was impossible to be a sharer in this splendid prospect, without joining in the enthusiasm to which it naturally gave rise; and however much disposed the mind may be at such an hour, and in such a solitude, to recall, with deep feeling, the image of abodes endeared by the presence of far distant friends, it would have been impossible for any one of us to wish himself at that moment on any other spot, but in the deep and narrow valleys, or on the smooth prairies, which have imparted to this portion of the scenery of the Mississippi, a character of sublimity and beauty, which we would perhaps vainly seek for on any other point of the long extended course of the 'Father of Rivers.'

Their views of the Dacotas, remind us of their graphic and faithful pictures of the Omawhaws in the former expedition. They give us a very striking and impressive view of the scenery along the shores of lake Pepin. Coming in view of an Indian lover's leap, a high and precipitous crag, overlooking the expanse of this isolated and beautiful lake, their guide gives them an interesting story of the love and despair of Winona, a Dacota beauty, which we can not deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting.

'There was a time,' our guide said, as we passed near the base of the rock, 'when this spot, which you now admire for its untenanted beauties, was the scene of one of the most melancholy transactions, that has ever occurred among the Indians. There was, in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his father lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female whose name was Winona, which signifies 'the first born.' She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to an union in which all their hopes centred; but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied; and his claims superceded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favorite with the nation; he had acquired a name, by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona

persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favor of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence, while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more, than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to do it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience. 'Well,' said Winona, 'you will drive me to despair: I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden; but you would not allow me. You say you love me; that you are my father, my brothers, my relations, yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone, he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection.' As she uttered these words, she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, decreed that that very day Winona should be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill; when she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. 'You,' said she, 'were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen, you endeavoured by deceitful words to make me faithless to him, but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs.' She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time, wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were:

they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell, a lifeless corpse, near her distressed friends. 'Thus,' added our guide, 'has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's rock, and no Indian passes near it, without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place, whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents.' *Vol.* 1. p. 280.

The exploring party, by clear and striking views of the country, take us along with them through Dacota villages, and over extended prairies, and along the undescribed meanders of the St. Peters. The trip, which must have been to them so fatiguing, and not without severe privations and dangers, is to the reader delightful and exhilirating. The country about lake Winnipeek is to us entirely new. This singular region of numberless lakes in basins of black granite, of rushing waters, and of cascades, which almost rival that of Niagara, has seldom been seen, except by the *coureurs du bois*. We have never received more impressive perceptions of scenery than from the beautiful engravings of prospects, on Winnepeek river and the Lake of the Woods. 'The Lake of the Woods,' is a significant appellation. We have been accustomed to think of it, as the *ultima Thule* of nature. We should find it difficult, to convey the impressions of lonely beauty, which we received from the engraving of a view on that lake. The north shore of lake Superior appears to be a region of granite, and the dividing line between primitive and secondary formations. We have a brief, but interesting account of lord Selkirk's colony, and the country which his people inhabit. We are led to think more highly of the benevolent intentions of that excellent man, than of his wisdom and foresight in founding this colony. Nature seems to have been as lavish in supplying those inhospitable regions with buffalos, and various kinds of excellent fish, as she has been parsimonious in her other allotments. The view of the falls of Kakabika, or the cleft rock, strike us, as sublime, as does a view on the north shore of lake Superior. There is added to the work a copious appendix of natural history, comprising the zoology and botany of the country, through which they passed. At the close are given astronomical calculations, and the copious and admirable thermometrical tables of Dr. Lovell.

We repeat our regret, that our limits compel us, to take so rapid a view of these interesting volumes, which ought to have had four times the space for an adequate analysis. If we objected to any thing in them, it would be in a remark, which seems to us equally applicable to most of the works of natural history, and

geology, of the present time. There appears to us to be a foppery of display of barbarous and ear-splitting terms, in their disquisitions of natural history and geology, that nothing would carry down, but the visible science, and acknowledged learning of the party. A pedantic geologist must be the most tedious of all pedants. If the terms of this science go on accumulating, it will soon require as much time, and as many lexicons, to learn the new nomenclature, as it formerly did the Greek, from which it is derived. It is our belief, that the terms of this science might be either simplified, or more sparingly used, to the advantage at once of modesty, sound science, and intelligibility. There are also some turgid passages, and *sesquipedalia verba*, which are not in good taste. We think, too, that both the works might be considerably condensed, and, like the sybil's books, become more valuable, as their bulk was reduced.

On the whole, no reading man in the nation, much less any one in the Mississippi valley, ought to be without these excellent works, which have enlarged the limits of science, and extended our knowledge of the savages, and given us interesting and impressive views of wide extents of our country, before unknown. It is a moral reproach to us, that we should purchase the meagre volumes of foreign voyages and travels, while these valuable publications remain unsold.

Schoolcraft's Travels are of a different stamp, and though on the whole a book of great interest, it is a much more unequal production, than either of the former works. It is of a character evidently ambitious, leaving contrasts of success and failure more obvious, and strongly marked. For instance, the 'introduction' has verses and efforts, which, we think, had better been omitted; whereas the first and second pages of the first chapter are simple and delightful narration. Take the second paragraph, as a sample.

'Every person who has enjoyed a sight of the mild and impressive scenery along this stream, will preserve a lively recollection of the highly cultivated farms and large orchards; the antique French villes with their red painted Catholic chapels; and the modern seats of British and American emigrants, which are at once calculated to recall the antiquity, and the recent improvements of these opulent settlements. And there are few objects along the great chain of lakes, replete as their borders are with scenes of wild-wood freshness, and attractive coast scenery, which present so pleasurable a prospect to the eye, as the numerous verdant islands in the channel of this broad and majestic river; which at every stroke of the paddle throws up those clear and sparkling drops, that constantly remind one of the pure and unadulterated fountains of the north, from which it draws its ample volume.' p. 16.

The work is diversified with interesting portions of the history of the late war, recalled to his memory by travelling over the battle fields. In his views of the geology and mineralogy of the coun-

try, over which he journeyed, and which was for the most part the same, that was traversed by the second expedition of Long, this distinguished naturalist entertains different opinions from some of those, held by the learned men of that party. As we understand it, these men suppose, that the granite boulders, occasionally found in the Mississippi valley, and the galena, or lead ore of the mine districts, are not *in situ.* or in plain English, are out of place, and have been in some inexplicable manner carried there. Mr. Schoolcraft receives this opinion with strong questioning, and incredulity. We select an example, and that by no means the most learned, or mysterious, of the terms, in which geological science is conveyed.

'*Distinctive Characters.*—Taken in its whole extent, this stratum has, perhaps, a near resemblance to the muschelkalk of the Germans—a rock which Buckland and Conybeare, in their researches upon the continent, [Quere—*what continent?*] thought to be identical with the English lias. This opinion corresponds with an observation made in a preceding part of this work, respecting the close analogy between the compact limestone of the cliffs at Herculaneum, and a specimen of English lias. But it is doubted by Humboldt, whether the lias and muschelkalk are perfectly identical; and upon the whole, we are disposed to consider our rock as coinciding more nearly with the latter. We observe in it, the same changes in texture, and difference of constituents. It is alternately compact and granular, (or rather arenaceous,) dull and glistening, filled with masses of hornstone, or quartzy substances, or abounding in petrifactions of animals, whose organization appears to have been perfect: and it is uniformly horizontal in its position, and barren in ores.' p. 270.

In reading such passages, occurring every where in the writings of geologists, we cannot help repeating the passage in the puppet show, 'cloudy weather, master Punch.' In the name of the king's English, we supplicate light.

Whenever Mr. Schoolcraft comes down from his lecturing desk, and converses with us, as one of the people, he is for the most part an instructive and delightful companion. We find him seizing every occasion to declare in favor of order and religion, sentiments so much more honorable to him, as they are so seldom advanced by *soi disant* philosophers. His ascent of the Illinois is continually bringing us in view of interesting scenery, or eliciting for us useful reflections. The engraving of 'Rock fort' is a very striking one, and derives an additional interest from the story of the destruction of an Indian tribe on the summit of the rock, as related by Charlevoix. Other writers have spoken of the petrified tree, near the river Des Plaines of the Illinois, but no writer, we believe, has given so full and accurate an account of it, as Schoolcraft.

From his intimate connection with governor Cass, in whose views of Indian character we have great confidence, and from his

own chances for observation, no man ought to be better acquainted with the northern Indians. He has accordingly collected and embodied in this work a great many interesting traits and amusing anecdotes, illustrative of Indian character and manners. Selections of Indian speeches often have interest, and we sometimes have sayings of theirs in true Indian keeping, and from the circumstances, under which they were uttered, impressive. But nothing can be more tedious, and palling, than collections of Indian orations. The want of interest in the Indian tales and pastorals, at the close of this volume, must be their failure, and not his. The language is neither savage, nor civilized. They do not at all compare with Ossian, which, as every one knows, Dr. Johnson considered entirely a made up business. Mr. Schoolcraft evinces a benevolent interest for the welfare of this degraded and declining race, and we are entirely with him in his numerous reflections, scattered through the volume, upon the cupidity and bad example of the whites, that surround them. Every philanthropist must subscribe to the justice of his remarks upon their addictedness to intoxication, and his indignation in view of the guilty avarice of the Americans, which supplies them with the means. An amusing anecdote illustrates their reckless fondness for ardent spirits.

'Some years ago, a noted warrior of the Pottowattomie tribe presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, as one of the chief men of his village, observing, with the customary simplicity of the Indian, that he was a very good man, and a good friend to the Americans, and concluding with a request for a dram of whiskey. The agent replied, that it was not his practice to give whiskey to *good* men—that good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it when it was voluntarily offered. That it was *bad* Indians only who demanded whiskey. 'Then,' replied the Indian quickly, in broken English, 'me d—n rascal!" p. 388.

On the whole, this book will be read with general interest. It contains a learned, and from our own inspection, we should think, an accurate view of the lead mines, and the geology of the country, through which he travelled; throws additional light upon Indian character and condition, and ought to be generally read, both for amusement and instruction.

[We had prepared for insertion in this place, a review of an address and dissertation, delivered by Dr. CALDWELL, of Lexington, to the medical students of the University in that place. We regret, that in making arrangements for our long journey from Louisiana to this place, the pamphlets and the article based on them, together with many other papers, relating to this review, were omitted in the packing. The article will appear, as soon as these papers can be recovered.—ED.]

An Inaugural Address of Dr. Lindsley, *President of Cumberland College, delivered at Nashville, Jan.* 12, 1825.

An Address to the Bachelors of Arts, on the Anniversary Commencement. 1826. Nashville: Joseph Norvell.

Both of these excellent addresses turn upon the same hinge, and have for burden the same general spirit of remark, the necessity and utility of education in Tennessee, and the best means of advancing it. Basing his remarks upon the trite, but important remark, that 'knowledge is power,' the speaker insists upon the necessity of the general diffusion of knowledge, as vital to the existence of our free institutions. It is throughout such an address, as we were prepared to expect from his reputation, and from the character and circumstances of the institution, over which he was inducted, as president. It is plain, sensible, practical, and often eloquent. Instead of making extracts, we shall perform a better office, in earnestly recommending it to perusal.

The address to the baccalaureates has a more earnest spirit, and a more impassioned style. He here appears, as the eloquent advocate of primary schools. They are much needed in Tennessee, and, we may add, every where in the west, and particularly so in the southern regions, beyond that state. It is a great and powerful state, powerful in her physical resources, her temperate and delightful climate, her romantic and fertile vallies, her healthful and finely formed sons and daughters, in her commanding position, and in the fame already achieved by some of her distinguished citizens. But she is understood to be deplorably destitute, in many places, of the means of common school education. The orator before us, performs one of the highest and most solemn duties, when he is eloquent, and earnest to prove to this great state, that it is the most miserable of all calculations, to exercise a narrow and sordid economy, in withholding the means necessary for rearing within itself its own magistrates, professional men, and educated planters. Genuine knowledge, and finished education, are always favorable to freedom, and every kind of improvement. He would have the curators of that institution select from all the different systems of education, the excellencies of those systems, that shall seem adapted to the character and local circumstances of their institution, and raise a superstructure upon all the lights and improvements of this advancing age. He would have the people and the legislators make common cause, to diffuse science and useful knowledge, until they shall become as common, as the streams in the vallies, and as healthful as the breezes of the mountains. There is an independent, earnest, and straight-forward

sincerity in his manner, that we love. He would innovate, only to select schemes, the utility of which has been tested by experience. We see no symptoms of a fondness for the prevalent quackery of the time; no disposition to laud and patronize patent teaching schemes, which promise to make prodigies out of dunces in a few weeks. Every wise man knows, that a good education always has been, and always will be, a thing of time and labor. Every one, who promises unnatural abbreviations of the time and labor, necessary to this thing, ought to be suspected, as a literary swindler. The American public has been grossly deceived in this way. We select the closing paragraph of this address, as being in our view as eloquent, as it is true.

'There is a moral courage, which enables a man to triumph over foes more formidable than were ever marshalled by any Cæsar. A courage which impels him to do his duty—to hold fast his integrity—to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men—at every hazard and sacrifice—in defiance of the world, and of the prince of the world. Such was the courage of Moses, of Joseph, of Daniel, of Aristides, of Phocion, of Regulus, of Paul, of Luther, of Washington. Such is the courage which sustains every good man, amidst the temptations, allurements, honors, conflicts, opposition, ridicule, malice, cruelty, persecution, which beset and threaten him at every stage of his progress through life. It is not a noisy, obtrusive, blustering, boastful courage, which pushes itself into notice when there is no real danger, but which shrinks away when the enemy is at the door. It is calm, self-possessed, meek, gentle, peaceful, unostentatious, modest, retiring; but when the fearful hour arrives, then you shall behold the majesty of genuine christian courage, in all her native energy and grandeur, breathing the spirit of angelic purity, and grasping victory from the fiery furnace or the lions' den; when not one of all the millions of this world's heroes would have ventured to share her fortune.

'*I fear God, and I have no other fear*—is the sublimest sentiment ever felt or uttered by mortal man.'

We have been told, that Dr. Lindsley, at once gives the precept and is the example of this high moral courage. In many respects he reminds us of Dr. Wayland, formerly a baptist clergyman of Boston, and now, we believe, president of Brown University, in Rhode-Island. During the past summer we were delighted with the perusal of his eloquent published discourses. That one upon the 'duties of an American citizen,' has been more than once re-published in England, and has, perhaps, received as much applause abroad, as any discourse, that has ever been published in this country. But we much preferred the sermon on the 'moral dignity of missionary enterprize.' We scarcely remember to have read a more eloquent discourse. It displays the vivacity, and the imagination of a poet, the clearness and perspicuity of Euclid, and the fervid simplicity of Demosthenes. We regret, that we have not this fine sermon before us, to which to recur for quotation.

We remember the sentiment, and nearly the term and phrase. He is combatting the idea of shrinking from the cause of religion, because the advocates are few and feeble. Admitting, according to him, there is but one true church in the world, it ought to stand with unhesitating firmness in the gap, and 'throw itself into the moral Thermopyle of the universe.' We quote from memory. We could wish to see these admirable discourses re-printed here. We would go a pilgrimage to express our admiration of a gifted, intelligent, modest, and good man, like Dr. WAYLAND. Never will we speak, or think slightingly of our country, while accident and circumstances are constantly bringing to light MINDS, like his.

The Western Medical and Physical Journal. By Drs. DRAKE and WRIGHT. *Published monthly.* pp. 72. Cincinnati: W. M. & O. Farnsworth, Jr.

THIS valuable and useful publication appears in a neat form, and does credit to the common printing of the city. Though among the first born medical children of the west, like Minerva, it appears of mature size and intelligence. The acknowledged talents of the editors, give bond for it, that it will be respectable. Such a work is iminently needed. There is probably no part of the world, where physicians are of more utility, than in the western country. While nature seems less disposed here, than else where, to relieve her difficulties by her own efforts, the diseases have a general character of yielding readily to medicine. The contents of this number are of a highly interesting character, and they are given in the lucid and compact style that properly belongs to such works. We hope, and believe, that this journal will preserve the high ground, which it has taken. We perceive, that there is orthodoxy and heterodoxy in medicine, as well as religion, and that the 'healing' craft can be as bitter, as the disciples of the religion of 'meekness.' We recently read one of the most flippant, sneering, and bitter reviews, that we ever read, of a medical publication of one of our distinguished western professors. We believe, that the banners of battle, were the terms, 'humoralists,' and 'anti-humoralists.' 'Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?' We trust, that this work will never lend its sanction to bitter disputes in medicine. We—patients—wish to have our physicians agreed in the mode of medicining us, and we wish, when we must, to die quietly, and *secundum artem.* We hail the birth and appearance of this sister production, as an omen of good for us, and we wish it every degree of success.

Report of the Committee of the Legislature of Ohio, appointed to collect information, and report a system of Common Schools. Columbus:— P. H. Olmsted.

This is a compact, intelligent and well digested report upon a subject, which is justly declared to be the 'soul, and vital principle of the republic.' After some sensible remarks upon the importance of education, the report enumerates, and compares the systems of common school education, adopted by the different states of our union. It expresses a decided preference for the magnificent and benevolent system of New England, developed in all its detail, more fully in Massachusetts, than elsewhere. It ably advocates that system, as proper for the adoption of Ohio, as being at once more efficient, and cheap, than any other. It gives an abridged, and yet just and accurate exposition of the features of that system, in the exercise of which New England, with her sterile soil and inclement climate, has become the envy and the glory of all lands. The effects of this system are the real source of the popular terror and abhorrence attached in these regions to the name of 'Yankee.' The superior intelligence and shrewdness of the great mass of the people there is referrible to no other cause than the efficacy of this system. If Ohio should adopt it, the same results will follow here, and as it already bears elsewhere the odium of the appellation, 'Yankee state' along with the odium, it will have the reality and the advantages signified by the name. None of the western states are so favorably situated for the adoption of the system, as Ohio. In the general diffusion of her population over the surface of the state, in the number of her comparatively small freeholds, in the frequency of her villages, and the multitudes of her children, in the character, manners and habits of the people, she seems to us ripe for the adoption of this system. She will also have the high distinction of having been the first of the western states, who adopted it, and of seeing her example, as it surely will be one day, followed by all the states of the west. We do not believe it possible for human wisdom to devise a cheaper, more efficient, and eligible system for rendering the advantages of a common school education accessible, like air and water, to the whole community. It is understood, that New England introduced it with some modifications from Scotland. Bonaparte, during his imperial career, proposed to the national institute, to report the best possible system for extending the benefits of education to the whole community. They examined systems, and among others, those of Scotland and New England. They unanimously reported, that they considered this latter system, as the wisest and best result of human contrivance upon the subject, and

instead of reporting a new system, recommended the adoption of that of Massachusetts, with modifications fitted to the different circumstances of the country.

The report before us is expressed with perspicuous brevity, accuracy and neatness, and we heartily wish success to the benevolent exertions of the gentleman, who drew it up.

The Confession of Jereboam O. Beauchamp, who was executed at Frankfort, Ky. on the 7th of July, 1826, *for the murder of Col. Solomon P. Sharp; written by himself: and poetry by Mrs. Ann Beauchamp,* &c. &c. pp. 134. Bloomfield, Ky.

The vile paper and printing of this pamphlet are in most perfect keeping with the dark and horrible tragedy, which it narrates. The very name of the malefactor would have confirmed Captain Shandy in his faith in the mysterious effect of names, to influence the destiny of the party named. This mean looking and half illegible work has been read by three quarters of the readers in the western country, and by thousands elsewhere. We do not propose to give it an analysis of any detail. It is rather for the salutary lessons, which it is calculated to teach, than for any other purpose, that we have touched upon it. Apart from the interest of the story, it will be read on the other side of the mountains, as a striking and faithful sample of western idiom and dialect, among that class of people, and that order of education and thinking, to which Beauchamp belonged. It bears every mark of authentic identity, and is, no doubt, the actual production of Beauchamp himself.

Never was the trite maxim, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' more fully verified, than in this story. There are hundreds of men in the western country, crowding into the learned professions, with just about the same modicum of learning and discipline, attained by this unhappy man. We have seen multitudes of miniature Beauchamps, who only wanted excitement, opportunity, a clear stage, and fair play, to have enacted a similar tragedy. It is the same germ of character, which gives birth to the numberless pistolings, shootings, dirkings, assassinations and duels, which form such a bloody stain on the robe of the west. Most of the graceless sparks, who so readily imbrue their hands in blood, have had the same kind of training. It is high time, that we were all aware of the consequences of turning such men loose upon society. The master spirits of the country, who have any real claim to the character of patriots and philanthropists, ought to unite their influence, to perform a solemn lustration, and to be taking measures, to redeem the honor of the country, correct public opinion, and arrest the gigantic mischief in its progress.

To return. In Beauchamp we have an example of a man of vigorous native powers, with vehement and unbridled passions, fostered by full feeding, want of the rod, and parental restraint, and with just learning enough, to excite fermentation in the brain, and effervescence at the heart. Like *the wild ass's colt*, he lives in deserts in a moral sense, and associates only with animals, as wild, and as untrained, as himself. He repeats the mysterious word, 'honor,' until he fancies himself an *honorable man*. His pinions are beginning to start, and he expects soon to alight upon society, a full fledged lawyer!! Hardly arrived at the term of majority, he meets Miss Ann Cook, retired to a romantic retreat, in a house situated in a grove, in one of the beautiful lawns in Kentucky. His feelings had been previously excited by the tale of her base seduction by Col. Sharp, a man of high standing, shining talents, as a lawyer, and just in the situation, to add the venom of envy to the interest of this tale. All the warm blood of his heart is stirred up by this meeting. She presents herself to his imagination, as the injured and betrayed damsel of romance. To fall in love with her at first sight was a thing of course, and viewing her through his medium of estimation, he probably thought not a whit the worse of her for the little slip, which she had made. She appears to be a keen, experienced, hackneyed adept, with the same class of principles with Beauchamp, but more intelligent and enlightened. She intuitively comprehends the best mode of producing effect upon her *Johnny Raw*. She affects indignant grief, and holds her head high in determination to have nothing more to say, or do with man; to take the veil of retirement, and eat bread moistened with tears. He entreats permission to converse with her, as a lover, or even as a Platonic friend. She shows again her sackcloth and weepers, and holds back in determination not to see him. This management is sustained, until she discovers, that she has raised the steam in her engine to an amount of power sufficient to move it to her purpose. She then opportunely relents; forsakes her seclusion; admits that his perseverance has won her love; but at the same time instructs him, that she had determined never to marry a man, until he was ready to pledge himself to murder Col. Sharp. Beauchamp, like a true knight, yields to any terms, which she chooses to impose, and is immediately stirring in the business. He meets Sharp; tells him, 'he must fight him a duel;' and in this part of the narrative gives us a faithful transcript of the common language of duelists on such occasions.

This ready zeal and devotion on the part of her lover, is rewarded with her hand. But true to his word, Beauchamp does not forget his pledged achievement during the dalliance of the honey moon. Sometimes this interesting piece of flesh, that has now become his, thinks it best to murder her former paramour herself, and

learns to be adroit in shooting a pistol. To be short with the hateful story, Beauchamp finally redeems his pledge, and assassinates Col. Sharp. The righteous reactions of providence are manifest at once in the death of the seducer, and the detection of his murderer. Notwithstanding all the shuffling, and suborning, and tricks, and finesse, and acuteness of professional subtlety, sharpened by the love of life, he is convicted, and sentenced to be hung.

Then opens the second act of the drama. Mrs. B. with the high minded purpose of a Roman matron, and the unshrinking nerve of a female Werter, is determined to die with her husband. She actually follows him to a dark and miserable prison, and both are braced up to a strong paroxism of the heroics. It is an astonishing proof, how far people can become the dupes of a part, merely got up at first for stage effect, that she actually commits suicide, and dies before her husband. A very singular account of their religious creed, their notions of the moral character of suicide, their earnest prayers, and their full assurance of salvation is given, pp. 105, 6, & 7. We can not give a more impressive view of the closing act of the tragédy, than by extracting their own account of it in their own language.

'*Thursday night*, 10 *o'clock*, *July 6th*, 1826.—After we had taken the laudanum last night, at about 12 o'clock, we remained on our knees some hours, at prayer, and then laid down, and placed our bodies in the fond embrace, in which we wished them interred. My wife laid her head on my right arm, with which I encircled her body, and tied my right hand to her left, upon her bosom. We also, as we laid side by side, confined our bodies together with an handkerchief, to prevent the struggles of death from severing us. Thus, we lay in prayer for hours, in the momentary expectation of dropping to sleep, to awake in eternity. Some little after day light, I received a hope and a confidence that my sins were forgiven, and in the joy of my soul, I shouted aloud, and awakened all within my reach, and told them what the blessed Redeemer had done for me. I have ever since longed, and prayed how soon it would please God, to take me to himself. But strange to man, near 24 hours have elapsed, without the laudanum having had any effect!! My wife puked about 2 o'clock this evening, and soon after took a smaller portion of laudanum. We took each, originally, the half of a vial full, which was about two inches long, and as large as a common sized man's thumb. My wife is now asleep, I hope to wake no more in this world! I have no more laudanum to take, and shall await the disposition which the Lord chooses to make of my body; content, that if I can not die with my wife, I shall ere this time to-morrow, be in the realms of eternal felicity.'

'*Friday morning*, 7 *o'clock*.—Between 12 and 2 o'clock, I am by the sentence of the law to be executed. I did hope, even till late last night, that ere now, the laudanum we had taken the night before, would have ended our calamities. But it has had no effect on me, and my wife has again despaired of its killing her, notwithstanding she repeated the dose. She is so fearful of being left alive, with no means to take her life, and no one to consolate and strengthen her after my death, that I have, at her affectionate prayer, consented to join with her, and

each of us stab ourselves! I have all this morning, since midnight, tried to prevail with her, to await the will of heaven, without making any further attempts upon herself; but it is all fruitless. She says, I shall never be buried, till she is also dead, even if she is to starve herself to death. And she so fears the miseries which the misguided sympathy of her friends may bring upon her, after my death, by attempting to thwart her purpose, that she has melted my heart to an acquiescence in her will; for I had last night resolved to make no farther attempts upon myself. But oh! I pity her so much! I can refuse her nothing, she prays of me to do. I commit myself, for forgiveness, upon the mercy of an all merciful God, who has forgiven all the sins of my life, and will forgive, I hope, this last wicked act, that carries me to eternity.'

'DIRECTIONS FOR OUR BURIAL.—We do not wish our faces uncovered, after we are shrouded, particularly after we are removed to Bloomfield. We wish to be placed with my wife's head on my right arm, and that confined round upon her bosom.'

'*The following scrawl was written a few minutes before he was taken out to be executed, and while his wife was in the agonies of death.*

'Your husband is dying happy! For you I lived—for you I die! I hear you groan! I hope you may yet be recovered—If you are, live till it is God's will to take you, and prepare to meet me in a better world!

'Your dying husband,

'J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

'MY BELOVED ANNA.'

This chilling extract cannot fail to furnish useful reflections in another point of view. Does it not hold up to ministers of the gospel a strong warning, to be cautious in their representations of the efficacy of repentance in the last moments, and the ground of hope derived from the undoubting convictions of the dying, that they are going straight to heaven? These two people, already guilty of murder, and not repenting of their deed, and in the very act of committing suicide, are persuaded, that they shall wake up among the blessed!

We have not space for the crowd of reflections, that must force themselves upon every reader of this story. Parents cannot fail to derive hints from this terrible catastrophe, touching their duty in governing, and rearing their children. Mothers, too, may learn much respecting the kind of reading and discipline, proper for their daughters. We suspect, we can make a very probable conjecture, what kind of books composed Miss Ann Cook's library, and the principles, in which she was indoctrinated. Mothers will eventually learn, that no external graces and ornaments, that no superficial acquirements and accomplishments, that no tinsel brilliancy of powers of conversation, derived from the perusal of novels, romances and plays, can supply the deficiency of sober sense, early restriction, and religious principle and discipline. There is a stern lesson, too, in this narrative for that basest of all characters, a deliberate, and persevering seducer.

There is very little interest in those details of the book, that have no direct bearing to elucidate the story, of which we have given but a very compressed abridgment. Amidst all its prosing prolixity, and all its peculiarities of western idiom, and all its violations of the king's english, there is abundant evidence that each possessed a gifted and an uncommon mind. The ruin of both, probably, resulted from defective education, and the want of early training and example. Notwithstanding all the loathing and horror inspired in well principled minds by reading this tale of seduction, murder, suicide, and the just execution of a malefactor, even in such minds there is a kind of sympathy with the unshrinking and terrible perseverance of these persons in their purposes, increased, perhaps, by indignation towards the object of their vengeance, that has been very generally felt. Very few, we suspect, have read this story, without some relentings of pity for this ill fated pair, who so dreadfully expiated their misguided principles.

Of the poetry it is only necessary to remark, that it is execrable, or maudlin in a degree to defy all criticism. No document was ever issued from the press, which more strongly inculcated the necessity of christian training and example, enlightened and thorough education, and the vigilant watching and the early restraint of parental authority, than the story before us. It is announced, that tragedies and novels have grown, or are to grow out of these transactions. We hope that free thinking ladies will not be fortified in their errors, by seeing this story and this ill fated pair murdered anew on the stage, or in a novel, and this wretched business held up, as an example. The coarse and rough hewn narrative, as it stands, has deep and tragic interest. Present it in any other form, and such are the associations necessarily connected with it, that we predict, it will terminate in a flat farce.

CINCINNATI in 1826. By B. Drake and E. D. Mansfield. pp. 100. Cincinnati: Morgan, Lodge & Fisher.

This is a plain, sensible, and well written sketch of the fertile country, in the centre of which Cincinnati is situated, followed by a lucid and interesting account of the city. We have looked over a great many of these topographical publications, and we have scarcely seen one, which comprises so much exact information in so small a compass. It contains a faithful and clear exposition of the astonishing growth of the city, and discloses the bases of its prosperity. It appears that 128 brick and 52 frame buildings of importance were erected during the past year, and yet emigrants complain, that there are no houses for rent. Improvements of every description, of beauty and utility, have advanced in a corresponding proportion. The predictions of the future growth of the city, predicated on the analogy of the past, appear to us well founded. We hope the diligent and ingenious compilers will be compensated for their trouble—and instead of making quotations, we refer our readers to the work itself.

That Cincinnati is not far behind her Atlantic sisters, even in literary progress, take the following, as a demonstration. Ten years ago there were very few, if any school books, published in our city, or any where in the western country, except at Pittsburgh. We had only three weekly Gazettes; no paper mill, or type foundry, and but one book store.

At present we have eight newspapers, viz: one daily, four semi weekly, and three weekly papers, and we see proposals for one or two more. Nine, or ten papers surely ought to be sufficient to indoctrinate a city thirty years old in all the passing news. Nor do we discover, that these journals are at all behind the same number printed in any Atlantic city, in their amount of general intelligence and smartness. In the main points of value in such works, facility in managing the terms of party crimination, we are clear, that we can maintain a respectable competition. A medical monthly work has, also, been recently commenced, which is more particularly noticed in a preceding page. Two paper mills are now in successful operation, one containing four, and the other six vats. A respectable type foundry is, also, carried on by O. & H. Wells, where every description of type, usually made in any part of the United States, may be procured, and at as low rates, as can be obtained in New York, or Philadelphia. They also construct first rate printing presses, numbers of which are annually shipped to the east and south; where the demand, as well as in the west, is constantly in-

creasing. In this valuable establishment nearly thirty persons are constantly employed, and every article necessary to constitute a complete printing house, either for newspapers, job or book work, may be found, even to ball skins, type cases and printing ink.

We notice with equal pride and pleasure the great and increasing demand for school books, and other elementary works, as well as books of a higher order, and more scientific character. The recent improvement, introduced into the school system of Ohio, is highly honorable to her legislators, and auspicious to our hopes for the rising generation, so numerously dispersed over her fertile hills and vallies.

In evidence, too, of intellectual improvement and the march of intellect among us, we have several colleges, which have been liberally endowed, and have had learned professors appointed for them. Hundreds of our forest sons, from the lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi, are here pursuing their studies in the higher departments of literature and science. Where the hardy yeoman forty years ago pursued the buffalo, or the bear, or dreaded the lurking ambush of the savage, these splendid edifices now rear their domes above the forest trees.

We cannot here omit naming a circumstance in corroboration of these hasty remarks. In the establishment from which this journal is issued, three presses are steadily employed, where have been published within the last six or seven months, at least 9000 spelling books—7000 *Murray's* introduction and english reader—6000 english grammars—2000 arithmeticks—15000 primers and chap books for children—and 60,000 almanacks; all of which have a ready and rapid sale. The publishers of the 'Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette,' and some other printers of the city are also engaged in the publication of school books and other valuable and useful works. Several book stores might also be noticed, some of which may be said to compete with those of eastern cities.

Four or five highly respectable female and other academies within the town, contain from fifty to one hundred pupils each. And nearly fifty common schools are respectfully noticed in the interesting statistical publication of Messrs. Drake and Mansfield, which has attracted our particular attention, and is honorable to the taste and general character of our citizens.

Intelligence of this pleasing character, evincing actual improvement in mind, morals and manners, is quite as cheering to the enlightened patriot and philanthropist, as projected, or completed schemes of rail roads, and canal and steamboat navigation.

When we speak of these manifestations of improvement among us, we would by no means be understood to imply, that they are concentered here, or confined to this city. On the contrary, we have only given them, as indexes of general improvement through the whole western country. There are a great number of towns,

which, in proportion to their size, maintain an honorable rivalry with us in all these points. Among them it would be injustice, to overlook our sister city, Lexington. We advert with pride to her flourishing University, her distinguished professors, and her medical and law schools, which in the number of their pupils and graduates have already vied with the ancient institutions of the north. The fame of the two latter schools is blazoned over all the west. Her lawyers, especially, in their acuteness, firmness of nerve, *copia verborum*, and dexterity in cutting, if not untying the Gordian knot of an intricate case, have an estimation even beyond the famous 'Philadelphia lawyers.' Perhaps there is no town in the United States, where, among an equal number of people, so many will be found, able, and disposed to join in a literary conversation, as in Lexington. There is, in fact, a rough shod energy of intellect diffused over all 'Old Kentucky,' which, when properly trained, will make her as fruitful in literature, as she is now in flour and tobacco.

Still farther south is the growing town of Nashville, with its flourishing college, and learned president, its rising expectations, its fashionable circles, graced with more than one female, whose fame, as a *bas bleu*, extends farther, than the three leagues, over which Dulcinea's charms were admitted to have no compeer.

On the opposite side of the Ohio, on the Wabash, Mr. Philosopher Owen has replaced the laborious and minute despotism of the Harmonists with a charmingly relaxed, social, dancing system of 'circumstances,' which was to generate so much knowledge and goodness, as to make them mere drugs in the market. The Jack-Ketch tie of the 'odious monopoly' of marriage was to be so much loosened, as that whenever husband and wife should happen to pout, and look sullen, they were only to declare, that they were tired of each other, and look out better next time.

The famous Miss Wright, still lower down, is cheering the forests back of Memphis, with the brilliancy of literary *soirees*, and holding up the benevolent example of a project for emancipating negroes, when they shall have made 'a little more' cotton.

Natchez and New Orleans, too, have their distinguished literary circles, where the 'knowing ones' from the Atlantic country, who came with the confident expectation of lighting their candle in the midst of darkness, find its beams eclipsed, and that it might as well be *under a bushel*.

In fact, there is nothing deep in science, or polished in literature, or pretending in learning, or long-winded in oratory, or full even to bursting in the inspiration of the muse, in the Atlantic country, which may not, to adopt the language of our Swedenborgian friends, find its 'correspondency' here. At this moment, we have, for example, in this, our city, our travelling poetess, the exact pattern of her Atlantic archetype, the famous Mrs. Royall, or rather we should say 'Mrs. Walter Scott.' Like her model, our authoress dribbles the

unction without measure upon her friends, and plays 'cut and thrust' with her enemies without mittens. If her satirical verses fall something short of those of Juvenal and Persius and Horace and Boileau and Pope and Young and Gifford in polish, and delicacy and poetry, she proves her legitimate connection with the family, by a concentrated, caustic vinegar of venom, equal to any of them.

We will answer, that there is no place in the world, of the size of our city, more fruitful in projects, and patents, and *gim-cracks* of all sorts, some of unquestionable, and some of doubtful utility. We have new patent projects for raising wind, water, fire, and steam-power. Thirty manufactories in view emit black columns of patent steam smoke from their funnels. We travel to New Orleans and Pittsburgh by patent power. We get our water in patent barrels, tubs, and buckets, cut in nests, and a barrel within a barrel, from a green pine log, almost as quick, as one could say *Jack Robinson.* Our tomb-stones are sawed by patent. Our lower country beaus despatch one another with patent, percussion-lock pistols. The body is robed for its last sleep in patent steam-loom muslin, and epitaphs have been made, time out of mind, by patent. In short, we have patents to facilitate and abridge all labor, and alleviate all difficulties, but sin, death, and taxes, which, unluckily, in the midst of all sorts of improvements, stubbornly remain *in statu quo.*

It would be a proud anticipation for a fourth of July orator, and not without *vraisemblance*, to predict, that we shall shortly make aerial voyages to the moon, and get green peas and asparagus thence every month in the year, and have a complete vocabulary of the lunarian dialect; that we shall legislate by steam power; and make patent automaton bronze orators, who will be able to spout orations from the time they are put in operation, without *let, hindrance*, molestation, blushing, fatigue, or exhaustion of matter or lungs, until they are worn out; that we shall be able to manufacture patent newspaper editors, with one body, and a double face, like Janus, one mouth calling names in favor of the administration, and the other against it.

For ourselves, we would be glad, that some inventive mechanician would present a model of a patent wooden reviewer. We think, that without infringing upon copy rights, we might select some ten, or a dozen unvarying phrases of praise and censure from existing reviews, which, issued in the proper *permutations* and *combinations*, might pass for responses from the shrine of Apollo. We are aware, how much wear and tear of body and brain it would save us, and should be duly thankful. Who can foresee, where all our contemplated improvements will end?

We have had the pleasure of visiting the two Museums of this city. Those of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, no doubt, excel them in the number of their curiosities, and the general

splendor of their display. But to see such numerous and magnificent collections from the several kingdoms of nature, so happily arranged, in such large and commodious apartments, in a city, little more than thirty years old, is the circumstance that excites surprize. Taking into view the recent origin of this city, they struck us with more effect, than any, we have seen in the United States. For a compendious description of the character and number of the curiosities in each, we extract the following from 'Cincinnati in 1826.'

DORFEUILLE'S Western Museum now contains, 100 mammoth and arctic elephant bones; 50 bones of the megalonix; 33 quadrupeds; 500 birds; 200 fishes; 5,000 invertebral animals; 1,000 fossils; 3,500 minerals; 325 botanical specimens; 3,125 medals, coins, and tokens; 150 specimens of Egyptian antiquities; 215 American antiquities; 112 coloured microscopic designs; cosmoramic, optic, and prismorama views of American scenery and buildings; the Tatooed head of a New Zealand chief; together with about 500 specimens of miscellaneous curiosities. The Museum also contains several specimens of the fine arts. Among them, a fine transparency, representing the Battle of New-Orleans, executed by a lady of this city. It has also an elegant Organ; The whole neatly and scientifically arranged, in an extensive suite of rooms, on the corner of Main and Second streets.

One of the original objects of the Society, was to establish courses of lectures, illustrative of the various articles in the Museum. Such lectures have already been delivered by several gentlemen, and the practice is every way worthy of being continued.

LETTON'S Cincinnati Museum, is kept in two spacious halls in the second and third stories of the brick building, at the corner of Main and Fourth streets. It was commenced in this city, by Messrs. Letton and Willet, in the year 1818. The upper hall is principally occupied by wax-figures. The Museum contains about 200 birds, 40 animals, 2,000 minerals, 50 mammoth bones, 23 wax-figures, besides a variety of Indian antiquities, marine shells, and miscellaneous articles. The number of yearly subscribers is about 300. A course of lectures on Ancient and Modern History, has recently been delivered in this institution.

These Museums, in their general features, have an aspect, similar to those in the Atlantic country. They differ in one point, and this difference is decidedly to their advantage, in the comparison. The chief efforts have been directed towards procuring native curiosities, and particularly from the western country, a region so fruitful in interest, not only in the splendor of its existing animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, but in the abundance of its impressive and inexplicable organic remains, and memorials of the ruins of a world gone by. We read in a hundred publications about the proofs of the existence of former races here, of a character widely different from the present natives. In these Museums, we have the palpable evidences of touch and vision. We have a

numerous and noble collection of vases, idols, trinkets, utensils, and weapons, monuments of their worship, their domestic modes of life, their personal ornaments, and proofs that they, also, had the horrid art of shedding blood. We look round us, and see the grinning sculls of these past generations, placed beside the idols, that the living subject worshipped, the vases, from which they drank, and prepared their food, and the tinsel ornaments, that prove, that they were the same slaves of vanity with the savage and social races of the present day. Our conjectures draw no definite conclusions from the rust, that covers their copper toys. We leave others to theorize, and infer the identity of their worship with that of the Bramins. But in these huge organic remains of beasts, in these sculls and bones, in all stages of decay, we read the same affecting lesson, that has a hundred times forced itself upon us, as we have contemplated, in the depths of the deserts, the mounds, from which they were dug. We hear a voice, and it cries to us, that every thing passes away, but virtue and truth, and the unchanging realities of the invisible world.

This subject will be resumed in a future number.

NOTICES OF CONTEMPLATED WORKS.

THE Editor of this journal has been for a considerable time occupied in preparing for the press, a condensed GEOGRYPHY AND HISTORY OF THE WESTERN STATES.

Gentlemen of popular talents in each of these States are engaged to furnish the requisite original and authentic information; and the author himself has spent twelve years in exploring the country. No exertions or expense will be spared to render this a standard book of its kind. Every one who wishes to possess accurate information respecting this interesting and advancing region, must be aware, that no work of the kind contemplated, yet exists, and that the views which have hitherto been taken of it, have been meagre, general and incorrect.

To present a striking and accurate picture of the country, its civil divisions, its progressive population and statistics, outlines of the origin and progress of each state, an abridgment of its civil history, and portraits of the hardy and adventurous men who laid its foundations; these are the objects of this work. Appended to it will be a dissertation upon the physical aspect and natural history of the valley of the Mississippi, and the character of the savages who inhabit it. It will be accompanied by elegant and accurate maps of the country, embracing each state from actual surveys.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.—The work will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, of 550 pages each.

It will be handsomely printed on good paper, bound in boards, and delivered to subscribers at SIX DOLLARS the set, making at least eleven hundred pages of letter press printing.

It is expected the work will be put to press by the first of September ensuing, and completed with the least possible delay.

Holders of subscription papers west of the mountains, are respectfully requested to return them as soon as convenient, to the Author, or to N. & G. GUILFORD, Book-sellers, Cincinnati.

He takes leave to inform the patrons of this work—that general views of the valley of the Mississippi, its geology, temperature, climate, soil, productions, trees, plants, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, its inhabitants, savage and civilized, together with their religion, character and manners; and the civil history of the country from its discovery and settlement down to the present time, comprising the amount of the first volume of the work, is already prepared for the press. The civil history of Louisiana has been in a considerable degree compiled from unedited French manuscripts in the archives of state in New-Orleans. The history of that part of the late war, which had its theatre in this country, was necessarily compiled from existing published documents. But in condensing it, and interweaving anecdotes relating to it, and correcting it from the accounts of those, who were conspicuous actors in it, he hopes, that he has given a form to it, which will cause it to be read with interest. His chief aim has been to present in the smallest bulk, the greatest amount of information, touching the geography and history of the country, which he could compress into it. To an attentive perusal of all the published information, that could be obtained, and all the written communications, so obligingly furnished by his friends, he has added the fruits of his personal observation of twelve years' residences and journeyings in all parts of the country. The topographical geography of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, is completed, and he hopes, that the work will be ready to put to press early in September. Our patrons in the Atlantic country, who hold subscription papers, are respectfully requested to return them to HILLIARD, GRAY & Co. Boston.

CONTEMPLATED WORKS.

WILL be put to press in this city, in a few days, *A biographical memoir of the late Mrs. RISK of this city; together with extracts from her letters and diary.* Those, who remember the character of her correspondence with the late president of the American Bible Society, the lamented Mr. BOUDINOT, will need no other evidence of the talents of this distinguished lady. The work is expected to form an octavo volume of about 300 pages.

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Of the political feelings with which the work is written, it may be sufficient to say, that, as might be expected, the author is one, whose country and sentiments do not permit him to be led away by any overweening admiration, or unworthy prejudices.

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THE

WESTERN

MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

JUNE, 1827.

HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

We have read no colonial history, which to us possessed more interest, than that of the colony of Louisiana. The French are an interesting people at home, or abroad. They are peculiarly so in the early stages of their settlements in the vast forests of the Mississippi. They showed a curious compound of their own native complaisance, *insouciance*, and perpetual gaiety, with the stern and silent gravity of the Indians, among whom they dwelt, and a part of whose character soon became incorporated with theirs. The French in the old world are naturally a war-like people. In the new world, although they dwelt among ferocious and bloody savages, intermarried with them, became attached to their ways, and in their turn were remarkable for the power, which they possessed, of winning their confidence and affections, and although they were either the chivalrous soldiers of Louis 14th, or descendants from them, they became a mild, timid and pastoral race of people, the Dorians of the western world. The present creoles manifest on all occasions a sufficient amount of spirit, and become excellent soldiers, but are naturally a mild and pacific people, wonderfully fond of their paternal soil, and strongly attached to the habits of pastoral life. A curious anecdote, illustrating the tendency of the French character to lose its natural war-like propensities in the forests of the Mississippi, occurs in the annals of their wars with the united English and Chickasaws. M de Bienville, in 1736, marched up the Mobile against them with a very considerable force. A battle was fought, and the French had the worst of the conflict. At the same time the Chickasaws had been assailed on their nothern borders by the French from the Illinois, who marched down upon them, to make a diversion in favor of M de Bienville. When the united English and Chickasaws met them,

they, also, were compelled to fly. It is related, as a ludicrous circumstance, that the Illinois French, when they marched upon the foe, appeared before them with wool sacks in front of their bodies, as a shield against the arrows and balls. The circumstance excited great glee among the English and Indians, who took aim at the legs of these pastoral warriors, who evinced their estimation of the value of legs, and the uselessness of wool sacks, by running at the top of their speed. * * * *

Chateaubriand says, that when the English founded a colony the first building which they reared was a tavern, and that the first thought of the French was to construct a fort, and of the Spanish in the old time to build a church. There was a striking and manifest difference between French and Spanish policy in managing the Indians. The Spanish founded missions, and meditated to secure their co-operation and fidelity by binding them to the Spanish cause by the strong and invisible ties of religion. The French entered their wig-wams, hunted with them, wooed their wives and daughters, played the amiable among them, and began by affecting an affection for them, which they did not feel, and ended by becoming actually attached to them and their ways of life. The French and Spanish were bitter and hostile rivals for a long time on the borders of the Mississippi and its waters, and they played off these appropriate engines of their national policy with various effect upon each other.

About the year 1721 the French, with their peculiar felicity at ingratiating themselves with the savages, had already secured the friendship of many nations far up the Missouri, particularly that of the powerful tribe of the Missouries, from whom the mighty river has its name. The Missouries were engaged in a war of extermination with the Pawnees a tribe, who inhabited the country still higher on the river. The policy of the Spanish of Santa Fe was to add their force to that of the Pawnees, and destroy the Missouries, the allies of the French, as a necessary preliminary to the expulsion of the French from that river, and establishing their own ascendency on it. A Spanish force marched from Santa Fe, a Spanish town on a branch of the Rio del Norte, in the remote northern interior of New Mexico, and the Spanish settlement nearest the Missouri. This force mistook its route, and instead of reaching the Pawnee towns, as they intended, and as they supposed they had done, they fell unconsciously, on the chief town of the Missouries. The mistake was difficult to rectify, for the two tribes speak precisely the same language. They communicated their purpose without any reserve, as supposing, they were unbosoming themselves to a Pawnee audience. They requested the co-operation of the Missouries to their own destruction. The crafty savages instantly penetrated the mistake of their enemies. They preserved

their customary and unchangeable gravity of countenance, and betrayed not the slightest mark of surprize, or consciousness. They only requested the usual time to call in their warriors and hold a council of consultation, touching the scheme. At the end of forty eight hours, they had assembled two thousand warriors, and fell upon the unsuspecting Spaniards, not only reposing in security, but meditating the destruction of these very Indians, and they murdered the whole company, with the exception of the priests, who owed their escape to the fleetness of their horses, and alone remained to report the destruction of the rest.

DOWNFALL OF THE FREDONIAN REPUBLIC.

We were removed scarcely a hundred miles from the scene, where was witnessed, during the past winter, the downfall of the Fredonian republic. The crash, however appalling in our ears, at that distance, was hardly heard at Washington, and if some better historian, than ourselves, do not take the matter in hand, we fear that this catastrophe will perish from history. Although we do not expect the fame, and do not gird ourselves for the task of the historian of the '*decline and fall of the Roman empire*,' yet it was no unimportant business to the *original fifteen*, who upreared the pillars of this short lived empire.

The fine country of Texas beyond our western frontier, from its peculiar configuration, its vast prairies, its long range of sea coast, and its numerous rivers on the south, and its range of unexplored mountains on the north, and from its peculiar position between the settled countries of the United States on the one hand, and those of the Mexican Republic, beyond the Rio del Norte, on the other, will always be a resort for outlaws, and desperate speculators from our country. Those, who wish to get away from their conscience, and those, who have visions of a *paradise in the wild*, in short the 'moving generation' of the country will press to that region to find range. Until the Rio del Norte be our boundary, or a Chinese wall rise between the two states, or a continued line of military posts, interdicting transit, be kept up, it will be the refuge of Negro-stealers, and the Elysium of rogues. During the past winter, it witnessed the rise and fall of a republic, which numbered fifteen citizens, and endured fifty days. They must allow us in this country, to have a wonderful faculty of over-stocking all kinds of markets, with the articles which we furnish. Every profession has three aspirants for one, that is needed. We furnish more orations, than all the other people on the globe, and we over-do, and parody every thing, that is great and noble.

We acknowledge, that the materials for this, our history, were no more than the common parlance of the people, the passing conversations of village news mongers. We give, as we have received. As we have understood it, a Mr. Edwards was the Romulus of this new republic. He had somehow obtained, or imagined, that he had obtained at Mexico the conditional grant of some millions of acres, between the Sabine, and the grant of Col. Austin. We saw multitudes of emigrants repairing to this land of promise. Among others, there was a Mr. Chaplin, who, we believe, was a respectable man. He married a sister of Edwards, a beautiful woman, over the events of whose life is spread no small colouring of romance. Mr. Chaplin was appointed by Mr. Edwards, the proprietor, and was elected by the people, chiefly Americans, *Alcaide*, and commandant of Nacogdoches, the only place, that had any resemblance to a town in the country. It seems, that the Mexicans wanted to have a hand in the management of this business, and they appointed another *Alcaide*, and commandant. Hence arose a feud and a collision of authorities between the old and the new '*residenters.*' The warm blood of the emigrants was roused. Fifteen men, among them Col. Ligon, a man, whom we had known else-where, in a respectable office and standing, took counsel from their freeborn minds, their stout hearts, and probably from the added influence of the cheering essence of the '*native.*' They repaired on a set time, not without due pomp, and, as they say, under desperate apprehensions of enormous bodily harm, to a stone house, the only one, we believe, of any consequence in the village. Here they promulgated a declaration of independence, adopted national banners and insignia, swore the customary oaths, pledged their 'lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,' earnestly invoked the aid of their fellow citizens in the United States, formed their constitution, and appointed their officers; and the offices were so numerous, that, we believe, every citizen of the republic held at least one.—The aid of another republic, a band of renegade Cherokees, was invoked with as much form, as Æneas used in soliciting the alliance of Evander. The chief of these Indians was introduced under the most imposing formalities. Among the names of the Cherokee plenipotentiaries we observed the name of the thrice-famous *John Dunn Hunter.*

The Fredonians had expected aid from Col. Austin's settlement, about two hundred miles south west of them, on the Brassos and Colorado. Not a few of the people of this colony were disposed to give in their adhesion to the new republic. But the shrewd Col. Austin was aware, on which side of the bread the butter lay, and he remained staunch in his loyalty to his adopted country. He issued a thundering proclamation, not unlike Gen. Hull's on the invasion of Canada, inviting his people to range themselves under the standard of the Mexican government. The Cherokee chain

parted its links, like *a rope of sand.* The '*fifteen*' had inadvertently caused the death of one man, and otherwise shed some blood by dint of fist. Some of their more provident men said with the famous Dutch refugee,

'Timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi.'

In other words, made the best of their way east of the Sabine. The Mexicans embodied a small creole force, regained the '*stone house*,' and over-took some of the Fredonians, wisely treating them with a lenity, which rather savoured of contempt.

Some of the first magistrates of the fallen republic, on regaining the eastern shore of the Sabine, betook themselves to school-keeping, like Dyonisius, exchanging the sceptre for a rod. The Spanish vacher cracks his thong, as sonorously, and as carelessly, as before, and the surface of the vast prairies is at rest, like that of a lake, a few minutes after a projected stone has ruffled its sleeping waters. '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*'

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG APALACHY WARRIOR.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

We have in Louisiana such bright and beautiful January mornings, as none can imagine, but those, who have seen. The earth is covered with a white frost, and the sun raises his broadened and purple disk above the level summit of the forests, and a thousand birds hail his cheering glory with their songs. The shadowy veil of Indian summer is spread over the atmosphere, imparting its indescribable colouring to every object, inspiring dreamy sensations, and, as it were, giving form and substance to the spirit of repose. On such a morning, I was taking my customary walk towards the forest, back of the village on Red river. Between the village and the forest, on the bayou Robert road, is a low heathy marsh, covered with plashes of water, reddened with the intermixture of the red clay. Tall dead trees, that have been girdled, rear their naked and decaying arms. Others have been blasted with lightening. Stumps and putrifying logs are spread over the marsh.—A decaying jail, that used to be filled with the vilest malefactors, stands on the verge of it. Just beyond the jail is a gallows, visible among the dead trees. The whole scene has an appropriate shading of long moss. Little ragged boys are fishing for craw-fish in the gutters. In short, the belt between the town and the forest is a perfect *Cocytus.* My fondness for that walk had become a standing jest with my friends. But beyond it there were noble trees, having their grand columns wreathed with ivy, which in winter changes its foliage to a rich purple. The road is a kind of cause-

way, a straight vista between these grand trees, level, of a colour pleasant to the eye, generally dry, and yet seldom dusty. Hundreds of times have I paced my mile in this forest, in a solemn and not unpleasant communion with the past, and with the remembrance of friends, who began existence with me, and are now no more, a communion, which I would not exchange for all the songs, ever inspired by the wine cup.

But to my story, which was to describe an *Apalachy* funeral procession. I had measured the extent of my walk, and was on my return. I paused from time to time, to look at the thousand black birds, that chattered on the trees, to see the flocks of paroquetts, looking, as they darted through the forest, like lines of green and gold. The mocking bird was as merry, as a buffoon. The red bird whistled long and solemn notes. The dogs were baying in the village. The chanticleer at times made his shrill note heard above its distant and confused hum. The cannon of a departing steam boat had fired, and, as it plowed down the river, it left its long columns of smoke behind it. A more glorious morning never dawned, and every thing was of an aspect to 'create a soul beneath the ribs of death.' Who can explain the impulses, that give colouring to the thoughts and sensations in this our 'curious and wonderful frame?' Amidst every thing to inspire cheerfulness, I remembered the morning of life. I remembered painfully the friend, who used to share my walks, and felt, that for the future, I must expect to take them unshared, and alone. A world of waters, woods and mountains separated us, and the train of thought, inspired by these remembrances, prepared me to be affected by a spectacle, which was nearing me. I saw, just entering the vista of the wood, a cart, preceded by an Indian bent with age. Behind him, and immediately before the cart, was a young woman, whose shrill and feminine cry of grief came softened by the distance upon my ear. Behind the cart was an aged squaw, and two, or three children, all moving slowly on, in the customary Indian file. As the procession met me, the cry of the young woman was an afflicting scream. An unchangeable touch of melancholy thought sat on the brow of the aged savage: but he was silent. The mother behind was frantic in the expression of her grief. The children looked intently upon the ground. In the cart was an unpainted, rough, cypress coffin. I asked the aged warrior, whose body it was, they carried? He answered in broken French, that it was his Son's, and at the same time he explained my question, as the cart stopped for a moment, to the mourners in their native language. The widow, the aged woman, the children raised their cry of grief, and tears involuntarily sprung in my own eyes. Here, thought I, is all that remains of a man, who grew up, and died in the desert. He fell in the prime of his days, and all these evidently depended upon him for subsistence and joy. There can be no mistake in this thing. This expres-

sion of agony is no acting. Death deals his dart, and tears fall; and hearts are as deeply desolated in these wild woods, as when the tenant of a palace falls. The old man seemed to feel the expression of my sympathy, for his stern countenance relaxed, as he said 'c'etoit mon seul fils—c'etoit grand et brave. Mais il est parti, et nous partons.' He had uttered the funeral oration of his son. I moved on, and the cart plunged deeper into the woods. I looked back upon the procession from time to time, and I could hear the cry of the widow becoming fainter and fainter, until a turn in the road concealed them from my view.

CANALS.

To those, who understand the interest of the country, and who have partaken of the spirit of the age, there is no fear, that remarks on the subject of canals will seem tedious repetition, so long as these remarks present any new views of the subject. The great Grecian geometrician said, while demonstrating the prodigious mechanical power of the lever, 'give me a place, on which to stand, and I will move the world.' Primary schools are the levers, that move the intellectual world; and canals, rail-ways and steam navigable waters, in the modern plans of municipal calculation and national improvement, are becoming what the former are to *the empire* of science and thought. The application of steam power, the making of canals and the construction of rail-ways, their utility, the changes they have already wrought, and are continually working on the face of society, these are the great features, by which the present age will be marked in history.

In the chain of causes and effects, the direct impulse towards these inventions, it is probable, was communicated originally by a perception of the benefits of labor-saving machinery. This kind of improvement advanced with astonishing rapidity in Germany, France and England, during the past age. It attained its utmost development in Great Britain. It is absolutely astonishing, to see with what admirable exactness the most delicate and complicated operations are carried on by unconscious physical force, and the work of a thousand careful hands, informed by as many minds, performed by the movements, derived from a single wheel. In witnessing all the various results, obtained in one of our extensive cotton, or woolen manufactories, in gazing on the rapid and dizzying whirl of wheel within wheel, beside the long aisles of all the stories to the fourth loft, in remarking the wonderful precision, with which all the operations are performed, in reflecting, that all this

application of apparent intelligence and skill to wheels and springs, and spindles, that all this combination of movements, must have previously existed, as an archetype in some mind, who can forbear deep and involuntary admiration of the extent, of which the human powers of thought and invention are capable?

To abridge the labor, expense and difficulty of transport was a project, naturally connected with observing the vast improvements of labor-saving machinery. That sagacious and tranquil people, the Chinese, on both these subjects have been accumulating the fruits of an hundred generations. Canals with them are almost as ancient as their history. It is believed, that the length of all the navigable canals in that vast empire, cast into one sum, would make a total of some thousands of miles. More than a million of people constantly reside upon them. Transport and passage are performed with astonishing ease and cheapness. From these and other causes, 'every rood maintains its man.' A very striking representation of Chinese management, in these respects, was presented in a Chinese engraving. It showed a woman, guiding rapidly along a canal, a boat of ten tons burthen. She carried her babe, appended to her back, after the fashion of our Indians. She rowed the boat with her feet, having an oar after the fashion of the country, fastened to each foot. She managed the sail with a cord attached to its triangular point with one hand. With the other she held the rudder; and thus occupied, transported a load, which, to have been carried on the land, would have required ten teams, and as many drivers to do it.

There are noble national canals in France. Almost all the high ways in Holland are canals. In England, labor, experience, wealth, invention and all the mechanical improvements of the age, have been put in requisition for the construction of rail-ways and the making of canals. Where it is deemed inexpedient to move the boats over a mountain, a tunnel is excavated, and the boat slides along in the darkness under it. The wagoner cheers his horses, as they startle at the glare of lamps, hung up to enlighten their passage under the Thames. Vessels sail, and fishes dart over their heads. Transport is probably diminished to a fiftieth of its labor and expense in the time of queen Elizabeth.

As the next commercial nation in the world to England, adopting all her improvements, and having a great amount of inventive impulse among ourselves, in all these points we are following in her steps with a progress, considering our age, wealth and comparatively sparse population, much more rapid, than hers. In regard to the extent of our canals and the magnitude of our projects, we already surpass her. We must look to China for any thing, like a parallel to the New York canal.

The first canal of any magnitude, that was attempted in the United States, we believe, was the 'Middlesex canal,' connecting

the Merrimack with Boston harbor. We recollect to have seen, with deep interest, where the first ground was broken. We well remember to have seen the late Col. Loammi Baldwin, whose name, as a practical mechanician and engineer, will be long remembered, working with his own hands in the midst of his hired laborers in the excavation of this canal. There is something naturally offensive to little and envious minds in the visible powers of superior ones. He experienced all the heart-wearing disgust of being warned every day, that he was engaged in a ruinous and impracticable project, involving immense expense, and which he would never accomplish. He lived, however, to see these 'prophets of evil' confounded, and to behold the completion of this canal, the first object of his heart, and the first project of the kind in the country, and to see a number of canal boats gliding by his house, on the plains of Woburn, in one day.

The name of Col. Baldwin will have honorable mention hereafter, as the projector of the first considerable canal in the United States. There is another name, which will be forever identified in history with the utility of canals. Had that truly great man no other claims to admiration and gratitude, this alone ought to transmit his name to posterity among those of our heroes, sages, and benefactors. Jealousy and envy, and misrepresentation raise their transient mists, by which the true dimensions of objects are obscured for a time. Time, like the imperceptible influence of the sun upon the fogs of the atmosphere, will ultimately chase away the mists. Then the man, in whose head originated the mighty project of the New York canal, whose name, character, and resources, both mental and physical, confirmed the wavering advocates, and silenced the opposers of this gigantic scheme, will take his proper place in history. The name of that canal, and of its twin rival, respecting which we propose now to make a few remarks, will never occur without calling up in generous minds the associated name of him, who will hereafter be remembered, as the first efficient patron of American canals.

When the New York canal was undertaken, there were not wanting persons to scoff at the idea of its being a practicable project. Nothing would convince these gainsayers, but the palpable demonstration of seeing and feeling. Boats of all burthens, we believe, as high as an hundred tons, move up the country to lake Champlain, and bring messages from the Nereids of the blue wave to the Naiads of the pellucid fountains, that dash amidst the dark forests of the Green Mountains. Boats move over the rapid Mohawk, as he foams along in his deep and slaty channel below the calm and sleeping waters of an artificial river in the air. Along the whole course of this canal, large and respectable towns, with their bustle, and their massive buildings, and their city show, and numerous villages, that, twenty years ago would have been called

towns, spring up, like the prophets gourd, and seem to have been transported there by the power of enchantment. A single and isolated fact, and one far from the ordinary samples of demonstration, is sufficient to show the operation of this canal. As we looked on the bustle on a wharf, in the harbor of New York, we saw large, knotty, and unsightly logs, apparently of a weight to sink in the water, loading on board a large ship, bound for London. We were told, these logs were cut near the shores of Ontario. They were of the class, called bird's eye maple, and were intended to make cabinet furniture for the citizens of that luxurious metropolis, who wanted a wood, *less common and vulgar, than mahogany.* Before the canal existed, one of them could not have been transported from Ontario to New York for twenty times its value. It is only since the New York canal, that the name, 'Genessee flour' was known east of New York. It is now the principal kind used.

When the idea was contemplated of making a canal from the Ohio to lake Erie, and thus uniting the broad and fertile valley of that river by a continued line of water communication with the harbor of New York, the ancient objections, originating from a thousand mixed motives, were all started anew. Some new ones were added. Ohio was too young, too deficient in capital, and too unused to severe taxes, and a thousand objections of this sort were urged against a charter, and especially against legislative appropriations. But the people had seen a project, of the same gigantic dimensions, triumph over all obstacles, and go on to completion. Much of the best of all knowledge, in relation to the subject of making canals, the knowledge of experience, had been gained. The engineers had learned to foresee, and obviate a thousand difficulties. They were more sure of what could be done, what avoided, and what remedied. They had discovered the operation of water, when let in upon the different freshly excavated soils. The people, too, had become aware, that the only wealth, that qualifies a country to achieve such undertakings, is a soil, which produces more, than can be consumed on it by the ordinary population, and has thousands of brawney arms used to labor. In this kind of wealth, Ohio, young though she was, had a great capital. All she wants to be rich in money, is a sure, uniform, and sufficient northern market. Bring her, as this canal will, in contiguity with New York, give her the excitement of such a market, and she could produce double her present amount of produce with ease. Her more fertile soil, her milder climate will more than counterbalance the disadvantage of her distance, and the added expenses of longer transport, and will place her in direct competition with the farmers on the shores of North river.

It is now near five years, since the first Legislative act, authorizing an examination into the practicability of a canal communication between lake Erie and the Ohio river. The project at

first, like all others of a character new, and untried, was received cautiously, and acted upon with becoming prudence. The majority in favor of this first act was, consequently, small. As the examinations advanced, public attention was directed to the subject, and public opinion, guided by reason, and sustained by the experience of another state, began gradually to change in favor of the policy. Owing to the happy organization of our government, no measure of public policy can long be pursued, contrary to the public will. It was, therefore, a source of satisfaction to the friends of the measure, as well as an assurance of certain success, to find their favorite scheme supported by a large majority of the people of Ohio. In the year 1825, an act was passed almost unanimously by the legislature of Ohio, authorizing the construction of the Ohio and Miami canals.

The Ohio canal, which connects with the lake, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, and with the Ohio at the mouth of the Scioto river, is 306 miles in length, and will cost near $3,000,000. The sod was first broken on the 4th of July, 1825, by the Hon. De Witt Clinton, in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens. Since that time the work has advanced with a degree of rapidity and certainty, calculated to inspire confidence in its ultimate success. The canal commissioners, in their last report, anticipate a navigation of sixty miles of the northern end of this line in July, 1827, and as early as July, 1828, a connected line of navigation, 183 miles in length, extending from Lake Erie southward, and placing within the reach of the whole interior of the state, the advantges of a Northern Market. The complete connection of the Ohio and the lake is confidently anticipated, as early as the year 1831, and there is reason to believe, it will be effected one year sooner.

The Miami canal is 67 miles in length, and will cost about $567,000. It connects itself with the Ohio river at Cincinnati, and extends into the interior, along the vallies of Mill creek, and the Great Miami, to the town of Dayton. The commencement was made in July, 1825, and the completion will be effected in 1828. A navigation 44 miles in length, of the southern end of this line will be opened in the course of the ensuing summer.

When these canals are completed, Ohio will have within her own borders, an artificial navigation, including the Columbus feeder, of 383 miles. To this extensive line of navigation she looks with deep interest, as the certain source of future prosperity. Her fertile interior, hitherto retarded by the expensive mode of transporting the products of the soil, will rapidly advance towards that high degree of improvement, of which it is susceptible. Besides the advantages, which will belong exclusively to the state of Ohio, there are those of a general nature. A glance at the map is sufficient to discover, that this work is of national importance. From the south western corner of the union to its centre, nature

has formed an uninterrupted line of navigation, by the rivers Mississippi and Ohio. Partly by the same hand, and partly by the unequalled enterprise of the state of New York, a similar line has been formed from the north eastern part of the Union to the southern shore of lake Erie. But, these two lines, although they extend in directions almost meeting each other, are not connected. There still remains a barrier to intercourse, and to that desirable state of mutual dependence and common feeling which it would create. A link is yet wanting. This link Ohio will have added, and the grand chain will be complete; a chain which will have no inconsiderable tendency to promote the happiness and prosperity of the country, and to secure the harmony and permanence of the Union.

CINCINNATI MUSEUMS.

Among a great many curiosities at Letton's Museum, there are shown nearly a hundred and fifty species of the class 'aves' in fine preservation which are, as they ought to be, chiefly taken from the splendid families of the woods and waters of the Mississippi valley. A string of antique buttons excites curiosity by the story of the manner of their finding. They were dragged from the bottom of the Ohio by a seine, drawn for fish six miles above this city. Curiosity was excited by the circumstance, and the seine was dragged, until nearly a thousand pounds were drawn out. They were almost in equal portions of brass and pewter. On examining them, the eyes of the pewter ones were worn off by the attrition of the sand and pebbles passing over them. The brass ones are entire, and retain the eye. They are large and clumsy in form, and of a ruder finish, than any thing, that we have seen in the form of buttons. The eye is an oblong puncture through a shank, which was cast at the same time with the button. They indicate an improvement four hundred years behind the present. There is a tradition, that a French boat trading from fort Du Quesne to Vincennes on the Wabash, nearly one hundred years ago, was wrecked at this place, and there is reason to suppose, that these are memorials of the sunken cargo.

In graduating a street, near the mansion of Judge Burnet in this city, a piece of iron was dug up at a depth of twenty five feet below the surface. It is an exact horse shoe, except, that the ellipse is not more than half, or perhaps, a third of the diameter of a common horse shoe, being smaller, than the shoe required for the smallest kind of asses. The erosion is such, as might be supposed to result from the oxidation of three hundred years. Three, or four of the

nails remain in it. Swords of a form, different from any in use within the last two centuries, are found far beneath the soil, and under circumstances equally inexplicable.

Dorfeuille's museum is a rich study for the naturalist. The number of specimens of minerals, fossils, and quartzes is very great. There is a numerous collection of the insect, butterfly and reptile classes. Every thing is scientifically arranged, according to the new nomenclature. It is a curious fact, that the arrangement of nature into *genera and species* is that, which is most pleasing to the eye. There is a fine assemblage of water fowls, more especially of the web-footed tribe. No country, we imagine, has a greater variety or a more brilliant display of birds of this class, than the Mississippi valley. In all our rambles, we have never seen a kind of duck, that may not be found here; and in such admirable preservation, that they seem ready to utter their customary cries, and to patter in the water. As we saw the uncouth, large, and tall water fowls of the Mississippi, the brilliant tenants of the forest, and the beautiful patridge and grouse varieties of the prairies all grouped together, an involuntary remembrance of Wilson came over our mind. To enjoy what we saw at one view, in this handsome hall, poor, unfriended, on foot, and alone, he threaded the forest, and made his way along the streams. He needed *bread*, and when he was gone, all were ready to praise him, and give him a *stone*. But we have felt, while enjoying the same spectacle in the depths of the forest, or along the meanders of nameless streams, that neither riches, nor fame are necessary to the purest and most intense enjoyment of the lonely student of nature.

The case of remains from the Indian mounds is to a thoughtful mind by far the most striking part of the show of this museum. There are skulls of different individuals of different tribes. Much, as the faces of the living Indians seem to be formed in one mould, the facial angle of the retreat of the forehead in almost all the individuals is different. Among the variety of implements, trinkets vases and urns, large and slendid sea shells were dug from the mounds. A figure moulded from clay, with three faces, in forming the features of which, no inconsiderable skill is evinced, reminds us of the engraving of idols from the Bramin temples, in India. There are, we should suppose, at least a hundred remains of this kind, that are sufficiently striking, to arrest attention, and a stranger, passing through this city, could no where find more food for solemn musing, and interesting conversations with the past, than here.

From this receptacle of the organic *debris* of nature we passed immediately to the contrast of the wonders of invention and art. We visited a manufactory, where one steam engine drives a great number of saws continually occupied in sawing a very beautiful kind of free stone, brought by water from quarries, that impend the Ohio a hundred miles above this city. The supply is inex-

haustible, and it is furnished on such moderate terms, as that its beauty and solidity will undoubtedly render it an important article in building. The United States bank, and the fronts of a number of buildings, now going up, are of this material. In another story of this manufactory is the patent invention for cutting casks and tubs, and other vessels from the blocks of green logs. The work is performed by upright iron cutters, arranged circularly, and one within another. A nest of four is cut at the same time. In another apartment is a machine for cutting shingles; another for making window sashes by machinery; and, what was still more amusing, was a patent for cutting shoe maker's lasts. One would think, that nothing would be more impossible, than with the *brute* power of machinery to form the irregular curvings and taperings of such a thing. But the lasts are wrought with great neatness, exactness and rapidity. In another place was a new patent mill for grinding grain. The stones, instead of being horizontal, are perpendicular. The patentee informed us, that the expense of the mill was fifteen dollars. The stones might weigh thirty pounds each. The meal could be made finer, or coarser, as in the common process, and it ground quite as fast, as a common horse-mill. One horse power was estimated sufficient to drive two pair of stones. The power of this mill, which we saw in operation, together with its extreme simplicity, excited our admiration. It will be an invaluable invention for the planters of the lower country. A lath-cutting machine is also in operation, which cuts them with great rapidity, and of a kind, more regular, and of course better, than the common. These are important inventions where so much building is going forward. To those, who expect of us nothing, but the indolent and speculative fastidiousness of aristocratic literature, these details of common things may seem out of place. But if he, 'who has made two blades of wheat grow, where only one grew before, has performed a more acceptable service to mankind, than he who has written a book,' as St. Pierre affirms, he, who has enabled one man to perform the labor of twenty, has certainly achieved a still higher service. Even in an intellectual point of view, every thing, that displays the mental reach of the inventive powers, naturally tends to inspire respect for the species.

We were told, while making this inspection, that six million feet of boards had been brought this spring from the Alleghany forests, and that there are one hundred houses now going up in this city.

AGRICULTURE OF LOUISIANA.

Agriculture here is in its infancy, and in a state of roughness, adapted only to the labor of negroes, and has for object little more than to obtain the greatest amount of the staple crop. A great number of rich fruits and valuable productions, congenial to such a soil and climate, have been wholly unattempted. Experiments, except in regard to the best kinds of cotton, and the best modes of treating it, or the kind of cane, which is most productive, have not yet been commenced on any systematic plan. One, or two patriotic, and public spirited individuals have recently attempted to awaken attention to the cultivation of the tea-plant. Benne, an African plant, which yields an oil, it is affirmed, not inferior to that of olives, has been tried and succeeds well. Indigo was formerly a prime object of attention with the planters. The cultivation has been of late in a great measure abandoned, either because deemed less profitable, than the cotton crop used to be, or because it is a species of cultivation, considered unhealthy, and fatal to the hands. The rice yields abundantly, and is remarkably fair. The extent of lands, favorable to the cultivation of the lowland rice, is almost indefinite, and were not the other grand staples deemed more profitable, no limits could be assigned to the amount, that might be raised. At present very little more than is required for home consumption, is raised in a country where an immense extent of swamps might be profitably devoted to that article.

The lands in this state bring tobacco of the finest quality. That, which is cultivated in the vicinity of Natchitoches, is said to equal that of Cuba. But the culture is not deemed so practicable, or so profitable, as that of the present staples.

The cotton, cultivated here, is an annual plant, growing from six to ten feet high; and the larger stalks of the size of a man's wrist, throwing out a number of branches, on which form large and beautiful whitish yellow blossoms, much resembling those of the white hollyhock. The leaf, too, is not unlike that of that plant. A cotton field in flower is a most brilliant and gaudy spectacle. On the cups of the flowers form balls, or as they are called *forms*, in which grow three or four elliptical seeds, four times as large as a wheat kernel, and of an oily consistency. The cotton is the down, with which most oily seeds are enveloped in the mysterious operations of nature, either for the preservation of the seed, or that the down may act, as sail and balloon, to transport the seed on the 'wings of the wind.' The planting is from March, until the

middle of May, in drill rows, six feet apart. Much more is planted, than is expected to stand. It is thinned carefully, and plows, in the form of scrapers, are used, as the technical phrase is, *to scrape it out.* It is generally kept perfectly clear of weeds. In September the process of *picking* commences, and is renewed, two or three times, as successive courses of forms ripen, and open. The weather admits of this operation, with comfort to the hands, until the season calls for the cleaning off and burning the old stalks, in order to commence plowing for a new crop. It is one of the advantages of this crop, that it furnishes employment for the hands, during every period of the year. The cotton in the seed undergoes an operation, called *ginning*, by which the down is detached from the seeds, while they fall from it by their weight. This last part of the process is that of winnowing. It is then packed in bales, which receive a double pressing, and it is then ready for exportation.

The kinds of cotton which are chiefly cultivated, are Louisiana, green seed, or Tennessee, and recently Mexican. The green seed has not so fine a staple, but is less subject to the destructive malady called the *rot.* The Mexican is both of a finer staple, yields more abundantly, and has not hitherto suffered from *rot.* It is getting into common adoption, and the importation of seed from Tampico and Vera Cruz is becoming a considerable business. Sea island cotton grows well on grounds, that have been exhausted by the continued cultivation of the other kinds. All the species exhaust the soil, and the seed, which accumulates in prodigious quantities about the gins, furnishes an admirable manure for the exhausted soil. *The rot* is a disease, from which the balls, that begin to form, after flowering, moulder, and fall. No series of properly conducted experiments have been made, to ascertain the cause, or to furnish the remedy against this disease. The causes are inexplicable from any thing, yet known upon the subject. In some seasons it is much more severe, than others. New lands are less subject to it, than old; and hitherto the Mexican least of all the species. *Rot* is the next grand source of apprehension to planters to lowness of prices.

Sugar cane is a very rich and abundant article of the growth of Louisiana, raised chiefly on the coast, the shore of the gulf, the bayous Teche, Lafourche, and Plaquemine, and some parts of Attakapas, south of 31°. It is propagated by cuttings, or slips of the cane stalk, called *rattoons*, laid horizontally in furrows in the latter part of February. The shoots start from eyes at the joints of the slip. When grown, it resembles the rankest broom-corn, or perhaps, more nearly, Egyptian millet. When matured, it resembles, except the seed spikes, or tassels, that species of maize, called at the north, *Carolina corn.* When it is cut for the mill, or expressing the saccharine sap, they generally cut off something more,

than a foot from the top, for slips, or *rattoons* for planting. The rows are planted in rich lands six feet apart. It requires the richest soil, the vegetable mould of which ought to be at least a foot in depth. There are three or four varieties, or species, in cultivation here, as the African, the Otaheite, the West Indian, and the Ribband cane. The Otaheite grows luxuriantly, and ripens considerably earlier, than the West Indian, but is said to contain saccharine matter in comparison with that, only, as two to three. The ribband cane is a new and beautiful species, so called, from its being marked with purple and parallel stripes, that have on the stalk the appearance of ribbands. We have seen it of greater size and height, than any other species, and it is said to be highly charged with saccharine juice. Its grand advantage over the other kinds is, that it does not require so long a period for ripening, by some weeks, as either of the other species. It can, probably, be raised two degrees farther north, than any other kind, yet attempted. They are making trials of this cane in Opelousas, on Red river, and about Natchez. We have seen it this season in a great number of places in those regions. It is not unlikely, that it will become acclimated considerably north even of these points. Cane is understood to be productive in China, where the frost is much more severe, than in any places, where it has been attempted in this country. When the habits of plants, in undergoing the process of naturalization to the climate, are better understood, it may be, that this rich and most necessary species of cultivation will be extended to points of a more northern latitude, than have yet been even in contemplation. The disadvantage of ribband cane, for every thing has its disadvantages, is, that it has a harder rind, or bark, than the other kinds, and will require rollers for grinding it, to be driven with steam, instead of horse power, which is generally used for grinding the common kinds.

The sugar cane is a very hardy plant, not liable to the diseases either of cotton, or indigo. It is cultivated much in the same way with maize. It ripens according to the season it experiences. Rains retard, and drought accelerates its maturity. The abundance of the crop depends upon the number of joints in the stalk, that ripen before the frost, so as to have the proper saccharine juice, to granulate to sugar. A slight frost favors that fermentation, which is necessary to the production of sugar from the sap. A severe frost at once destroys the vegetation of the cane. The cane lies a short time, after it is cut, to favor this fermentation. It is then passed between two iron cylinders, by which the cane is crushed, and the sap forced out by expression. It flows into boilers, and the process is simply that of evaporation by boiling. The crop, when in growth, has great beauty of appearance. The sap is so rich in the stalk of the cane, as to have almost the gummy consistence of syrup, and sugar exists there as nearly in a concrete

form, as it can in solution. An acre of good ground, properly tended, will yield in common years 1200 pounds, besides molasses.

It was formerly a question in this state, which was the most profitable crop, this, or cotton. Accurate tables, giving the number of hands, the amount of expenditure, and the average value of product from each hand, for a number of successive years, have been published. From them it would appear, that sugar was the most productive crop, even when cotton bore a better price, than at present. The cultivation of cane is diminishing in the islands. That of cotton seems to be every where increasing. There is a great extent of sugar lands, not yet brought into cultivation in this state. We do not as yet grow enough for the consumption of our own country. There seems to be every inducement, then, to extend this cultivation in Louisiana, and wherever there is any probability, that it can be successfully cultivated; and it is an omen for good, that the planters over all this state are turning their attention to this species of culture.

No cultivation in our country yields so rich a harvest. General Hampton estimates the value of his crop of the present year at one hundred thousand dollars. A French planter, in Attakapas, with seven hands only, has sold his crop for 2500 dollars. Planters with a moderate force have realized 10,000 dollars for their crop of the past season. The molasses is calculated to pay the plantation expenses, and to leave the sugar net profit. The work is admitted to be severe for the hands, requiring when the process of making the sugar is commenced, to be pushed night and day. It has been a general impression, even in this state, where the truth ought to be best known, if it is so, that sugar could not be made to profit, unless the planter had a large force and capital, and could rear expensive sugar houses and machinery. This general impression has hitherto deterred small planters from attempting to cultivate the cane. But it has recently been received as a fact, amply demonstrated by experiment, that sugar can be made to profit with as small a capital, as is required for commencing a cotton plantation.

Louisiana is the home of the peach and the fig tree, the orange and the grape. No fruit is raised with greater ease, or abundance, than figs in this state. A slip, stuck in a proper soil, soon becomes a fruit bearing tree. There can be no doubt, that the olive will flourish. The orange trees were killed to the ground in the severe frosts of the winter of 1823. They are beginning to be in a bearing state again. Such is a sketch of the staples of Louisiana, which has the most productive agriculture, according to the number of hands employed, and acres tilled, in the United States, or perhaps in the world. It is believed, that no country, with the same population, exports, of its own growth, articles of as much value, as the state of Louisiana.

In this state, and through all the Western country, thinking men ought to study agriculture, and urge the study of it upon others. Experiments ought every where to be made on the interesting subject of the acclimation of plants. This is a most important branch of that science, that is scarcely yet known among us. Plants, like men, can be gradually accustomed to almost any climate. When the cane was first introduced on the coast, the idea, that it would flourish there, was treated with general contempt. The ribband cane is now growing in the vicinity of Natchez. It is not unlikely, that in the progress of inquiry and experiment, a hardier species may be naturalized even here. Stranger facts, than this, have been demonstrated in China and in England by the sure test of experience. Of all investigations of this most interesting subject, in our view the most fruitful one, which yet remains to be pursued is, how far plants can be successfully transferred from their native climate?

THE KENTUCKIAN IN NEW YORK.

The following is extracted from a series of letters in MS. from a Kentucky correspondent, entitled the 'Kentuckian in New York.' We have too recently fixed in this region to be able to judge with confidence; but we believe, that he has both truth and reason on his side. The western people, to be just to themselves, ought to investigate the grounds of complaint, and if matters are, as our correspondent alleges, the means of redress are in their own hands, and ought to be promptly administered.

'This is the age of book, map, and chart making. The money-getting propensity in our country is so strong, that if its operations are restrained in one point, like the strong fermentation of a cask of new wine, it will be sure to burst forth in another. The *tin wagon*, *pit-coal-indigo*, *wooden nutmeg*, *and wooden clock* missionaries find the harvest beginning to fall short, in consequence of the wariness of the chaps of former speculations. The same sort of men have found vent for the old spirit in a new direction. Our honest people are still more open to deception in this traffic, than in the former one. Instead of being eaten up by grass hoppers, we are now devoured by locusts. The tin merchants are metamorphosed into travelling booksellers, and instead of stone-coal-indigo, the people are cheated with catch-penny books and maps. We should

have no objection to the business, were it fairly, and honorably conducted. But if there be any profit in book making, and bookselling, the profit, surely, ought to be awarded to our own authors and booksellers, if they make as good books, and sell them as cheap.

'We should judge, from what we have seen, that Connecticut was the head quarters of this kind of speculation. Hartford must certainly be a wonderful place for book-making. Books are thrown up from the fountains there, like water from a *jet d'eau.* As we comprehend the business, the booksellers keep a runner ahead, with a subscription paper in his hand, instead of a highwayman's pistol. What by blarney, brass, and perseverance, a long catalogue of names is obtained to a work, which is represented, as forth-coming, and promising to be the wonder of the age. The work, the while, is probably the unsaleable remains of a book that has passed through all the stages of existence up to dotage, and the second childhood of age. In the rear of the runner, in a few weeks, or months, comes the yankee wagon, with a load of books, with the most glaring and gorgeous bindings, and whatever else they lack, they do not want for engravings, and highly colored pictures. These sly people have a wonderful tact, in finding out the lay of the land, and the prevailing taste of the people. They have discovered, that it is a general trait here to be smitten with pictures, no matter whether they relate to the subject, or not.

'To exemplify this weak fondness, which these sagacious people have smelt out, we take leave to relate an anecdote. Mr. B. was a member of the convention, who, in 'the day of her small things,' drafted a constitution for the present great state of Ohio. It was well done. The man had had a hard travail, and regarded his first born with no small complacency. In short, he had become, as we say in Kentucky, rather '*conceity.*' The good man from his loop hole fancied, that the world, over a thousand square leagues, was wonderfully occupied with his constitution. He was a minor, an infant at the business. Veteran authors soon learn the hard lesson, that the world is like an old mouser watching for a mouse at a rat hole, so completely occupied with its own vanity, that it has nothing to spare to soothe the vanity of a poor scribbler. A country squire came to town. Mr. B. eagerly inquired how the people liked his constitution? The answer was, that only one in a thousand knew any thing about it, and those, who did, clearly disliked it. What fault do they find with my constitution? eagerly rejoined the sensitive author. Because, said the squire, there are no pictures in it.

'Our eastern book traders have comprehended this fondness, and have diligently catered for this taste of our young children, old ladies, and grown up young gentlemen. What is still more amusing, and creditable to the ingenuity of this trade is, that a hand-press accompanies the wagon. The last figure of the date of

publication is erased, and 1820 becomes 1827 in the twinkling of an eye. They have thus reduced to saving knowledge, and actual and tangible demonstration the '*punctum stans*,' *the eternal now*, the long discussed quiddity of the ancient metaphysicians. We shall thus realize the Platonic year, and have our old almanacs return upon us in the same style.

'Weathersfield, too, which has such a fragrance of onions at home, is making herself as famous in the west, for this sort of speculation, as she is in the West Indies for the sale of that healthy vegetable. We more particularly allude to a famous geography with an atlas and maps. It is a curious Mosaic of modern inventions and ancient tales. The most amusing part of it is the position of towns, which in many instances are placed a hundred miles out of place. It plays conjurer's tricks with our vast country of the west, on a scale of prodigious power. Not at all satisfied with the green hills, and fertile vallies, and starting towns, and the face of nature in the locations, where Providence has seen fit to place them, like the devils in *Paradise lost*, the *printers devils* shoulder a mountain, or hang a river over their backs, like a pedlar's wallet, and march off with them at quick step, and throw them down a hundred miles from the point where nature had placed them. Out of some unaccountable grudge to Chillicothe, they have fairly taken away her Paint Creek, and not liking the situation of Cincinnati, which most travellers find so delightful, they have actually suited their own fancy in that particular, and have removed her, cellars, houses, and all, more than a league from her ancient position, and quite wide from the Ohio. While they possessed such a Sampson-like humour, we regret, that in regard to our growing manufacturing interests, they have not given us the locality of Dr. Morse's *steel mines*.

'But they have inflicted on poor Indiana 'the unkindest cut of all.' They have undone many things, that nature has done for her, by changing her rivers to creeks, and sometimes, in a momentary fit of good humour, altering her creeks to rivers. They have actually shown light-fingered propensities, and have purloined three or four of her valuable rivers, on which steam boats were wont to run, to the manifest damage and loss of the said state, as, in her action for damages in the case, she hopes to make more fully appear. In fact these map makers must have known as much about us, and our country, as the learned and titled lowlander, who boasted, that he held several commissions in a southern state, and who enquired with great self composure, which end of the Mississippi emptied into the river Ohio; whether Kentucky was situated above or below Tennessee; and on which side of Ohio river, the state of Ohio was situated?

'From the same company and place comes a vile catch-penny book, the life of General LAFAYETTE; and this, too, has a good store

of pictures in it. No part of his extensive pilgrimage in the United States could have excited higher curiosity and interest in the mind of that great and good man, than his tour from New Orleans to the sources of the Ohio. It was through a country, most interesting in itself, and which was, when he fought in our revolutionary armies, one vast and solitary wilderness. We may add, it was a country, in which he was every where received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. We were not a little curious, to see what notice this book took of the reception of this illustrious man, in the different towns of the west. We found, that the book maker had contrived to bound over this tour of two thousand miles in a single skip. To be sure, the book informs us, that he took a southern and western tour, and they occupy half a chapter, in discussing his steam-boat accident; and the latter part of the paragraph brings him safe back to Boston.

'I am continually amused in these regions with the inquiries, which are constantly proposed to me, touching our Western world. True, we meet with people in the cities, and on the beaten routes of travel, who are tolerably informed, respecting the country. But the mass of the Atlantic people have less exact knowledge about us, than they have about the Chinese. The people from the eastern cities, who visit Washington, while congress is in session, are astonished beyond measure, when they see a western member on the floor. That he should know how to stand gracefully, and make gestures, and speak the king's English, and pursue a connected train of thought and reasoning, and talk away, like a Philadelphia lawyer, is matter of infinite wonderment. Most of the people imagine a western back woods manto be a kind of humanized Ourang Outang, like my lord Manboddo's man, recently divested of the unsightly appendage of a tail.

POETICAL.

Twelve miles from the new and thriving town of Tallahassee, the political metropolis of the Floridas, and swarming with adventurers, in the form of doctors and lawyers, in a charmingly romantic solitude, is the singular lake-spring, which is the source of Wakulla river. It is a basin of considerable extent, in which the earth, from unfathomable depths, throws up a mass of waters, which immediately constitute a boatable stream. No bottom was found with a line of two hundred and fifty fathoms. From its depth, from the aerial transparency of its waters, and, perhaps, also, from the admixture of sulphuret of lime, which it holds in solution, it has a cerulean tinge, like that, which every voyager has admired in the waters of the Mexican gulf. From a skiff in the centre of this splendid fountain-basin, the appearance of the mild azure vault above, and the transparent depths below, on which the floating clouds, and the blue concave are painted, and repeated with an indescribable softness and beauty, creates a kind of pleasing dizziness, and a novel train of sensations, among which the most distinguishable is, as if the person were suspended between two firmaments. It is the scene of Indian tales of wonder and enchantment.—At night they see, on the bosom of the lake, beautiful, tiny, fairy beings, sporting and caressing, and bathing for an hour. At that time, a gigantic savage warrior is seen among them, sitting in a stone canoe, with copper paddles. These celestial visitants all vanish at the sight, and the last object, seen in the darkness, is the stern savage alone in his canoe, which seems anchored, and immovable.

WAKULLA FOUNTAIN.

Cerulean lake of mystery! 'mid the moan
Of fitful breeze, that lulls itself to sleep
Upon the dark green summits of the pines,
I hail thy snow white marge, and 'neath the shade
Of shelt'ring laurels court thy cooling breeze,
Asylum fit from summer's burning noon,
The dusty plain, and the soul-wearing search
Of place to ply the av'rice-sharpened wiles,
And weave the spider-meshes of the law.

Cool eve is drawing on to lave her stars
In thy pure fountains. Gratefully I take
Thy offered bark, and waft me from thy shore;
And poise me o'er thy blue and central depths.
And dream, reclining o'er them. One poor hour
I leave the sterile scorched earth behind;
Suspend its heartless scramble; 'scape its cares,
And give its thousand sorrows to the winds.
And have I then attain'd, in this lone place,
The long sought privilege to float in air?
Yes; for the burnish'd clouds are gathering
But just above my head. The blue between
Is mild, as eye of saint, and seems to say
The secret of the rolling spheres is hidden there.
Another dizzying vision spreads below
In ether mild and blue, as that above;
And near its dome disporting play; for sure
They dart in air; strange birds with sparkling wings;
And yet their gilded forms, seen by the beam,
Aslant, of setting sun, seem not like birds.
Above, around, below are clouds and sky,
And pointing down the blue their verdant cones
The pine tops wave, and twinkling stars respond
To those above. Amaz'd I rest between
Two firmaments. The often utter'd wish
For pinions of the dove to soar away,
And rest me in the sky, has met response
Of grace. A happy tenant of the viewless air,
Full gladly would I dwell; nor sink again
To earth. Alas! upon the rippling wave
This sweet, etherial landscape, mild,
And softly blue, without a stain, is all
But painting in the waters, like all else
Of this world's show of bliss, a splendid lie.
But thou hast cheated others, as myself.
Long, ere the white man's hatchet struck among

These forests, when the sea fowl scream'd,
Unscar'd; and when the bounding deer and roe
With the red desert-sons joint tenants were,
Oft came the awe-struck wanderers, to float
Their frail canoe for worship on thy wave.
No feather'd arrow o'er thy bosom sped,
To tinge with sea fowl's blood thy sacred wave;
Nor line, nor spear disturb'd thy finny tribes;
But, wondering, they gaz'd adown thy depths.
Illusive visions mocked them, as me;
And fancy saw a paradise below, and worlds,
More fair, than brightest dream of poet's thought.
There were the isles of light; aerial deer,
And swans and fishes, sporting in the air.
Sighing, they thought them of that happier home,
Compar'd with theirs. They tented on thy shore
At eve, and through the moon beams, thrilling, saw
Descend a thousand tiny forms, more fair,
Than aught of earth, to bathe in thy pure flood.
The keenly-brilliant eye of faith beheld
Them, sometimes sporting in the ambient air,
Or sailing on the wave, or diving down
For frolic in the chrystal element.
To deck their feather-cinctur'd vests
Were rainbow hues of plumage from the birds,
That haunt the streams, the forests, fields and floods.
Their sports, caresses, and etherial joys
Were limited to twilight's musing hour;
For, as its misty light gave way to gloom,
Amidst them, tall, gigantic, stern and fierce,
In bark of pumice stone, a warrior sat.
With copper oars he mov'd it through the wave.
Round his red, brawny breast a copper bow
Was hung; and copper arrows, tip'd with plumes,
Of jetty black, his ample quiver fill'd;

And, as sea fowls fly screaming, scar'd before
The gunner's bark, the fairy army fled.
Some, shrieking, plung'd below. Some rose
And faded, like a shooting star, and soon
The sullen warrior shar'd the wave alone.

M. P. F.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HUNTER.

————Thy strains prolong;
Strike up once more the silent Lyre,
A mournful theme demands thy song;
The lifeless corse, the funeral pyre;
The narrow cell, so dark and lone.
The nodding plumes, and sable hearse;
The storied urn, and chiseled stone;
The grave-strewn flowers, the simple verse;
And all the varying forms, and rites,
With which the sorrowing heart delights,
In pensive tribute, still to shed
Fond memory's incense o'er the dead.
And, though as yet thou canst not soar
Beyond the blue ethereal dome;
Nor tell, where kindred spirits roam,
When all the toils of life are o'er;
Yet thou canst spell from sacred lore,
That he, who wove this wondrous frame,
And with his finger traced in flame
The thought of immortality,
That mystic sign will ne'er deny;
Nor doom the heaven-ward hope, he gave,
To sink forever in the grave.
Yes; when this hand at last shall lay,
As nerveless, as its kindred clay;
When vision from this eye hath fled;
When on this cheek the worm hath fed;

And, when this busy, schemeing hrain
Hath turned to senseless dust again,
The soul herself shall still survive.
When the still'd heart forgets to strive,
A deathless spirit, she will burst,
Immortal from the sleeping dust;
And wing her way with rapid flight
To yon eternal realms of light.

AFTER A STORM.

The storm had passed, but not in wrath,
For ruin had not marked its path,
O'er that sweet vale, where now was seen
A bluer sky, and brighter green.
There was a milder azure spread
Around the distant mountain's head;
And every hue of that fair bow,
Whose beauteous arch had risen there,
Now sunk beneath a brighter glow,
And melted into ambient air.
The tempest, which had just gone by,
Still hung along the Eastern sky,
And threatened, as it rolled away.
The birds from every dripping spray,
Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
The torrent with its waters brown,
From rock to rock came rushing down;
While, from among the smoking hills,
The voices of a thousand rills
Were heard, exulting at its birth.
A breeze came whispering through the wood,
And, from its thousand tresses, shook
The big round drops, that trembling stood,
Like pearls, in every leafy nook.

REMEMBRANCE.

By day, by night, on hill, or plain,
Whate'er my task, where e'er I go,

In dreams, awake, in joy, or woe,
I fondly trace those scenes again;
For they are memory's hoarded store,
And, miser-like, she counts them o'er.
Yes, though, perchance, my words may seem
The ravings of a maniac's dream;
Yet sooner, than that death should blot
From my life's page that one bright spot,
I'd live again; though doomed to bear
Its griefs, its sorrows, its despair;
Its pangs, its disappointments, tears,
And all the wide, wide waste of years,
That spread in retrospection there.

MOON-LIGHT.

The moon shone bright, and her silvery light,
Through the forest aisles were glancing,
And with mimick beam, on the rippling stream
A thousand stars were dancing.
No noise was heard, save the night's lone bird,
From his dark and dreary dwelling;
Or the distant crash, of some aged ash,
Which the axe of time was felling.

SOROTAPHION.

————Who has not only thrilled
In boyhood o'er the tale of other days,
Where the great king still marched his myriads on,
Chasing the wandering hordes of Scythians
From grove to grove, o'er Tanais, and the Don;
Till, looking back upon the traversed wastes,
He asked, as in scorn, where they would stand;
Reckless of towns and landmarks, nought cared they
For lock, or latch. Their dwelling was the depth
Of woods. Their sanctuary in the place,
Where slept their rustic ancestors, and there
They told him, they would stand; there he should know
How Scythians used their steel.

REVIEW.

WATTS' *Psalms and Hymns. The common and unaltered editions.*

From some our title will elicit a smile; others, of a different cast of thinking, will look at it with distrust. Some will derive benefit from it, and some will condemn it, *in toto.* It is a painful lesson, but it is one of the first, that a journalist learns, that he cannot hope to please all. We will strive to keep a good conscience, please ourselves, and avoid offence, where we may; but to be perfectly straight forward and independent. A double motive incites us to give a work, which for a century past has been more worn, and read, than any book in the English language, the bible only excepted, a critical notice. The first is one of the highest and most sacred, that can actuate the human heart. It is, if we do not deceive ourselves, an earnest desire to contribute our mite towards the increase of the attractions of public worship. Every enlightened friend of order and morals will unite with us. Where can we expect to throw off the burden of cares, of toils, of sorrows, and disappointments, if it be not in this sacred place. Where shall we find our ambition, pride and envy, and heart burnings all vanishing '*into thin air*,' if it be not in the hallowed circle of the sanctuary? Who, that has ever entered the place, where he was baptized, where his fathers worshipped, and near which their ashes repose, and that has, the while, inhaled the fragrance of May flowers, brought there by the hand of youth and beauty, that has seen congregating there, all that is respectable in age and piety, all that is dear by the ties of friendship, kindred, and acquaintance, that has beheld in one view every thing, which can cheer the eye, or expand the heart; every thing, which tends to connect the sublimest hopes of the future, with the dearest remembrances of the past, by the sacred chain of religious association, that has heard the song of praise swelling, and dying away; who, that has been in such a place, has not, at least sometimes, felt the inspirations of the place rush upon him. The bible admonishes him, that the place, on which he stands, *is holy ground.* If he have a heart, the worshipper must have sometimes felt, too, that it is the ground of high thinking, and pleasant feeling, and joyous anticipations, in short the very place, where he may hope, for a while, to throw off the selfish and animal burden, and stand forth in the simplicity of his higher, his intellectual nature. Who, that has but for a moment given himself up to the proper impressions of this scene, but has wished, that every thing, which tends to increase the attractions of the sanctuary, and which is in keeping with the design of worship,

might be there, or has not desired, that every thing, which has a natural tendency to mar these impressions, to break off the chain of these associations; to banish these hopes, and trouble these thoughts, were removed. When the minister of the altar, whose whole appearance and manner have the inexpressible, and yet perfectly felt attraction of being in keeping with his character and functions, mounts the sacred desk, and with the proper tone and enunciation reads a fine hymn, he occupies the best place for a good reader, and for producing the highest effect of poetry, that we can imagine. Here, if any where, will be found that union of music and verse, of which the ancient lyrists talk so much. We pay our money to hear a man recite fine verses before a public audience, as at a theatrical exhibition. Imagination can not devise circumstances, more favourable to the best recitations of poetry, than the commencing hymn of Sabbath morning service, in the season of flowers, and in a decent and well filled church. Yet, how many repair to this place where the pleasures are without money and without price, as to a painful task. In this view, how important it is, that the version of hymns should be pure, evangelical, correct, and in the best style of poetry. There are, probably, from thirty to fifty different collections of hymns in use in the different churches, in the United States, and the dominions of Great Britain. Every person who has expunged one bad line in former use, or added one good and original one, has performed no unacceptable, or useless service to his kind. Our first object then, in these remarks, is to do something, if we might, in this cause, and minister something to the attractions of the sanctuary.

Our next is in furtherance of our more general object, to endeavor to correct, and enlighten public taste, by placing before it good models for selection, and bad ones for avoidance. We think, that we hazard nothing, in asserting the confident opinion, that the greater part of all, that has merited or received by courtesy and prescription the name of poetry in the United States, for the last fifty years, has been, directly, or indirectly, moulded from the stanzas, and has originated from imitation of Dr. Watts' psalms and hymns. Every one, who is only moderately skilled in the business and the productions of verse makers, knows, that there are copies of copies, 'shadows of a shade.' The more powerful imitations become, in their turn, models to others. But, however diluted, and reduced, it is easy for experience in tracing this sort of derivation, to discover the original fountain, from which the primitive thought and expression were drawn. Take up an album, selected twenty years ago, and composed of verses taken from the newspapers of the whole country, and we may trace through the greater part of the verses the phraseology, the images, the thought and style of the psalms and hymns in question. Of thousands of the couplets, it will be found, on close inspection, that the first

line was formed to match with a line from Dr. Watts, previously existing in the memory. It would be an amusing, and not an useless employment, in such a volume, to trace the lineage of the phraseology and images. Even in the larger works, and more sustained efforts we can trace this imitation, sometimes palpable, and sometimes obscure, but always sufficiently obvious.

The reason of all this will appear, if we consider, that the web of our thought, complicated and combined, as it is, was all made up of a few simple and original impressions. The young and susceptible organs of hearing first perceived the power and influence of sound and rhythm from the pulpit, and probably from the reading of Watts' psalms and hymns. It is with us an undoubting conviction, that poetry and religion are allied. The sanctuary is the place, if any where, in which the highest and best inspiration of the muse will come over the mind. Such verses, so heard, and first producing the inexplicable union between sensation and abstract and combined thought, incorporated with the mental web, and became, unconsciously, the material, out of which future combinations were made. Many a verse maker has, no doubt, unknown to himself, produced verses, which were only those of Watts, diluted and changed, but not so materially, as not to show at once the source, from which they were derived. It is important then, in a literary point of view, that we should examine models, that have already had, and as long, as they are used, from the nature of things will continue to have such a vast amount of influence upon general taste and thought.

It is not within our scope to give a biographical sketch of the life and character of Watts. It would be superfluous to go over ground, which has already been marked with the footsteps of the Herculean Dr. Johnson. It is only necessary to say, that he was, perhaps, as amiable, and as pious a mind, as unpolluted, and receiving as little stain from earth, as ever made its transit across this dark planet of ours. He was a poet, without the extravagancies and aberrations of poets. He suffered little from the poverty, and less from the proverbial irritation and envy of that race. Providence guided his pure and gentle mind into a happy haven, where in plenty, privacy, and repose, he poured his sacred strains, and ripened for heaven. Every scholar knows the general character of his poetry,—knows, that his verses flowed from the fullness of his amiable mind *with great* facility, that he sometimes gives us delightful stanzas, modelled on the rich and sweet pastoral, or rapturous devotion of the shepherd king, and directly beside them verses of a character so inferior, that a momentary doubt is created, whether they could be from the same author. Never was poet more *impar sibi*, more unequal, than Watts. He scarcely ever goes through a whole hymn with tolerable correctness. The inspiration evidently came upon him, like the fitful swellings and

sinkings of the breeze. Dr. Johnson, indeed, affirms, that religious poetry is unsusceptible of the ornament, the figures and associations, that constitute the chief material of other poetry. Its severe character, its stern and naked truth, according to him, reject the ornaments of figurative and polished diction. For once we prefer to think with the eloquent Chauteaubriand, that religion, the Christian religion, is the very region of poetry. Milton has proved what use can be made of the scripture narrative and doctrine. Cowper has evinced, that the sacred fountains yield to those, who drink there, a higher inspiration, than the Castalian. Without going beyond our object, we affirm, that some of the sweetest and most delightful strains of poetry, with which we have ever met, were hymns designed for the service of the sanctuary. There are a great many beautiful hymns in the Methodist and Baptist collections, placed, like the happiest efforts of Watts, directly beside poor and wild *extravaganzas*, unworthy of their character, either, as claiming to aid devotion, or be poetry. We could easily select a hundred stanzas of verses of exquisite beauty from the Methodist collections. Had the following verses from a Methodist funernal hymn been written by Mrs. Hemans, they would have been hackneyed in every newspaper from Maine to the Sabine.

'No anger henceforward, nor shame
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more.
The lids, he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.'

And yet, the very hymn, from which these verses are selected, commences with a stanza of expression so extravagant, that no person of taste would willingly read it on the occasion, for which it is prepared. Even from the quaint and severe version, 'the psalms of David,' held in so much reverence by the seceders, some verses, as beautiful as they are simple might be selected. Take the following as a sample:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

A thousand such selections might be made of verses, which, we think, few would deny to be beautiful. We could easily multiply quotations beyond our purpose, not only from poets professedly of religious character, but even from those of a very opposite estimation, Moore and Byron for example, to prove that no subject is more susceptible of the utmost ornament and beauty of poetry, than that designed for the service of the sanctuary.

To return to our subject. There can not be a more striking demonstration, that associations can dignify any thing, than that successive ministers of the purest taste, and the most cultivated minds have read, ever since they were written, and continue still to read the poor along with the beautiful verses of Watts, feeling the beauty of the latter, and unconscious of the defects of the former. To many ministers, of enlightened and disciplined minds we fear, it will seem like impiety, to attempt to show, that there are poor verses in the collection. The name of Dr. Watts, the long use of his version, habit, association, the influence of place and duties, carry down figures, allusions, phrases, and even whole weak verses, which, had they been first read under other circumstances, and on less consecrated ground would have been felt and rejected. Even had we space, a feeling of reverence in common with the rest for a form of words, which we have read, or heard a thousand times on the most solemn occasions would prevent us from quoting instances of false grammar, incongruous figures, similitudes drawn from images, which all the manifest piety of Watts could not sanctify, and whole verses interpolated without the least connection with what precedes, or follows. It will be much more pleasant to us to select examples of a contrary character. We consider the 17 ps. L. M. of Watts, among his finest psalms. The two first stanzas, however, are very indifferent. The 72d ps., 2d part, L. M. has fine, expressions, and great harmony and sweetness. In the common editions three stanzas are enclosed in brackets, and they are so very inferior to the rest, and so out of keeping with it, that one would suppose it was the author's elision of his own verses, on his own deliberate judgment. Ps. 100 in paraphrase is fine, and to us the most beautiful of all the psalms in the collection, with the exception of the third stanza, one of the common examples of weak interpolation. It runs thus:

> 'We are his people; we his care,
> Our souls and all our mortal frame.
> What lasting honors shall we rear
> Almighty maker, to thy name?'

There is not, perhaps, in the whole collection, a more equable and spirited psalm than ps. 101, C. M. The three stanzas of ps. 139, 3d part, C. M., breathe that air of calm and tranquil devotion

the spirit of which, constitutes so striking a feature in the sacred verses of Watts. The 148 ps., proper metre, is uniformly above mediocrity. We quote the third and fourth stanzas as examples.

'The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spoke the word:
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.

In different ways,
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.'

In his hymns there is less tameness, than in his psalms. Not being bound within the trammels of a version, his imagination had more scope, and he has seldom those inert and unmeaning passages, that occur in the psalms. Not only has he higher beauties, but his defects are more glaring. Two or three fine verses occur in the 7th hymn, first book.

——————'The treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.'

Every minister, who has read hymn 8th, with attention, has been struck with the beauty of the five first stanzas, and the astonishing falling off in the two closing ones. The 26th hymn of the first book is good to the end. The 48th, beginning,

'Awake our souls; away our fears,' &c.

is uniformly spirited. The hymn

'Come let us join our cheerful songs,' &c.

has been read, we imagine, more frequently, than any other hymn in the English language. The most unexceptionable hymn, in which he avails himself of the pastoral style, and draws his images from the language of earthly loves, is the 67th, beginning,

'Thou whom my soul,' &c.

The three first stanzas of this hymn are beautiful, a happy version of the original, and in keeping with the intention of the hymn.

The two closing stanzas introduce new and incongruous images, belonging entirely to another subject, and not warranted by the original.

But we find ourselves insensibly enlarging this article beyond our original intention. We have touched on this subject, as we mentioned, with a specific purpose, and we are inwardly conscious, that the purpose is a good one. There ought to be an edition of Watts prepared for the use of the churches, from which the weak and incongruous verses in the common editions should be expunged; and if a sufficient number of psalms and hymns for the use of the churches did not remain, they ought to be added from the best of Tate and Brady, Addison, Ogilvie, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Barbauld, Stennet, Young, Cowper, the Olney hymns, the methodist hymns, &c. &c. There are a great number of beautiful hymns by authors, whose names are not known. It is idle, at this time of the day, to say, that we ought not to have the very best kind of hymns, that can be produced, laid under contribution for the use of the sanctuary. Let none say, that piety can not be as manifest, and have as high and holy an influence in the use of good. as of ordinary hymns. It will be seen at once, that we utterly disclaim any intention of touching upon the nature of the doctrines, that ought to be inculcated. We speak only of poetry, style, manner, rhythm, and congruity of thought and expression. No one admires Dr. Watts, on the whole, more than we do. We doubt not, that had he been allowed a vigorous old age, his own severer judgment would have dictated a rigorous retrenchment, and many alterations in this collection. Still more would he have done it, had he lived in the present age. We think, that retaining the best psalms and hymns of Watts, and where the whole could not be retained, the best verses, and selecting, to supply these elisions, from the best collections, and laying every thing beautiful, that has been written, in sacred verse, under contribution, a better selection might be prepared, than any one now extant.

An English Grammar for children, according to the elementary method of Pestalozzi, &c. By John Locke, M. D. *Author of "Outlines of Botany," and principal of "Cincinnati Female Academy," pp.* 228. Cincinnati: W. M. & O. Farnsworth, Jr.

Fifty new grammars, as many spelling books, and half as many elementary geographies have been produced, we suspect within the last ten years. No people are keener on the scent of money than the Americans. It is a proof, that of all books, those for children are the most profitable. In fact making them is the only branch of authorship by which a man can live in this country. Could one man have the exclusive privilege of furnishing spelling books and

have a half a cent gain upon each, he need ask no better revenue. It is a strong demonstration of the progress of common school education among us. None, but the wholesale dealers among booksellers know, what a prodigious demand there is for this article. Many of them, it is true are mere catch-pennies, made like Pindars razors, only to sell. But among the multitudes of this sort, that are continually minted from the press, there are still some struck off, that have real and intrinsic merit, and they ought to be rescued, if possible, from oblivion.

Among all our improvements, in which we have so much reason to exult, none have struck us with so much force, as the obvious march of improvement in the instruction of our children. We had abundant opportunities during the past summer to witness exhibitions, where all the children in some of the larger towns, in which this improvement has been most fully developed, were examined together. We have not witnessed a prouder and more exhilirating spectacle. The brightness, shrewdness, honorable ambition and real attainments of the pupils filled us with surprize. There are now hundreds of Schools in the United States, whence school boys might be selected at random and by lot, whose attainments would surpass those of boys of the same age, that were considered the prodigies, the miniature Solomons of former days. The best talents are put in requisition, and find honorable compensation in the department of instruction. Every effort, that can be stimulated by honorable ambition, necessity of subsistence, rivalry and competition is brought to bear upon the determination to give one school a name beyond another. The same motives have actuated the exertion to make the best, or at least the most notorious school books. Amidst all the rivalry, competition and heart burnings, and all the dispositions to pull down competitors, and build themselves up upon the ruins, manifested by this class of authors, the great work of improvement, working its advancement out of these actings of selfishness, goes steadily on. Some new principle is successfully inculcated, some improvement elicited by these mutual struggles for pre-eminence.

We should think, from the attention we have been able to bestow upon the book, the title of which heads this article, that its ingenious author had a higher object, than merely to make money, or recommend the school, over which he presides. He seems to us to have reared his work on what we hold to be the fundamental principle of good instruction, a purpose to stir the faculties, arouse the mind, and excite thought. It has been, and it still is too much the object to teach children passively and mechanically. In this way a boy may be taught to read, write and cast accounts. Thousands are so taught, as soldiers are drilled to their exercise, but no one is ever taught in this way to think. This we hold to be the main business of an instructor; to call out the faculties and

excite the powers of thinking in the mind of the pupil, to go out, and embrace the object proposed for investigation. The mind is thus exercised to think and reason, and to originate the train of of thought within itself. Such, it is well known, was the system of Pestalozzi; to awaken simple and uncombined thought in the mind of the child by the tangible and visible exhibition of the object, respecting which it was wished he should obtain ideas. Mr. Locke, has kept this thought in view, and his illustrations from visible and tangible objects are for the most part such, as we would suppose his children might understand. But in teaching we often deceive ourselves in thinking, that the illustration is as intelligible and obvious to the child, as it is to us. Hence the necessity of descending to a familiarity and a repetition of illustration, which shall place the idea before the mind of the pupil in so many lights, that in some of them, he may become possessed of it.

We confess we were amused with the short chapter on the origin of language. But, infantine as the illustrations may seem, we are not sure, that he could have given his ideas of this process in more elevated language. The examples generally, by which the abstract ideas, on the philosophy of grammar are explained, are extremely obvious, as they ought to be, to meet the intellects of children. They are drawn from objects of such frequent inspection, and such common and every day concerns, that when ideas from them are once obtained, they will be likely to remain in the memory. The definitions are for the most part concise and happy.

Upon the subject of declension and tense our author follows Murray, who in his turn walks in Indian file behind the hundreds, who have preceded him. It is singular, that although there has been a whole catalogue of authors upon grammar, that although Harris and Johnson and Horne Tooke, as learned and as ingenious men, as the English nation can boast, have treated professedly upon the structure of the English language, there is not now, and to our knowledge there has not been a true grammatical analysis of our language. We have not time to illustrate this idea in detail. But an obvious example, or two may explain our idea. Every child has been taught to speak about the cases of nouns. Every one, who understands the proper import of the word *case*, as applied to nouns, knows, that we have no such thing in our language. Case implies a change of termination. The nominative, possessive and objective in every substantive in the English language are inavaribly the same. The apostrophic *'s* in the possessive is evidently no more than the abridgement of the ancient *his*. There are but very few instances of what may be properly called cases even in the pronouns. We have only two variations, of the regular verb. What an admirable instance of analysis in the common modes of parsing, it is to say, *I might have been loved* is a passive verb derived from the verb *love* or to love. *Might* is derived from *may*. *Have*

is the theme of a most important verb. *Been* is clearly derived from *be*. But all these words, which have not an affinity to come within a relationship of even Scotch recognizance, are bundled together, as belonging to the family of the verb *to love*. It is no just reason for calling this analysis to say that the Latins and Greeks managed some of their verbs in the same way. We can make but two variations of time in our language with one verb. In this respect we know of no other language, that resembles ours in the extent of its simplicity. Yet out of this very simplicity, that has never yet been grammatically explained, grow its energy and copiousness. Mr. Locke was probably aware of the difficulty of innovation, and that the time for introducing a complete analysis in parsing has not yet come. But the treatise before us in our view makes out its avowed object. It has rendered the common modes of parsing more simple, obvious and intelligible, to the young apprehension, than any with which we have met. However easy it may seem to do this in *prospect*, painful experience soon convinces, that nothing is more difficult, than to do it *in fact*. It seems to us, that this book ought to go into extensive use in seminaries constituted, like his.

We have heard much commendation of Mr. Kirkham's grammar, which we have not had opportunity to peruse. Mr. Pickett has had great and deserved fame as a compiler of elementary books for children, and has had much success in instruction. Dr. Slack is also a scientific instructor.

We have no doubt, if the elementary books of instruction, that have been published here, were known abroad, some of the ancient cities might find it for their interest to come here for our school books, instead of expecting us to go to them for theirs. Our city is admitted to be the cheapest in the United States. We believe it as healthy, as any other. It is the most central and accessible in the Mississippi valley. It is distinguished for the number and influence of its religious institutions, for the industry and peaceable habits of its citizens, and still more for the excellent management and progress of its multitudes of children in the different schools.—When all these circumstances come to be properly appreciated abroad, it will become a place of general resort of parents at the south for the education of their children.

Whether it be so, or not, every man, who, like Mr. Locke, has applied talents, learning and discipline to the purpose of communicating abstract ideas to children, and who has made efforts to come down to their simple apprehensions has deserved well of the community of which he is a member, and is entitled to a reward, better, than money or fame, the applause of his own heart.

New views of society; or Essays on the formation of human character, &c. Various addresses delivered by Mr. Owen, dedicated to those, who have no private ends to accomplish, and who are honestly in search of truth, &c. By Robert Owen. pp. 115, 8vo.

There is little to invite critical remark in these pamphlets, as regards their style and reasoning. They are the productions of a mind of considerable vigour and variety of powers, somewhat diffuse and rambling in its exercise of them. The peculiar dogmas of the sect, of which Mr. Owen is the founder, occur with a frequency of repetition to excite weariness in any one, but a hearty catechumen. When you have read one of his addresses, or the first ten pages of his pamphlet, you do not discover any thing more to learn about the system. The only subsequent interest, that appertains to it with us, is in learning the historical details of the manner, in which the influence of his system developed itself, in the societies, which he formed. It is not, therefore, with a view to discussing the manner of Mr. Owen's writings, that we have commenced this article, but to give from such materials, as we possess, a very brief historical sketch of his principles, and the issue of the experiment of their influence upon the *living subject*, as physicians say, at New Harmony.

The leading features of the system, as we understand it, are presented in a very condensed form in the following propositions.

1. Men, in the reception of all their principles, opinions and habits, are simply passive. These are formed by circumstances, over which they have no control. Hence, men are the proper subjects neither of praise, or blame for their habits, and moral conduct.

2. All the bad passions and immoral conduct of men, in the present order of society, result from *the individual system*, or the system of individual property, and the distinctions, avarice, ambition, pride, envy, and jealousy, that grow out of it.

3. As all, that is bad in man, results from his being placed in circumstances unfavorable to virtue, all, that is necessary to make him virtuous and good, is to place him in circumstances of an opposite tendency.

4. This is done in the *social system*. Under the influence of this system, men are surrounded by every circumstance favorable to virtue. In this way they will as certainly grow up virtuous, as they did vicious in the other.

5. The social system includes *community of property and equality of rights*. It disclaims all restraints of religion, marriage, or any other tie, but what is purely voluntary.

In lecturing upon the effects of this system, the founder enlarges upon its manifold blessings. Men will be placed in such circumstances, that they can not but become good, and free from all guile and evil. Property will accumulate rapidly, and far beyond the wants of the community. By the *community of property*, there will be no such evils, as want, avarice, cheating, injustice, or other violations of moral obligation. Children will be educated rightly. Widows and orphans will be secure in the protection of the community. All the social feelings of our nature will be purified, and will find a perfect indulgence and gratification. These are but a few of its tendencies to new mould, and regenerate society.

Some of the means, that lead to such a desirable consummation, are the adoption of a right method of education for children. They are taught in community, and, like the Spartan children, are not under the weak and partial control of their parents. The Pestalozzi mode of instruction is adopted. Instead of being taught theories and doctrines, they are taught facts. Modes of instruction from tangible and visible objects are pursued. But let us hear one of their lecturers, Mr. Ludlow, speak for himself.

'Now, my friends, we will attend to the important question: What are the established means by which our happiness is to be consummated? You will readily see, that I have in some measure anticipated the question. But there is yet something important to be said. You will readily perceive, that to enable us to understand the order of those means, we must have a clear, and thorough knowledge of our nature; including a knowledge of all our wants, the nature and kind of means that are well adapted for the supply of those wants, and the instrumental faculties we possess, by the exercise of which the means can be obtained. The simplicity of this important subject is such, that a knowledge of the alphabet is not requisite to understand its essential principles and requisite practice. All that is necessary, is the exercise alone of common sense. This declaration must remind you of what you have often heard; that is, that the simple shall confound the wise and prudent. The meaning of that expression, I conceive is, that the respected wisdom of kings, lords, bishops, priests, presidents, judges, lawyers and legislators, and the prudent management of usurers and misers, and the careful economical management of the wealthy, in the individual system in the old world, shall be confounded: when they shall see that simple common sense, will enable the poorer part of mankind to abound in wealth and superior means of comfort: realizing a brotherly affection that produces a union of every faculty for the perfection of each other's felicity. But let us become more intimately acquainted with a knowledge of our nature.—We first desire and want sustenance. We next discover that we are naked and need clothes. We know that the earth produces by culture, those means that are qualified, and well adapted to clothe, sustain and nurture our existence.—We know that we need instrumental tools to cultivate the earth, and to perfect those manufactures that contribute to our comfort and convenience. And we know, by contemplating ourselves, under the existing state of our wants, that we can not have those wants supplied, without the aid of our fellow-men;

because, that no one or two men can produce all the requisite means for their comfort and convenience. For, by observing the faculties of men as to their extent and limit in application, we discover, by experience, that very few, if any, can direct, or have their faculties directed to perfection, in more than one art; and that facility in producing, and perfection in execution, can only exist, where one man gives his mind and practice to one trade, or calling. It therefore becomes self-evident, that when a sufficient number of men and women unite in common interest, to act in concert, having a due proportion of artizans and agriculturists, they must really, according to their numbers, produce much more, than an equal number of men and women can, who live in detached families, connecting themselves by money and barter, under the common circumstances of advantage taken by buying cheap and selling dear. Where a joint community shall exist, being duly proportioned with farmers and mechanics, but little money will be necessary for their complete convenience. Houses can be built, mills erected, machinery and tools made, useful utensils manufactured, without loss of time, or the expenditure of money. But as mankind are now situated in their individualities, they are compelled to buy the great portion either of their sustenance, clothing, or useful utensils. Under such surrounding circumstances, an associated community would have it in their power, to supply the old world around, with such articles as they may want; by which means a common stock community will be able to obtain the greatest proportion of the circulating medium, which would enable them to fulfil their benevolent designs in extending the right arm of friendship in relieving the widow and the fatherless from want, distress and wretchedness. We will now take a number of facts, to which you are liable, into consideration. Are you not liable to sickness and accidents? In a community sufficiently numerous, you will have the skill of an honest brotherly physician to attend you, who will neither speculate upon your property, nor try experiments upon your body and constitution. And in the mean time, you will have no distressing anxiety concerning the loss of your property, for want of management and care; for there will, in all probability, be brothers and sisters enough, to prosecute and perfect the business. Have you children to educate? The wisest and best teachers may be obtained for their proper instruction when you live in social communion. But, brothers and sisters, let us view the world as it is now situated; harrassed by strife, turmoils and dissentions. Where the warfare of bigotry and adverse interests sours the mind with prejudices and prepossessions, generating hostile resentments, and hardens the heart into a cold indifference to suffering humanity. In the present order of things, it is impossible to have children constantly instructed by well qualified teachers. Does such a state of inhuman affairs, afford any thing desirable? Can we believe, that one child out of a thousand, is, or can be rightly taught, from the time it ought to commence its instruction, until it arrives at the age of twelve years? I believe I may safely say, that nine tenths of the children in the United States, are, from the age of two to twelve years, so much neglected, and are under such provoking and perverting circumstances, that half their lives for that time, are lost, or worse than lost to those infant characters, the way the world is now circumstanced. Is it possible, under such circumstances, to bring up a child in the way it should go, so that it will never depart therefrom? I feel warranted in saying, it is not possible. I will now

my friends suppose a case, which I conceive, will more or less, impress the minds of every father and mother in this assembly, with the verity of the proposition I have advanced. Suppose that either of you, had twin sons, as perfectly formed children as nature can produce under existing circumstances, and that you had all the power in wealth and influence that is possessed by any person (in the individual system,) in the United States; and that you should have the best moral teachers to instruct them; and that you should endeavour to have set before them the best moral examples; do you suppose that such circumstances (provided you and they live in the world as it is now organized,) would ensure to those children, a perfect character in cheerful happy contentment? If such is your opinion, I think I may safely say, you have not the clearest view of the subject. Those impressions that children receive from their parents and moral teachers, are often the least of those causes that generate motives to action, the way the world is now organized and influenced. Your children would soon begin to contemplate themselves as a part of society in its existing form and manners. They would see that wealth buys or commands respect: that expensive equipage is the sign of consequence; that while one show of manners and professed opinions would gain the popular applause of many, a different practice must be pursued to gain the esteem and influence of others; and, that the object, in buying and selling, is to obtain as much as possible for the least consideration; and that titled consequence is, in most cases, obtained by intrigue, duplicity, hypocrisy, and deception; and therefore, the practice of doing as you would be done by, can hardly exist, where every man's hand is against his fellow, in a strife to over-reach, circumvent, and outwit his fellow. Under such influencing circumstances, your children become insincere, hypocritical, deceptious, intriguing, proud, jealous, revengeful, malignant, wretched, and miserable; and as virtue is not encouraged by its natural reward, integrity and candor are not practised.

'Such are the circumstances, my friends, that influence children and men from the path of probity, truth and happiness. But may we not, at this time, in gladness rejoice, that the influence of traditional error is departing; and that the real causes of our former difficulties are passing away? And that we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing our children so brought up in the way they should go, and surrounded by such circumstances, that they will not depart therefrom; for inducements an hundred fold, in houses, in lands, in cheerful and cheering brothers and sisters, will be the natural reward, of a true education and a perfect organization, which will ever prevent a departure from truth, and produce a cheerful, happy contentment. Do you desire to see your children happily situated around you, in matrimonial connexions? In an organized community, where hundreds of youths, with their social brotherly parents, are united to perfect their common enjoyments, your hopes for your children's happy connexion, approaches to a state of certainty, that leaves no corroding anxiety. The clear probability is, that when your children are bred up in social perfect harmony, that our virgins and youths will be so discriminating as to prefer those that are particularly acquainted with the social system: for we may reasonably suppose their affections will be placed upon that object and those things that are best calculated to perfect their happiness.

'I shall now claim the particular attention of our married sisters and matrons. Suppose the shaft of death should deprive you of your husband, the man of your

choice. In perfect social harmony your loss and troubles would be small, when compared with the forlorn condition of the widows in old society. In the latter case, there is the expense of executors, administrators, judges, and often lawyers to fee and courts to attend. A sale of property, and the cold, unaffectionate practice of keeping accounts against the fatherless infants, which must constantly provoke the sigh of grief and lacerate the wound of distress. But, sisters, this is not all. How many thousands of cases are there in the United States, that, from the bad and corrupt management of executors and pretended friends, the widow's means of support have been destroyed—her hopes for herself and children blasted. But should she be so fortunate as to escape those disasters, her cares, difficulties and perplexities, will yet be great. Perhaps a large family of children to clothe and take care of, by the most assiduous labor and unremitting anxiety, that can not be avoided or alleviated, without violating the tenderest affection: and is often compelled to bind her children to persons that may be tyrannic masters and improper teachers. Such is, more or less, the lot of every widow in the old world, corrupted as it is. But sisters, endeavor to become acquainted with the means that will ensure your hopes when harmony shall be perfected. When by our united exertions in prudence, industry and economy, we shall abound—when order shall be perfected—when our hearts shall be affectionately united, in consequence of the known advantages we must in every respect derive from a mutual co-operation. Our affections will become so generalized, that the loss of partners then will cause much less grief than is now experienced by widows in the old world. Her common means of convenience will never be varied by the loss of a partner. Her children will be joint heirs to the wisdom and property created by the community. Their common providing father ever lives in the unchanging principles upon which the community is founded, and the wise arranged regulations that equally provide means to happify all. Under such circumstances, the widow's grief and cause of affliction will be but trivial, when compared with the present distress in the old world.

'Brothers and sisters, there yet remains a very important consideration to lay before you. You all have reason to expect that life will be protracted to the extent of old age. You ought therefore, most sincerely to reflect upon those circumstances under which you may be placed. We will first take into consideration those circumstances that attend many who are in old society, in the individual system. I will first call upon you to cast your eyes and thoughts around, and see how few there are, (the way the world is now organized) who have wealth enough to be free from anxious cares, and uncomfortable exposures and hardships. And should a man have wealth sufficient to maintain himself without extreme fatigue, he may be so situated as to be perplexed with cares, when the decay of his faculties may be such as to require ease and retirement. The way the world is now circumstanced, an old person is, to a great degree, a forsaken being. If he has children, they often desire his departure, that they may be entire possessors of the estate.—And should he divide his property among them, thousands of instances have existed where the children have been unwilling to afford the means to a parent that were necessary for his comfort.

'Another serious consideration must strike your attention.—But very few, if any, (educated and living as mankind are now circumstanced,) have had their minds so stored with truth, and their habits of thinking and acting so rationally

exercised and formed, as to meet the approbation of a reflective consideration, when passionate emotions have lost the excess of their power to influence the man. Under such circumstances, a retrospective view of one's state and condition can afford little or no consolation; and when the aged person looks forward through the line of his successors, he has reason to believe that his progeny will reap as blasted a harvest of happiness as himself, or be influenced to act in such a manner as to deprive themselves of all rational enjoyment.

'But, my friends, in well ordered-communities, where truth is realized and acted upon, the human mind will be rationally formed, that all motives will be pure, and a conformity of action will exist, ever productive of present and future good to all. Under such circumstances, the aged will not be overwhelmed by anxious incertitude, either for themselves, or the rising generation. They will then clearly know, that man has arrived to that perfectable state, in which children can be brought up in the way they should go, and will never depart there from:—for the plain reason that there will be no impediment to those rational pursuits that must, in the best way, insure happiness. Under such circumstances, what a delightful prospect! What cheering considerations must actuate the aged mind! A retrospective view must be pleasing, because the whole faculties of the man have been exercised in the production of beneficial results.'

Mr. Robert Owen, the founder of this system, is understood to be a manufacturer of cottons, whose principle establishment is at New Lanark, on the Clyde in Scotland. He married a Miss Dale, who brought him a large fortune, and he is reputed to be very opulent, employing in this single establishment twelve hundred hands. He had made himself conspicuous, some years since, by introducing into this manufactory new regulations, of a character somewhat analogous to the arrangements of the *social system.* The children were instructed in a new way. New incitements to sobriety and industry were introduced, and the New Lanark establishment became so conspicuous for its industry, sobriety and comfort, as to excite general remark through the British Islands. His plans in particular for employing the poor, and reducing the burden of their maintainance had excited so much notice, as to become a subject of public investigation before the British parliament.

Having become a theme of conversation in every part of Europe, and having acquired a notoriety, which, perhaps, he did not originally contemplate, about the year 1816 he began publicly to broach a system of which he was the founder and the apostle. He travelled over Britain and Ireland, and was every where received with the distinction, which an opulent gentleman, the promulgator of a new system, which, he confidently asserted, was to change the whole face of society, might claim to receive. He delivered addresses, explaining, and inculcating his system, in the public places of the cities, which were thronged with the titled, the intelligent and distinguished of both sexes. He here invited the free discussion of his propounded principles. They were more than once treated very roughly in these public debates by advocates of

the old system, with minds obviously more disciplined, than his own. He always bore these attacks with great moderation and good temper, displaying the undoubting faith of an apostle, the moderation and self command of a philosopher, and the zeal and unshrinking purpose of a martyr.

In 1824 he came to the United States, as thinking, that a country with more liberty, than England, without religious establishments, and more free from prejudices, would be nearer the *tabula rasa*, which would constitute the best theatre, for testing the practicability of his principles in actual experiment.

It was a circumstance sufficient to create interest here, to see a man of independent fortune, respectable appearance and considerable talents from the old world among us with all the juvenile ardor of a missionary, and apparently ready to devote his labors, his fortune, and himself for the purpose of introducing a system, which was to bring about a kind of political millennium. At Washington he spoke with a confidence of the bearing of his system, as though all the means of government were weak, and inefficient, to impart happiness, in comparison with the benefits of it, when it should once be brought to operate upon the people. At Philadelphia he prophesied with a reliance, that savoured so entirely of honest conviction, that it seems to have excited no ill feelings, that the effects of the *social system*, as it was now designated, would depopulate, that square, right angled and industrious city of brick houses. Still setting his face to the west, and borne along with the tide of emigration, that was moving in that direction, to find the very land of promise, that he was to create, he arrived at Cincinnati, his confidence gathering strength, as he advanced towards the intended theatre of his operations. The industrious mechanics of this thriving place, and the landlords, whose income was from the rent of houses, heard with as much coolness, as could be expected, the same confident predictions, that the incipient brick buildings would be useless, and the finished ones soon untenanted, and that he would with less sensible charm of incantation, than Orpheus, without fiddle or lyre, empty the inhabitants of this growing place on to the banks of the Wabash.

To that river in due time he repaired. Mr. Rapp, a kind of patriarch of the German sect, known here by the name of *Harmonists*, had moved to the Wabash, some years before, from Beaver creek on the upper waters of the Ohio, carrying with him a considerable community of European Germans, seven or eight hundred in number, to the place called New Harmony.

This place is situated on the east bank of the Wabash, sixty miles by water above its entrance into the Ohio, sixty miles below Vincennes on the Wabash, and sixteen miles from the nearest point of the Ohio. Here they settled on a wide, rich and heavily timbered plateau, or second bottom, on a beautiful site, not unlike that

of Cincinnati. It is high, tolerably healthy, with a fertile soil, in the vicinity of small and rich prairies, and on the whole a delightful and well chosen position. The society, over which Rapp presided, had become rich in industry, frugality, and in habits of making every thing, that they needed within themselves; in economy, and in that strict regard to the quality of the articles, which they sold, which had gained them a reputation for honesty, like that of the Shakers. His was a kind of intermediate establishment between that of the Shakers and Moravians. It agreed with both in a community of property, and this was almost the only feature, which it bore in common with the system of Mr. Owen. They were astonishingly successful, both on Beaver creek, and on the Wabash in converting the wilderness into a beautiful and productive garden, in a short time. All their operations in agriculture, manufactures, and all the departments of industry, were managed with perfect system. Their fields were all regular, mathematical figures, as right angled, as square and compass could make them. Their houses were neat and commodious. Their vineyards and gardens were beautiful. They had even a fine botanic garden. Their centre or assembling house was a brick structure of collossal size, the body being, it is believed, one hudred and fifty feet square, with wings and appendages in proportion. The society, from some cause, were weary of the Wabash, and were looking back from their rich fields, with longing remembrances, to the place they had left.—They had erected at New Harmony, from eighty to one hundred private houses, chiefly of brick, and the whole village had a most delightful aspect to one emerging from the dark forests of the Wabash.

The society of the Harmonites, and that contemplated by Mr. Owen, were the two extremes of what he calls the *social system.*—They regulated every movement to bear upon their object by the complete despotism of a religious regime, which acted at once upon the physical, moral and intellectual nature, rendering the laboring force as subservient to the will of the leader, as all the complicated movements of a manufactory are to the main wheel. The other system proposed, that its members should become so good, and so wise, as to need no other regulation, than that of *circumstances.* These two extremes of opinion met on the ground of mutual interest, and Mr. Owen in 1825 purchased the whole Rapp establishment including 28 000 acres of land at the price of $190,000.

By this time Mr. Owen's system had excited more attention through the country, than, perhaps, any projects of reform had ever done before. Having made this purchase, he travelled from the Wabash to Washington, and delivered addresses to both houses of congress. These addresses contained the usual exposition of his principles, and displayed plenary and undoubting faith in their practicability, and assurance, that they would finally be embraced by

the whole world. In April following, he began to form what was called the '*preliminary society*,' which seems to have been a kind of lower degree in masonry, preparatory to the admission of more light, and the formation of a more perfect society. There were at this time not far from thirty catechumens. Mr. Owen appointed from the number a committee, to draft a constitution for the government of the '*preliminary society*,' according to his plan, promulgated at Washington. These men published the result of their legislative labors, and the society was declared ripe for the admission of members. The country had been moved, and penetrated to its very centre by the blandishments, hopes and prospects held out by the new society. Only vague and indefinite conceptions were yet entertained of the views and intentions of Mr. Owen. It was, however, generally understood, that he was rich, and enthusiastic in his devotion to the scheme; that the society was to have every thing in abundance, and in common; that dancing and amusements were to be no inconsiderable part of the occupation; that the members were to labor as much, as they chose; that the marriage tie was about to be regulated by new principles; that the system disengaged the mind from the hopes, fears, and prejudices of every religious creed; that property was to accumulate fast; that the people would soon lose all the *black bile* of their natures, and all become as gentle, as lambs; that there would be nothing to '*bite and devour*' in New Harmony. Regular exercise, abundance, abstraction from care, careful regimen, and the lights of science in medicine, shed upon the minds of the whole community, were to go near to banish disease—and death was to be that of extreme age, and the patient to sink, as in sleep; in short, that it was to be a kind of Mahomet's paradise, and all this removal of evil, and introduction of good was to be operated by the single omnipotence of *circumstances*. The indolent, the unprincipled, men of desperate fortunes, moon worshippers, romantic young men, Wolstoncraftian ladies, the more free thinking of the *bas bleus*, those, who had dreamed about earthly Elysiums, a great many honest aspirants after a better order of things, poor men simply desiring an education for their children, a great many people who suffered from *ennui*, without knowing the term, and who were weary of the dull, hum drum, and lonely way of getting along in common life, in regions, where balls were rare occurrences; like 'angel visits few and far between,' all such felt strong hankerings after a place, where they expected to feed full, without care or trouble, and dance one evening, and sing another in every week.

There can be no wonder, that hearts of multitudes of the community went out strongly towards this scheme. As a proof of it; in six weeks from the time of the organization of the *preliminary society*, seven hundred persons had been admitted, a great many rejected, and multitudes had been deterred from coming forward

for admission, by the well known fact, that the existing buildings could not shelter any more people. We could mention the names of a number of distinguished, and intelligent men, and accomplished and beautiful women, that were admitted in this time. We could mention a great many other names of men, who, perhaps, would not thank us for doing it, who sustained the highest reputation in the country for standing and talents, that wrote to the committee, expressing a strong predilection for the society, and a wish in due time to be propounded for admission. There were also a great many hard handed husbandmen, who joined, probably, in the expectation of procuring milk and honey, and pork and hominy with something less sweat of the brow, than had hitherto been spent for those things.

A more admirable position, to observe, and come at the movements of the human heart, could not have been desired, than to see this incompatible mixture of character brought together under circumstances so novel, and in relations hitherto unknown. Here were philosophers, fledged, and unfledged. Here were fine young men, and fine young ladies. It would be difficult, in fact, to imagine any class of society, that had not a representative here. Here, too, were good, firm-built Dutch farmers and their wives. Every Tuesday evening these compatible elements were assembled in a splendid ball-room, sufficient for the accommodation of a thousand persons. The music was fine, and the tambourine, the drum and the cymballs started these loving people of New Harmony to waltzing, and cutting capers all together. There were, not unfrequently, four hundred persons on the floor at a time. On Friday evening they had fine music, for Mr. Owen had not forgotten the effects of the lyre of Orpheus in transforming character. All, as yet, was love, exultation and joy. On every Sabbath, philosophical lectures were delivered in the public hall; and afterwards, passing baptist and methodist ministers were allowed to preach, if they chose.—These seldom failed to avail themselves of so fair a chance, to have a full hit at the supposed deistical principles of the society.

The society were fed from a commissary store, from which each member drew a stipulated amount of food and clothing, the quantum of which was adjusted by a certain standard. The elements, on which to award this amount, were *moral conduct, information, and physical ability to serve the society.* It will be easy to see, that the settling these points was no easy matter, and would be likely to be a fruitful source of debate. The maximum amount for an adult was to the value of three hundred dollars, and the minimum eighty dollars. He had engrafted upon the system a number of regulations, copied from Sparta. The children, unless the parents specially forbade, were all instructed together, under the care of the community. Mr. Owen had enough of Scotch closeness of calculation in the plan, to see, that all the people were plentifully

served with beef, pork and flour. He himself lived among the community in a manner, simple, unostentatious, and plain, manifesting none of the arrogant feeling of a landlord, and never speaking of the property otherwise, than as the common interest of all. His only tribute to his old habits of life was the indulgence of a little good wine every day after dinner. Among a people of such incongruous character, thrown fresh from the system of *rough and tumble* into this new philosophical one of *circumstances*, his temper must often have been tried to the utmost. Under all these trials, he remained astonishingly calm, and was never known to manifest an out-breaking spirit but once. An Irishman had probably been spirited up, to try how far his forbearance would go. This man put up, in a public place, an advertisement, which was deemed injurious to the interests of the society, as tending to entice some of them away. Mr. Owen tore it down. The Irishman put it up again with a threat, in case it should be torn down again. The Irishman went away for a moment, and Mr. Owen, in his absence, tore it down again. The Irishman, on his return, threatened to break his neck. The countenance of Mr. Owen changed. He manifested resentment, informing the Irishman, that the building and the whole concern were his own, and that he would have no advertisement put up there, but such as pleased him.

The society had many distinguished visitors, arriving almost every day, especially at the season, while the river was navigable by Steam Boats. Among others the famous Miss Wright and the duke of Saxe Weimar. All, that visited them, expressed themselves delighted with the appearance of things. Mr. Owen's family in Scotland is understood to consist of his lady and six, or seven children. Of these the two elder sons, Robert Dale, and William only came to reside with him. Both performed important functions in the concern, dressed themselves in tow-cloth, and labored, like the rest. They were quiet and respectable young men. Madam Owen is stated to be a firm presbyterian. A number of societies on similiar principles to this were commenced in different parts of the country. In October 1825 a gazette was published. In manifestation of talent it was considerably in advance of many of the interior papers, and the editor appears to have been a man of smartness and industry. Marriages were celebrated, and the parties married, immediately after the ceremony, entered a public and solemn protest against the form of marriage, averring, that they submitted to it only in conformity to the requirements of the law, and that they held the obligations of the marriage vow to last no longer, than mutual affection lasted.

Mean while the natural operation of the motives of the *individual system* began to manifest itself. The grand stimulus of that system was but poorly supplied by dancing, *traccasserie*, and philosophical lectures. Mr. Owen was rapidly enlightened by experiment, to

see that the material furnished by this country was widely different from that at New Lanark. There the inhabitants were reared under the stern dogma and discipline of presbyterianism. They were used to strong laws and rigid restraint. They were crowded into a small space, and interdicted escape by the sea. They had taken counsel from poverty to be docile, and silent. Every thing here was the reverse of this. The people could buy corn for twelve and a half cents a bushel, and pork for a cent and a half a pound. They daily saw savages roaming in the wild independence of the forests. A world was before them, and the habit of submission and restraint was yet to be learned. He was not slow to discover, that this material was too unmalleable for even his grand trip-hammer of *circumstances*.

Mr. Owen, however, kept, according to his national phrase, a *calm sough*, winked upon all manifestations of disloyalty, spoke in the tone of unabating faith, and went to Europe. But ennui, discouragement, ambition, pride and envy, in their different phases, were working in secret. Men with white hands, who had stripped at first, and repaired to the field with the fresh zeal of proselytes, found, that labor there, day after day, was no joke. Farmers and their wives found, that they made a poor figure at a cotillion party, and the different elements gradually settled by elective attraction, each to its kind. Just that order of results began to appear, that all sensible men had predicted. Mr. Owen's authority, wealth and weight of character in some degree repressed these appearances, while he was with them. But as soon, as he repaired to Europe, these feelings burst forth anew.

While in Europe, he displayed an undiminished energy of propagandism, and confidence in the ultimate success of his scheme; and he is said, on his return, and when near our shores, while showing to a passenger an engraved model of a village, arranged for members of the *social system*, to have declared with strong exultation, that with this in a few years he would conquer America. Lectures inculcating the same principles, and breathing the same spirit with his former ones, were delivered at different places on his way to the Wabash. He had brought out with him Mr. M'Clure, an opulent man, and a philosoper, like himself, devoted to the *social system*. With them came, also a number of lecturers, or instuctors in the new order of things.

When he arrived at New-Harmony, he affected to be in good spirits, and to be satisfied with whatever had been done in his absence. He announced the addition of the powerful auxiliary, whom he had found in the person of Mr. M'Clure. He assured the *preliminary society*, that he thought them sufficiently advanced in knowledge and virtue to be elevated to the next order, and recommended to them to form a *society with an equality of rights and property*. But there were some conditions appended to the adoption of

this second grade of government, which were utterly unsatisfactory to many of the members, who thought, that the society was not yet prepared for this advancement.

Mean while, another society was formed on the New Harmony estate, called in honor of its principal patron, Maclurea. Another under the common patronage of the society was instituted at Yellow-Springs, near Dayton in Ohio; and others on similar principles were announced, as forming, in different parts of the United States.

Last July Mr. Owen promulgated his famous declaration of mental independence. It openly avowed principles, which had been only implied before. The most important, and definite point, upon which it dwelt, was the absurdity and tyranny of the supposed obligations of marriage in the common form, and avowing in the clearest terms, that its obligations lasted no longer, than the mutual affection of the parties. From that time the society bore all the marks of a settled and fatal decline. He is supposed to have lost $50,000 dollars by the experiment. His *eleves* had little to lose, and they had gained much in experience and knowledge of human nature. They had abundantly learned, that if the moon is the better luminary for poets and love-lorn damsels, the sun is a much surer guide to those, who know, that life is not a dance, nor a lecture, nor a concert, nor a dream of love and a cottage, but a business of struggle, contending passions, beef, pudding, and hard and steady blows. Mr. Owen, too, had purchased a valuable, but rather expensive penny-worth, in learning, that the world is a seventy four, hardly to be towed out of its moorings by a canoe, and that he, who attacks the prejudices of mankind, attacks *wind-mills*. He had ascertained, also, that Americans were too untractable, and made of stuff, too stern, to be changed from horses and alligators to doves and lambs by *circumstances*. He gave the project up in despair; sold out the greater part of the concern; left one of his sons, to settle, and manage the business of payment, and took his farewell of them at New Harmony. His farewell, we are told, he attributes the failure of the project to the improper management of Mr. M'Clure, and the new teachers, to his misunderstanding the American character, and to the want of sufficient information in the catechumens. A number of the principal members of the *social system* still remain at New Harmony. We believe, that they are content to sink down to the *individual system;* and it is to be hoped, that this beautiful village, the theatre of such singular and opposite experiments, will yet flourish.

We add a few reflections, that have struck us, as resulting from what we have seen, and heard, relating to this project.

1. It is not so entirely original, as many have supposed it.—Many of its leading features were copied from the institutions of Sparta. History has preserved a great number of similar experi-

ments in different ages. It has many aspects in common with the Shakers and Harmonists of modern times.

2. Two of his leading positions are as true, as they are important. It is true, that character is in a great measure formed from *circumstances.* Even in our country of free enquiry, and of numberless opposing opinions, we always deem it a thing of strong probability, that the child will possess the religion, and be of the same sect with his parents. We seldom find Mahometan children with christian parents, or the reverse. The only question is, how to bring the numberless and uncontrollable circumstances of our condition, to bear upon a given point of character.

3. Combined, or social labor always effects more, than individual and detached labor. This is not only matter of opinion, but abundant experiment. The principle is strikingly manifest in the establishments of the Shakers, the Moravians and the Harmonites. We may add, that if *circumstances* could free men from all avarice, envy, pride and evil speaking, if men could unite their labors and affections, their hands and their hearts, this would be a much more tolerable world, than it now is. Unluckily, the 'black speck' is a malady too deep to be cured by *circumstances.*

4. We consider that religious conviction and feeling, enlightened, or otherwise, a principle, which reaches the main spring of life, and governs the whole man, bodily and mental, is the only motive, that ever has been, or ever will be adequate to carry down a system, which involves so much self denial, as a *community of property and rights;* and this grand and master-spring was wholly neglected in the scheme in question. Much has been said, and with unnecessary, and unchristian bitterness, about this feature of it; and Mr. Owen has been branded, as an Atheist. We deprecate the prevalence of such a scheme, as his, and we have no fear, that such an one will ever prevail. Nevertheless, we think, it would have been better, to have attacked with the same calmness and good temper, with which he appeared to receive all the high charges, and allegations against himself and his opinions. For ourselves, we believe him to have been an honest enthusiast, whose real intentions were the good of mankind.

PAUL JONES, *a romance, by Allan Cunningham, author of 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' 'Traditional Tales,' &c.* 3 vols. H. C. Carey & I. Lea, Philadelphia.

IT is a common remark, that public taste has its revolutions. A species of writing in vogue, and extremely popular in one age, has been censured, and decried in a succeeding one; and it appears, that no unvarying standard of taste has yet been, and probably never will, be established.

Upon the revival of letters in Europe, the authors of that era, instead of imitating the simplicity of the ancients, the only models they then had, caught the feudal spirit of the times, and introduced a species of wild, chivalrous, and extravagant fiction; in which sorcerers and enchanters acted a conspicuous part; and the most incredible, and absurd adventures were performed. Although these romances had not the semblance of truth, or probability, yet they were for a long time sanctioned by public taste, were sought for with avidity, and formed almost the only reading of the age.

In what has been called the Augustan age of English and French literature, a more chastened, simple, and natural taste obtained the ascendency. Works of philosophy, history, and science were cherished and patronized. Moral essays, such as are contained in the Spectator, the Rambler, the World, the Mirror, &c. were then read and admired. Poetry had less of conceit in it. Even fiction was more natural, and confined within the bounds of probability. The novel writers of that age 'held the mirror up to nature' in the delineation of the characters, and events which they described. 'Sir Charles Grandison' was not then thought too tedious; nor the 'Vicar of Wakefield' too tame. The wit, the satire, the graphic and masterly portraitures of Le Sage and Fielding were valued the more for their simplicity and truth of character.

Since that period a considerable change in public taste is perceptible. A kind of mental epicurianism has superceded the plain and simple fare of the old school. The literary palate having become tired of natural, every-day diet, appears to require stronger stimulants. Something highwrought, conceited, striking, strange, and extravagant, is necessary to give a modern work its proper seasoning.

But in nothing is this excited and extravagant taste more striking, than in the present rage for novel reading. Sir Walter Scott, who, it seems, has lately avowed himself the author of the Waverly Novels, has, by the force and impulse of his original, and magic genius, given a direction to the literature and taste of the age. His novels abound with extraordinary, bold, and highly drawn characters—such as are not to be found in the common walks of

life, and bordering upon the extravagance of chivalry. There is one thing, however, which gives them a value and a charm, which they would not otherwise possess. Like some of the best of Shakespeare's plays, his tales are historical. By adopting fiction, he has been enabled to portray more of the spirit of the times, and to draw more lively and striking pictures of the events, the characters, the manners, the prejudices, and opinions of mankind in ages gone by, than he could have done, had he strictly adhered to the few isolated facts, which history affords us. In supplying, however, these chasms by imagination, he has done no violence to real historical truth. He has only filled the blanks by adding new groups of his own, in such a manner as to give new strength to the picture, and place the characters already drawn in a bolder and stronger light. Allured by the fame and admiration which the 'great Unknown' has received, a host of novel writers have arisen, and laid claim to popular favor through the same channel.

One would suppose that the hero of the work, which we have selected as the subject of the present article, must be extremely popular; for this is the second time he has recently been brought upon the stage, and compelled to fight 'all his battles o'er again.' It is certainly not very common for two novelists to choose, successively, the same subject; and after the masterly manner in which Paul Jones had been presented to us in the 'Pilot' of our countryman, Mr. Cooper, we cannot divine the motive which induced Mr. Cunningham to bring him before the public a second time. If he thought to rival or surpass his prototype, he has certainly failed; for his work is every way inferior to the 'Pilot.' It is not, however, our present object to discuss their comparative merits. They both belong to the class of historical novels, to which we have alluded. Paul Jones was a real character, and his naval exploits hold a conspicuous place in the history of our country. As such, the work under consideration is entitled to notice.

According to our author, John Paul, who afterwards assumes the name of Paul Jones, and his sister, Maud Paul, are represented to be the children of a poor widow, residing in Scotland, near the castle of Lord Dalveen. Paul is the offspring of an adulterous intercourse between the father of Lord Dalveen and his mother. Lord Dalveen attempts to seduce Maud. Paul fights him a duel on account of it. Dalveen perseveres in his attempts, and not being able to succeed, hires a band of ruffians to seize her, and drag her on board a ship, and carry her off to sea, whither he intends to follow her. Paul gains intelligence of the affair, fights Dalveen a second time, and in the midst of the contest is arrested by Dalveen's mother, who takes him before justice Mac Mittimus; and being otherwise sorely persecuted, and possessing some crude notions of liberty and equality, he becomes disgusted with his country, and leaves it, vowing vengeance upon his persecutors. He collects a band of desperadoes, fits out an armed sloop, and

goes to sea. He afterwards makes several descents upon his native coast, filling the country with terror. He receives a commission from the king of France, and joins the cause of the Americans; and after his well known naval victories, in which he is greatly assisted by the '*Kentucky marksmen*'!! he goes to Paris—is introduced to the ministry, and to Dr. Franklin, of whom a clumsy caricature is given. Thence he proceeds to the coast of the United States, and lands at Boston, where he is assailed, on his first landing, by a lawless mob of half blooded Indians! Kentuckians! and Delawares! But let our author speak for himself in his description of our revolutionary characters.

'Bands of half-disciplined warriors roamed and reeled through the streets chanting many a barbarous chant,—shouting the names of the various States to which they belonged, and the names of their favourite leaders, and insulting the more staid portion of the population.

'With one of those bands it was Paul's fortune to encounter as he entered Boston from the sea, and directed his steps towards the hall where the select men of the State were he understood, assembled. "Hilloah! who have we here!" shouted one of the warriors, throwing the foam from the bottom of a new-drained flagon as he spoke,—"What! some of those slaves who fled to sea, I suppose, because land-service was too warm for them?—They are come now when America is free, to shout, and drink, and dance with the victors.—May I be flogged then with a thong from the hide of John Bull's back!"—"Let us scalp them, man and mother's son," said a half-blood from the sources of the Delaware; the warriors of my mother's tribe get three dollars each for the scalps of English men."—"Thou art a savage, and deservest not to live in a free State," said a man of Kentucky to the Delaware warrior; "yet I own they deserve to be gouged,—their blood won't pay the price of powder and shot."—"Though they are white men," said a warrior mildly, "and ought to be treated as Christians and brethren, yet we must deal with them as it becomes freemen to deal with slaves and the sons of slaves,—so load all your rifles, and do as you see me do.—We shall spare one to carry the tidings to George the slave-master, that his bravest warriors have fallen before the walls of Boston." His comrades began to load their rifles.

Paul succeeds at length in making himself known, at which these savage warriors give him a hearty and boisterous welcome. Paul's friend, Macgubb, tells them, that he is an American, born on the banks of the Ohio!

'He's a glorious gallant fellow," said a warrior, striking the end of his rifle on the pavement; "for those born on the Ohio are the bravest of all God's creatures. I am of the left bank myself: are ye a left-bank man my friend?"—"Thou uncivilized cub," said a brother warrior, "didst thou not hear that he was nursed on the Delaware,—the princely Delaware, whose sons are the saviours of the thirteen States?—I am from the bank of the stream myself, else I had forborne my boast."—"Fools both!"—exclaimed a Virginian; "you are hardly worthy of being called men,—you are slaves to one another like the wretched people of England. The Virginians are the only freemen in the States, the white hand performs no vassal-work with us."—"I believe you," said a

bold Bostonian,—"the Virginian drinks to freedom, and takes the wine-cup from the hand of his slave." Rifles were rising and brows were bent when the officer returned with two of the select men of the city, who conducted Paul to the Hall of Representatives.

A curious description is then given of the 'Select men of Boston,' composed of Quakers! firery young warriors and savages, who expressed their sentiments to Paul, and wrangled on the occasion. We quote one or two specimens of their speeches.

'Paul Jones, friend, thou art welcome," said a sedate old citizen from Philadelphia, with a broad immoveable hat, long grey hair, and a look beaming with benovolence; "thou art a citizen, good and true,—one of few words and sincere deeds, and though I sanction not the effusion of blood, yet, hadst thou been here seven hours sooner, thy skill might have availed us, girt as we were with enemies by sea and land. Thou art welcome!"

"May the heart of England be cursed continually with this hardness!" exclaimed a wild warrior from the back-settlements, who, nursed when a child by the Indians, and living by the rifle and the trap, had caught something of the inflated tone of the native tribes; "may the heart of England never yield, may it insult, injure, and oppress us, till all remembrance of descent is effaced in our breasts. The wand of peace is broken,—may it never be made whole,—the cup of affection is spilt that stood between us,—may it never be filled again;—the sword is drawn, may it never find the sheath, and wheresoever the English and Americans meet, there may the ravens find a feast and the young wolf a banquet."

"Nay now Herman Brande," said a citizen, pulling the warrior to his seat by the skirts of his coat; "nay, now, that is too strong; I wish not war to be eternal between us; if it but endures thy day and mine, we may be satisfied.

"Commodore Paul Jones," said the President of the select men of Boston, "we have fulfilled the object of our meeting, and each member has done his duty.

The meeting at last breaks up, and Washington is dispatched in disguise, as a guide to conduct Paul Jones to the Congress. His companions call him by the name of George, and much familiar talk and badinage passes between them. They proceed from Boston through woods and swamps, full of dead bodies and Indians, until they come to a 'deep and broad river,' which 'bears the battle ships of the English.' And in the course of the next day there is a great battle between the English, in which the 'mounted riflemen of Kentucky'! make a conspicuous figure. Paul argues with Washington about the propriety of taking possession of an English sloop of war. Washington commands Paul to let it alone. Paul disobeys him, takes the sloop, and saves Washington and his army!

Paul afterwards travels through a wilderness of two or three hundred miles with a half blooded Indian, as his guide, until at length he reaches a large prairie! where he found a colony of settlers from Scotland, over whom his sister, Maud presided, as governess! Here a most happy and Arcadian kind of government had been established by this female lawgiver. Paul is continually

upbraided not only by his own countrymen, but by the Americans, with being a traitor. At length he leaves this fairy land, and in making his way back, he stumbles upon the American Congress, which appears to be attached to the army, and where the rulers were met to debate upon the condition of the country. He was hailed by the sentinels, and the following dialogue takes place:

'Friends both," said Paul, "know ye where our rulers are met, and if General Washington be among them?"—"Met?" said the Scottish sentinel, "I trow ye hardly expect them to be all met again, since they got the grand scattering frae the royal army. But some score or sae have come daunering back, and they have formed a kind of council or meeting,and here they are e'en debating away on the condition of the country. Weel I wot, General Washington is with them,—little can they do without him—meikle would the wily tongue do, were it not aided by the sharp sword. What's a war of words but the flourish of trumpet and drum; and naebody kens that better than yourself, Captain Paul Jones; a weelrammed shot and a sharp boarding-pike will do more than the boatswain's whistle.'

'Have done," said his brother sentinel, "and pass onwards Captain Paul Jones. Go along that line of fixed soldiers till you come to the pine-trees, and there you will find a hasty meeting of some score or so of our rulers and generals deciding the fate of nations."—"Heard ever lugs such a direction as that!" said the other sentinel,—man ye have not the spirit of a mouse, else ye would describe sic a meeting till ye made it shine like ane of the fixed stars. Gang onwards, Captain Paul Jones, till ye come to yon remnant of the ancient wilderness,—see, the moon shows you the wood-pigeons roosting thick on the tree-tops. There, with the green sod under them, the bright stars aboon them, a hundred torches and three thousand drawn swords gleaming around them, will ye find some aughteen or twenty carles talking about liberty and equality, and other bonnie and impracticable things.—There, now, that's something like a description,—it's a painting in words.'

'Paul left the loquacious sentinels, and entered the remains of the old wilderness. Armed men filled every bush, not a whisper was to be heard, all was still and motionless. On a rising ground, which stood bare in the middle of the forest, he found a few of the American rulers assembled;—all were armed with swords, some wore pistols at their belts,—some were in the prime of life, others were hoary-headed:—but they all alike had looks of firm endurance and enthusiastic resolution.'

In this armed council a furious and doughty debate takes place, in which a Frenchman and a Scotchman go to loggerheads—challenge each other—go out a few paces—fight a duel—the Frenchman falls, and the Scotchman returns, and takes up the thread of his discourse precisely where he left off!!

But it would be an endless task, to point out all the absurdities, which appear in every page of this singular work.

A historical fiction can possess little merit, unless it have the semblance of truth, and conform to the spirit of history; and the

author undoubtedly endeavoured to draw a true picture of the scenes, the times, and the characters, which he describes. It is truly lamentable, that the better informed class, the literati and authors of 'the fast anchored Isle' should show such unpardonable ignorance of the American character, and American history. Do they reflect, that they have as many readers in America as in England? That millions of people on this side of the Atlantic are to pass judgment upon their works? When such egregious ignorance is displayed—when we see such gross caricatures of the greatest statesmen and patriots, that ever the world produced, what can they expect from us, but the contempt, they merit? Mr. Cunningham is an author of some note. He possesses a lively fancy—has strong descriptive powers, and a happy control of language. His descriptions of Scottish scenery, and Scottish characters, particularly that of Macgubb, are well drawn; and it is to be regretted, that he has chosen for his plot a subject in which he has in other respects displayed so much ignorance.

We had sometimes thought, while reading 'John Bull in America,' that the humor was too broad, and the caricatures unwarranted by any ignorance of our history and our country, which Mr. Bull had ever displayed. But here is a man, of some talent, too, and not at all disposed to abuse us, who shows at least as much blundering stupidity and ignorance, as any thing, that is ascribed to 'Bull' in that book. We have very few school boys in our more forward schools, who could not lay the scene of a novel in London, or Paris, with more judgement, knowledge of locality, and more keeping of character, than is done in this novel. Suppose an American should take England, or Scotland for the theatre of the adventures of his hero, and know as little about the country as this poor man does about Boston, and the rest of the towns in the United States, what a joyous grin they would raise at the expense of republican ignorance and conceit! The very respectable publishers of this book, in this country, certainly know what they are about. They would never have re-published this work, had they not well understood the chances of its sale. These stale jests, these monstrous absurdities, in the view of the knowing ones of our cities, become consecrated by crossing the water. N. E. rum is said by taking a voyage to India to come back, as much improved in flavor, as a raw boy is by making the tour of Europe. It is more creditable to our general philanthropy, and our love of foreigners, than to our taste, or patriotism, that our reviewers, and men, who settle public opinion, strain at a gnat in our own books, and buy Mr. 'Bulls' camels, and swallow them without winking. For our part, we have never doubted, that the disposition in American critics to decry American books, and recommend English ones, is pure envy, and that littleness of mind, that contemplates merit with most complacency, when seen diminished by the distance of an ocean.

The Juvenile Arithmetick and Scholar's Guide; wherein theory and practice are combined and adapted to the capacities of young beginners: containing a due proportion of examples in Federal Money, and the whole being illustrated by numerous questions similar to those of Pestalozzi. By Martin Ruter, A. M. pp. 216, 18mo. Cincinnati:—W. M. & O. Farnsworth, Jr.

What is called science is a system of general principles, or axioms raised from the observation of individual facts. The mental process in arriving at general conclusions is a very obvious one.—The learner classes a number of detailed facts together from their affinity, and from observing, that the thing, which can be predicated of one of them, can equally be predicated of all.

This is evidently nature's method. But it has been thought, that when we have arrived at a general rule by these means, we ought to reverse the process, and enunciate the rule first in teaching, or communicating knowledge. The former, or direct method, has been called the 'order of discovery,' while the latter, or inverted method has been denominated the 'order of instruction.' One ends with the rule, and the other begins with it. In one we arrive, step by step, at a rule which we comprehend and can at any time recal by means of the process by which we at first obtained it. In the other, we are required to be guided by an abstract, unintelligible rule, which being retained by memory alone, is liable at any time, to slip from the mind without the power of recovery.

Formerly, instruction was conducted altogether by the enunciation of arbitrary, abstract rules, which were to be followed and committed to memory. But lately, very great improvements have been made by following the order of nature, which is that of discovery; making the rule the last thing, instead of the first. This is found to be more interesting to the pupil, and better calculated to develope his reasoning powers. More interesting, because he seems to teach himself, and more rational, because he comprehends his subject at every step.

But to come nearer to our subject. The common rules of arithmetick are concise generalizations, formed by men of science from a series of individual observations. They are as might be expected, abstract, and in their nature incomprehensible to children. It is true, a child may resolve questions by them, but as it respects any share, his intellects have had in what he has done, he is entitled to little more credit, than another child, who should produce music by turning the crank of a hand organ. Even the names of numbers, *one*, *two*, *three*, and the expressions, *twice one are two*, *twice*

three are six, are too abstract for children, unless they are expressed in connexion with things; as *one apple, two apples; twice one orange make two oranges; twice three marbles make six marbles.*

A course of arithmetical instruction should consist of three parts. 1. The common operations of separating and uniting numerical quantities should be performed with real objects; such as, marbles, cents, apples, pebbles, marks, the fingers or the like. 2. The same operations should be performed mentally, by recollecting the objects just used. Both these operations should, at first, be performed with small numbers. 3. The common use of figures should be taught. For the sake of brevity, we shall call the first, *tangible*, the second, *intellectual*, and the third, *symbolical* arithmetick.

In the frontispiece of the work before us, we have a specimen of *tangible*, and, in the questions which *precede* several of the rules, of *intellectual* arithmetick. The rest of the work is a perspicuous arrangement of rules and examples in the common way, by figures. The questions are analagous to those in Colburn's valuable work. We have been asked, if we think Dr. Ruter's book better than Colburn's? We do not think them intended for precisely the same purpose. Mr. Colburn's is a complete course of intellectual arithmetick, according to the method of Pestalozzi, calculated for such children, as have much time to devote to that branch. It seems more fit for the hands of the teacher, than the pupil. Dr. Ruter's, on the other hand, is an abridged course, intended for the hands of the pupil, and adapted to the time and circumstances of the greater number of students in our section of the country. The 'questions, intended to prepare the learner for the rules' are, perhaps, too few, but they are sufficient to give the hint to the teacher, who can enlarge upon them, as he finds the mind of the pupil requires. The interrogatories at the end of each rule for the purpose of review, or examination, are a recommendation, which deserves notice.

The frontispiece is a plate or table, illustrating the idea of fractions. It consists of several squares, formed by the intersection of horizontal and vertical lines. This table and its use are described as follows in the work itself:

'Each square (or parallelogram) mut be considered as a whole one, or an entire unit. Then the first row of squares or white spaces at the top will be a row of whole numbers undivided. The second row contains whole numbers divided into halves; the third contains thirds; the fourth contains fourths, and so on, from the top to the bottom of the plate. By this division, the pupil, with a little assistance when he first begins, will be able to answer a variety of questions; and the exercise will greatly assist his memory. Thus, he may be shown, at one glance, that 7 halves make three and a half; because, by counting 7 spaces in the row of halves, he will find three squares and a half; or, that 8 thirds make 2, and 2 thirds, because, by counting 8 spaces on the row of thirds, he will find 2 whole squares and 2 thirds of another square. In the same manner he may find by the row of fifths, that 17 fifths are 3, and 2 fifths; or, by

counting on the rows of eighths, that in 29 eighths are 3, and 5 eighths. The amount of a sum of whole numbers and fractions may also be ascertained, and questions solved in addition, subtraction, multiplication, &c.

This is a specimen of what we have called *Tangible Arithmetick.*

Immediately before several of the rules, there are 'questions to prepare the learner for the rule.' The following are some of those, prefixed to the rule for subtraction:

1. If you have seven apples, and give away two; how many will you have left?
2. If you have seven cents, and lose four of them; how many will you have left?
3. If you have eight pears, and give away three of them; how many will you have left?
4. If you take six from nine; how many will remain?
5. Take four from eight; how many will remain?
6. Take three from nine; how many will remain?
7. Take five from ten; how many will remain?
8. Take six from ten; how many will remain?
9. Take six from eleven; how many will remain?
10. Take five from twelve; how many will remain?

These questions are a specimen of *Intellectual Arithmetick*, and are to be resolved without the use of figures.

Each rule is followed by a set of interrogatories, for the purpose of review, or examination. Of these, the following are a specimen:

'1. What does Simple Division teach?
2. What are the four principal parts of Division?
3. How do you proceed when there is one cypher or more on the right hand of the divisor?
4. How do you proceed in dividing by ten, or a hundred, or a thousand?
5. How do you proceed when the divisor does not exceed 12?
6. When you divide by any number not exceeding 12, what is the operation called?
7. When the divisor is of such a number that two figures multiplied together will produce it?
8. What can be made by placing the remainder of a sum over the divisor?
Ans. a Vulgar Fraction.
9. How is a sum in Division proved?

Several of the most useful problems in Mensuration are appended to the work.

The rest and the principal part of the work is a very perspicuous arrangement of rules and examples in the usual way by figures. Independent of the plate and questions, already noticed, we think this work at least equal to others, now in common use. With them it possesses a decided superiority. Intellectual arithmetick has of late become a science, and it is so useful an exercise to the minds of children, that we think Dr. Ruter's arithmetick might still be

improved by increasing the number of questions, especially those which relate to tangible objects. They might form an introduction to *every* rule. They afford, perhaps, the best possible means of giving a clear idea of the 'Rule of Three.' For example:

If one orange cost two cents, what will two cost?

If two oranges cost six cents, what will three cost?

If six marbles cost four cents, what will three cost?

If twelve marbles cost nine cents, what will four cost?

If four men can build a wall in two days, how long will it take two men to build it?

Most children can answer these questions, even though they have no knowledge of figures. From these simple questions, they may be gradually introduced to higher operations, carrying along in their minds a clear and lasting impression of the subject.

On the whole, however puerile and unimportant such kind of labors, as these, may seem to unthinking men, they who feel, that the children, now coming into life, will shortly be the 'world;' to those who understand, in all its extent, the bearing, which early instruction will have upon the coming generation; to those, who are duly apprized of the incalculable importance of the right education of children, every effort for their benefit will be hallowed. The man, who has written a good book of this sort, has performed a more acceptable service to his country and his kind, than he, who has published a whole volume of orations. The men, who compose books of common instruction, and the teachers of schools are they that move the world. Dr. Ruter, we think, in the book before us, has thrown an unostentatious, but a valuable and useful offering into the great intellectual bank, accumulating for the generations to come.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

THE Editor of this journal has been for a considerable time occupied in preparing for the press, a condensed GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF THE WESTERN STATES.

Gentlemen of popular talents in each of these States are engaged to furnish the requisite original and authentic information; and the author himself has spent twelve years in exploring the country. No exertions or expense will be spared to render this a standard book of its kind. Every one who wishes to possess accurate information respecting this interesting and advancing region, must be aware, that no work of the kind contemplated, yet exists, and that the views which have hitherto been taken of it, have been meagre, general and incorrect.

To present a striking and accurate picture of the country, its civil divisions, its progressive population and statistics, outlines of the origin and progress of each state, an abridgement of its civil history, and portraits of the hardy and adventurous men who laid its foundations; these are the objects of this work. Appended to it will be a dissertation upon the physical aspect and natural history of the valley of the Mississippi, and the character of the savages who inhabit it. It will be accompanied by elegant and accurate maps of the country, embracing each state from actual surveys.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.—The work will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, of 550 pages each.

It will be handsomely printed on good paper, bound in boards, and delivered to subscribers at SIX DOLLARS the set, making at least eleven hundred pages of letter press printing.

It is expected the work will be put to press by the first of September ensuing, and completed with the least possible delay.

Holders of subscription papers west of the mountains, are respectfully requested to return them as soon as convenient, to the Author, or to N. & G. GUILFORD, Book-sellers, Cincinnati.

He takes leave to inform the patrons of this work—that general views of the valley of the Mississippi, its geology, temperature, climate, soil, productions, trees, plants, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, its inhabitants, savage and civilized, together with their religion, character and manners; and the civil history of the country from its discovery and settlement down to the present time, comprising the amount of the first volume of the work, is already prepared for the press. The civil history of Louisiana has been in a considerable degree compiled from unedited French manuscripts in the archives of state in New-Orleans. The history of that part of the late war, which had its theatre in this country, was necessarily compiled from existing published documents. But in condensing it, and interweaving anecdotes relating to it, and correcting it from the accounts of those, who were conspicuous actors in it, he hopes, that he has given a form to it, which will cause it to be read with interest. His chief aim has been to present in the smallest bulk, the greatest amount of information, touching the geography and history of the country, which he could compress into it. To an attentive perusal of all the published information, that could be obtained, and all the written communications, so obligingly furnished by his friends, he has added the fruits of his personal observation of twelve years' residences and journeyings in all parts of the country. The topographical geography of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, is completed, and he hopes, that the work will be ready to put to press early in September. Our patrons in the Atlantic country, who hold subscription papers, are respectfully requested to return them to HILLARD, GRAY & Co. Boston.

E. H. FLINT,

HAS OPENED A BOOK-STORE,

Corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets, South side of the Upper Market,

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THE

WESTERN

MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

JULY, 1827.

SIMPLICITY.

We are not much given to general admiration of the writings of Sterne. But, we confess, we have always been as much pleased, as Yorick was, with the definition of Gravity by Rochefocauld. '*Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, to hide defects of the mind.*' We avow ourselves passionate admirers of simplicity, in the proper and laudable acceptation of the term. We love it in the arts, in building, in gardening, in dress, in manners, in deportment, in thinking, in conversation, in religion, and in every thing that appertains to us, as physical, or intellectual beings. What is it, that we most readily feel, admire, and adore, in the works of the Divinity? The perfect simplicity of the means, by which the great results of Providence and the universe are brought about. The operations of Omnipotence are only exceeded in grandeur by their simplicity. It is worthy of the power and wisdom of the Almighty, thus to operate in noiseless and unostentatious greatness. All succeeding time has attested the taste of Longinus, in selecting, as the most perfect illustration of the sublime, the extract from Genesis. '*God said, let there be light, and there was light.*' All his examples of the sublime from Homer and the ancient poets are of the same character. What is the grand charm of Demosthenes, by which he is universally allowed pre-eminence over the splendid, full, polished and voluble Cicero? It is that naked, severe, and nervous simplicity, which goes at once and equally to the understanding and conviction of the wise and the illiterate. Why is it, that all men, who have had taste, understanding, and a heart, have admired the style and manner of the Bible? For its undisguised force, its unadorned grandeur and simplicity. What constitutes the charm of monumental inscriptions, the most difficult species of writing? Simplicity. In reading our epitaphs in the church yards, not one in a thousand strikes us, as fine. They are almost uni-

versally spoiled by a labored pomp of detail, instantly fatal to the effect intended to be produced. Amidst the lumbering details of the honors and standing of the deceased, and the remembrance, grief and affection of the survivors, what effect is sometimes produced at the close by a single well chosen verse from the Bible! The beautiful epitaph of Saul and Jonathan will be admired, while man is on the earth, as much as it is now. We should seem extravagant, if we declared all the admiration that we feel, in relation to the inscription on the cenotaph over the bones of them, who fell at Thermopyle. '*Stranger, declare at Lacedemon, that we died here in obedience to her laws.*' The Spartan mother's inscription, wrought on the shield of her son, and presented to him, as he was going to battle, was equally simple, pithy, and heroic. '*Either this, or upon this.*' Homer's beautiful verses are only so in consequence of the noble and sublime simplicity, that presents them to the mind of the reader in all their graphic force of effect. Whence is the universal admiration of the sententious and pithy Swift? of the graceful and smiling Addison? of the luminous and elegant Goldsmith? The charm is in the naiveté, the child-like and unaffected manner, in which they relate what they have to say. The splendor and gorgeousness of the verses of Pope are easily imitated. Goldsmith, in writing the delightful ballad, 'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,' &c., declared, that he would write such simple verses, that it would be impossible to imitate them. His true ground of security from imitation was, that the taste of the age was universally for labored, pompous and florid verses. A thousand writers have already hit off the breaks in the verses of Byron, his laborious affectation of unharmonious words, his out of the way mode of expressing himself. That is to say, thousands have already been successful imitators of the defects of Byron. But his deep thought, his moral grandeur, *his words that breathe, and thoughts that burn*, the inimitable power of his sea scenery and thoughts, his images, that rise before you in the majesty of the everlasting mountains, and in the illimitable extent of the sea, images, that transport you in a moment 'as far as winds can waft, or waters roll;' that is to say, the sublime simplicity of Byron, who has imitated, or will imitate? The ten thousand, in the folly of their admiration, appear to think, that his peculiar turns of expression, and his affected singularity of manner, are the just grounds of that admiration. These are things easily transferred, and many an imitator has invested himself in the cast off dress of the great poet, and has strutted his hour, as if he were Byron himself.

In our country, until very lately, there was no taste for any thing but the gorgeous and the labored, and the long marshalled line of attributes and adjectives. That there is a prodigious and growing improvement in general taste is manifested in the general character of our fourth of July orations, which used to bring to

view our depravation of taste in its most repulsive and concentered form. The admiration generally accorded to our most distinguished existing orator, speaks volumes in favor of our increasing refinement and justness in taste. He sometimes offers a paragraph or two, as propitiatory sacrifices to the divinities of the old school. But when at home, and in his own native style of oratory, he is nervous, simple, unadorned, almost as much so as his great prototype. It is evident, that he is full of thought, and that images come at his bidding, and that the plainness of his manner is the result of his own severe taste. We have our ideal models, too, and they are never on stilts. True talent, as we view the matter, is always simple; and the most complete analysis of fine writing that was ever given, is in two words from Horace: '*Simplex munditiis.*'

This simplicity, we hold to be not only intimately allied to the high thinking of richly endowed minds, but to virtuous, independent and manly character. We do not believe, that a truly great man has ever lived, into whose undisguised privacy, if we had penetrated, we should not have found him a man of simple manners. A man, who feels himself unworthy, and apprehensive that they who approach him will spy out 'the nakedness of the land,' or fail to accord him all the mental or external homage which he demands, assumes, and wisely, the imposing veil of gravity; puts on all the requisite dignity; becomes constrained in manners, and puts you upon levee. To such a man our hearts never pay, as a tax, what we only grant gratuitously to real and unostentatious worth and sense.

How many courtiers have been compelled to feel the truth of the misanthropic maxim, 'that no one is a great man to his *valet de chambre.*' Why is it so? Because in courts, and among those called the great, greatness has too long been considered a stately, repulsive thing, existing only in form, etiquette and circumstance, and to be contemplated with respect only in full dress and at a distance. The servant catches the common feeling, and when he sees his master divested of all these fancied appendages of greatness, a man with the same passions, follies and weaknesses with the rest, he ceases to be a great man to him. But if he had never trusted the estimation of his greatness to these adventitious circumstances, but had confided to the nakedness of his real worth for standing and character, the servant, seeing him the same at home and abroad, would have respected him alike in either place.

Every one has read the anecdote of the great and conquering Grecian general, who received the humbled ambassadors of a hostile power, while he was riding a stick in a nursery frolic with his children, and that Mr. Jefferson admitted a foreign ambassador, when but one side of his face was shaved. What treason against dignity, according to the received maxims of court etiquette! And

yet, who would not prefer either of these to Lord Chesterfield? If the impression were once general, that true dignity consists in laying airs and assumptions, and trappings, aside, and claiming nothing more, in any case, than what every unsophisticated heart is compelled to accord to sense and worth, seen in the light of simplicity,—from that time the basis of esteem and respect being founded in truth and nature, would be perpetual and universal.

When we see a man, by his dress and deportment, and the manner in which he receives us, levying heavy claims upon our homage, we always remember the anecdote of the African princess, who received at her court a French lady in the full costume of the time. She wore a hoop, stays, a stiff silk, that would almost stand alone, high head dress, or what the sailors call sky-scrapers, streamers, high heeled shoes, 'mantles, wimples and crisping pins.' As mariners would say, her outstanding rigging was more voluminous by far than the hull. The African lady was dressed to the sultry clime, in a single muslin robe. She handled the French dame with affectionate curiosity from head to foot, as if in doubt, whether nature had given the female form in France more outworks, than in Africa. Is all this you, madam? asked she, in the kind simplicity of her heart. We have often had the same kind of feelings, when we have seen men putting themselves on much dignity and ceremony. The sense, the worth, and the show of weight of character, that will not bear intimate inspection, and will not create as much respect in the beholder, when seen in dishabille, and undisguised by forms in the privacy of retirement, as in public, and in the robes and forms of a gala, is of little account in any place.

Among the signs of the times, is one of fatal omen to ceremony, to false dignity, and to assumption of every sort. A new measure is every day more and more applied to character. Men are weighed in more equitable scales, than formerly. Every day men have less claims on account of their wealth, family, equipage, and the thousand adventitious circumstances, that used to settle estimation and precedence. Nothing now passes, but that which will bear the most intimate inspection. Men will soon have to throw off all seemings, and to be real, to ensure cordial respect.

NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE WESTERN PEOPLE.

We leave out of the question the distinctive character of the French part of our population, to us a very amiable people. We say nothing here of the marked nationality of the Kentucky people. We only wish to catch, if possible, the slight, but perceptible shades of difference, and the visible peculiarities of national character, which our peculiar origin, physical circumstances, and moral condition, have imposed upon us.

The people of this valley are as thorough a combination and mixture of the people of all nations, characters, languages, conditions and opinions, as can well be imagined. Scarcely a state in the Union, or a nation in Europe, but what has furnished us immigrants. Philosophers and noblemen have visited us from beyond the seas; some to study our natural history, or to contemplate a new people rising from the freshness of nature, over the fertile ruins of a once submerged world; or deluded here by the pastoral dreams of Rousseau, or Chateaubriand,—or, in the sample of the savages, to study man in a state of nature.

The much greater proportion of the immigrants from Europe are of the poorer classes, who come here from hunger, poverty, oppression, and the grinding vassalage of crowded and miserable tenants of an aristocratic race, born to the inheritance of the soil, and all the comforts and hopes of present existence. They find themselves here with the joy of shipwrecked mariners, cast on the untenanted woods, and instantly become cheered with the nerving hope of being able to build up a family and a fortune from new elements. '*The north has given to us, and the south has not kept back.*' The puritan and the planter, the German and the Irishman, the Briton and the Frenchman, each with their peculiar prejudices and local attachments, and all the complicated and inwoven tissue of sentiments, feelings and thoughts, that country, and kindred, and home, indelibly combine with the web of our youthful existence, have here set down beside each other. The merchant, mechanic and farmer, each with their peculiar prejudices and jealousies, have found themselves placed by necessity in the same society. Mr. Owen's grand engine of circumstances begins to play upon them. Men must cleave to their kind, and must be dependent upon each other. Pride and jealousy give way to the natural yearnings of the human heart for society. They begin to rub off mutual prejudices. One takes a step, and then the other. They meet half way, and embrace; and the society, thus newly organized and constituted, is more liberal, enlarged, unprejudiced, and of

course more affectionate and pleasant, than a society of people of *unique* birth and character, who bring all their early prejudices, as a common stock, to be transmitted as an inheritance in perpetuity.

The rough, sturdy and simple habits of the backwoodsmen, living in that plenty, which depends only on God and nature, and being the preponderating cast of character in the western country, have laid the stamina of independent thought and feeling deep in the breasts of this people. A man accustomed only to the fascinating, but hollow intercourse of the polished circles in the Atlantic cities, at first feels a painful revulsion, when mingled with this more simple race. But he soon becomes accustomed to the new order of things, and if he have a heart to admire simplicity, truth and nature, begins to be pleased with it. He respects a people, where a poor, but honest man enters the most aristocratic mansion with a feeling of ease and equality.

It may readily be supposed, that among such an infinite variety of people, so recently thrown together, and scarcely yet amalgamated into one people, and in a country, where the institutions are almost as fresh and simple as the log houses, any very distinctive national character could hardly yet be predicated of the inhabitants. Every attentive observer, however, discriminates the immigrants from the different nations, and even from the different states of our own country. The people of Ohio and Indiana, for example, have a character somewhat distinct from that of the other western states. That of the former, especially, is modelled, as a very fair sample of the New England and New Jersey patterns. In the latter this character is blended, not merged with the manners, opinions and dialect of Kentucky. Illinois, though a free state, has a clear preponderance of Kentucky nationality. Kentucky, Tennesse, Missouri, the upper part of Alabama, and all Arkansas, have distinct manners, in which the nationality of Kentucky is the ground color. The country still more south, peopled with large planters of cotton and sugar cane, with numerous gangs of slaves, have the peculiar manners, that have naturally grown out of their condition. On these states, too, especially on Louisiana, we begin to discern the distinct impress and influence of French temperament and manners. These shades of difference are very distinctly visible to persons, who have been long and intimately acquainted with the people of the different regions where they are marked.

But young as the country is, variously constituted and combined, as are the elements of its population, there is already marked, and it is every year more fully developed, a distinctive character of the western people. A traveller from the Atlantic cities, and used only to their manners, descending from Pittsburgh, or Wheeling, the Ohio and the Mississippi in a steam boat of the larger class, will find on board, what may be considered fair samples of all classes

in our country, except the farmers. To become acquainted with the younger representatives of the yeomanry, he must acquaint himself with the crews of the descending flat boats. Sufficiently copious specimens of the merchants and traders, the artizans, the larger planters, the speculators, and last, though not least, the ladies, will be seen on board the different steam boats descending to New Orleans, or on their return voyage. The manners, so ascertained, will strike such a traveller as we have supposed, with as much of novelty, distinctness, and we may add, if he be not bigotted and fastidious, with as much pleasure, saving the language, as though he had visited a country beyond the seas. The dialect is different. The enunciation is different. The peculiar and proverbial colloquy is different. The figures and illustrations, used in common parlance, are strikingly different. We regret, that fidelity to our picture, that frankness and truth compel us to admit, that the frequency of profanity and strange curses is ordinarily an unpleasant element in the conversation. The speaking is more rapid. The manner has more appearance of earnestness and abruptness. The common comparisons and analogies are drawn from different views and relations of things. Of course he is every moment reminded, that he is a stranger among a people, whose modes of existence and ways of thinking are of a widely different character from those in the midst of which he was reared.

Although we have so often been described to this traveller, as backwoodsmen, gougers, ruffians, demi-savages, a repulsive mixture, in the slang phrase, of the 'horse and the alligator,' we confidently hazard the opinion, that when a little accustomed to the manners of the better class of people among us, he will institute a comparison between our people and his own, not unfavorable to us. There is evidently more ease and frankness, more readiness to meet a wish to form an acquaintance, sufficient tact, when to advance, and how far, and where to pause in this effort, less holding back, less distrust, less feeling as if the address of a stranger were an insult, or a degradation. There is inculcated and practised on board the steam boats a courtesy to ladies, which is delightful in its proper extent; but which is here, sometimes, apt to overstep the modesty of nature, in the affectation of a chivalrous deference, which would be considered misplaced, or ridiculous, on the Atlantic shores. A series of acquaintances are readily and naturally formed between fellow passengers, in their long descents to New Orleans, very unlike the cold, constrained, and almost repelling and hostile deportment of fellow passengers in the short stage and steam boat passages in the Atlantic country. They are very different from the intimacies of fellow passengers in crossing the Atlantic, and infinitely more pleasant. Putting out of the question ennui, sea-sickness, and the constant rolling of the vessel, circumstances so unpropitious to the desire of pleasant intercourse, cus-

tom has prescribed a state and distance on shipboard, which cause, that cabin passengers often cross the ocean together, without acquiring any thing more than speaking intimacy at the end of the voyage. Not so on these passages, where the boat glides steadily and swiftly along the verge of the fragrant willows. The green shores are always seen with the same *coup d'œil*, that takes in the magnificent and broad wave of the Mississippi. Refreshments come in from the shore. The passengers every day have their promenade. The claims of prescription on the score of wealth, family, office, and adventitious distinctions of every sort, are laid aside, or pass for nothing. The estimation, the worth and interest of a person are naturally tried on his simple merits, his powers of conversation, his innate civility, his capacities to amuse, and his good feelings.

The distinctive character of the western people may be traced in its minuter shades to a thousand causes, among which are not only their new modes of existence, the solitary lives which they, who are not inhabitants of towns, lead in remote and detached habitations, for the greater part of the time, and the greater aptitude and zest which they will naturally have, when thus brought together, as we have described above, to enjoy society; but it chiefly results from the unchangeable physical formation of the country. For instance, it has been remarked that the inhabitants of the western country, when thrown upon the blue water, are sailors almost at once. Their long inland water courses, at once the channels of conveyance and communication, place them in primary nautical schools, train them to familiar acquaintance with all the methods of managing and propelling water crafts, and naturally conduct their thoughts from their interior forests, and their rural and secluded abodes, down to the ocean. The skill and facility, thus acquired, in being familiar with the movements of the canoe, the periogue and skiff almost from the days of infancy, give them the same dexterity and daring on the ocean, when they are at length wafted down to its tempestuous bosom, with those who were reared on the shores of that element. But an inhabitant of the Atlantic shore can have but a faint conception of the sublime emotions with which a young man, reared in the silence and seclusion of the western forests, first beholds the illimitable extent of the 'broad, flat sea.' Every intelligent and gifted son of the West will be a poet for the first hours of his sailing on the ocean, if sea-sickness do not banish the visitings of the muse.

Their forests and prairies concur with their inclinations and abundant leisure, to give them the spirit-stirring and adventurous habits of the chase. Their early training to leave the endearments and the maternal nursing of home, for an absence of three or four months, on voyages of constant exposure, and often of a length of more than five hundred leagues, will naturally tend to

create a character, widely unlike the more shrinking, stationary and regular habits of the people of the older country. Multitudes, perhaps the majority of those in the middle walks of life in the Atlantic country, never extend their travels beyond their metropolis, or their chief mart. Every part of the middle and northern states is traversed in every direction by fine roads, on which are continually passing great numbers of stage coaches. In the West, all this is entirely different. There are roads, indeed, some of which nature, and but a very few, art, has rendered tolerably passable. But the passing on them, even in the most populous districts, is very limited. The passages are seldom more than from village to village, settlement to settlement, and for the most part subservient to arriving at the real roads, the great turnpikes of the West, her long rivers.

These rivers, which bound or intersect every state in the West, are of a character entirely unlike most of those, which flow east of the mountains. They are narrow, deep, and to a person used only to the rivers of the East, and judging them by comparison and by their width, of an inconceivable length of course. Their depth of water resulting from the narrowness of their channels, and the level and alluvial country, through which for the most part they flow, render them almost universally susceptible of steam boat, or at least boat navigation. The instance of a young man of enterprize and standing, as a merchant, trader, planter, or even farmer, who has not made at least one trip to New Orleans, is uncommon. From the upper and even middle western states, before the invention of steam boats, it was a voyage of long duration, and we may add, of more peril, than a voyage across the Atlantic. These rivers are still descended, as before that invention, in boats of every description. In making the descent from Pittsburgh to Natchez, last autumn, in an uncommonly low stage of the waters, we noted between two and three hundred descending boats, of different descriptions and of the larger class. The greater portion, however, were flat and keel boats. Almost all the crews, that descend on these boats, return on steam boats. An ascending steam boat carries from one to three hundred passengers, and the average trip from New Orleans to Louisville, or St. Louis, may be twelve days, and to Cincinnati thirteen. Every principal farmer, along the great water courses, builds, and sends to New Orleans the produce of his farm in a flat boat. Thus a great proportion of the males of the West, of a relative standing and situation in life, to be most likely to impress their opinions and manners upon society, have made this passage to New Orleans. They have passed through different states and regions, have been more or less conversant with men of different nations, languages and manners. They have experienced that expansion of mind, which cannot fail to be produced by traversing long distances of country, and view-

ing different forms of nature and society. Every boat, that has descended from Pittsburgh, or the Missouri, to New Orleans, could publish a journal of no inconsiderable interest. The descent, if in autumn, has probably occupied fifty days. Until the boatmen had passed the mouth of the Ohio, they must have been in some sense amphibious animals, continually getting into the water, to work their boat off from shoals and sandbars. The remainder of the descent was amidst all the dangers of sawyers, sandbars, snags, storms, points of islands, wreck heaps, difficulty and danger of landing, and a great many anomalous trials and dangers. The whole voyage is a scene of anxiety, exposure and labor.

It follows, that the habits of the whole people of the West must as necessarily receive a peculiar bent and impulse, as those of Marblehead, Cape Cod, and Nantucket, in Massachusetts. The influence of these causes is already visibly impressed upon the manners and thoughts of the people. They are the manners of people accustomed, on going on board a steam boat, to see it fitted up with a glaring of splendor and display, perhaps not always in the best taste, but peculiarly calculated to captivate and dazzle the youthful eye. They come to this crowded scene of gaiety and splendor, this little moving city, from the solitude of forests and prairies, and remote dwellings. They find themselves amidst a mass of people, male and female, dressed as much as their means will allow. There are cards and wine, and novels, and young and gay people, and all conceivable artificial excitements, to stir up the youthful appetite for hilarity. When we consider what temptations these long and necessarily intimate associations present to minds, often not much regulated by religious discipline, or example, to undue gaiety, gallantry, intoxication and gambling, it is as surprizing, as it is honorable to the character of the West, that these voyages are generally terminated in so much quietness, morality and friendship.

It is true, the gay, the young, dashing and reckless spirits of the community are thus brought in contact, to act, and re-act upon each other and society. But there are always some graver spirits on the steam boats, whose presence inspires a certain degree of awe and restraint. A keen sense of the necessity of strong and unvarying regulations has created rigid rules, at least upon the better of them, for regulating the temporary intercourse on board the steam boats; and on the whole, there is an air of much more decorum and quietness, than could be inferred from knowing the circumstances of these temporary associations.

In tracing the result of these effects, we discover, that the idea of distance is very different in the head of a west country man from the same idea, as entertained by the inhabitant of Lancaster in Pennsylvania, or Worcester in Massachusetts. The conversation of the former indicates, that his train of thinking is modelled by

images drawn from great distances on long rivers, from extensive trips on steam boats, long absence from home, and familiarity with exposure, and the habit of looking danger and death in the face. Were it not foreign to the objects of this article, a thousand amusing examples could be given. The vocabulary of figures drawn from boats and steam boats, the phrases, metaphors, allusions, that grow out of the peculiar modes of life of this people, are at once amusing, singular and copious. The stump speech of a western aspirant for the favors of the people has a very appropriate garnish from this vocabulary, and compared with that of an Atlantic demagogue, would finely illustrate his peculiar modes of thinking.

The point most to our purpose in these remarks is, to enquire what influence this, and other great operating causes have upon the character, manners and morals of the people? It must be admitted, that while these frequent trips up and down the rivers, and more than all to New Orleans, give to the young people, and those who impart authority, impulse and tone to fashion and opinion, an air of society, ease and confidence; the young are apt at the same time to imbibe from the contagion of example, habits of extravagance, dissipation, and a rooted attachment to a wandering life.

SKETCHES OF THE CHARACTER

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN SAVAGES.

As a race they have countenances that are generally unjoyous, stern and ruminating. It is with them either gloomy taciturnity, or bacchanalian revel. When you hear Indians laughing, you may generally infer, that they are intoxicated. An Indian seldom jests; generally speaks low and under his breath. Loquacity is with him an indication of being a trifling character, and of deeds inversely less, as his words are more. The young men, and even the boys, have a sullen, moody and unjoyous countenance, and seem to have little of that elastic gaiety, with which the benevolence of Providence has endowed the first days of the existence of most other beings. From this general remark, we ought, perhaps, to except the squaw, who shows some analogy of feeling to the white female. She has quicker sensibilities, is more easily excited, and when out of sight of her husband, or her parents, to whom these things are matters of espionage, and after reprehension, she laughs, converses, shows off her charms, and seems to feel the consciousness of pleasurable existence.

The males evidently have not the quick sensibilities, the acute perceptions of most other races. They do not easily sympathize with

what is enjoyment, or suffering about them. None, but an overwhelming excitement, can arouse them. They seem callous to all the passions, but rage. The instances, that have been given in such glowing colors, of their females having felt and displayed the passion of love towards individuals of the whites with such devoted constancy, have existed, no doubt. But it has never been our lot to witness any thing of the kind, and we must suppose, that the cases related, if true, were anomalies from the general character. We have once, or twice, seen fathers in their cabins caressing their children, and even these caresses were of their customary moody and stern character, and as though they were ashamed to do it. All their emotions seem to be deeply concentered in the inner man. Every one has remarked how little surprize they express, for whatever is new, strange, or striking. Their continual converse with woods, rocks and sterile deserts, with the roar of winds and storms, the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, their apparent exile from social nature, their alternations of satiety and hunger, their dark thoughts of revenge, and their deep purposes of bloody retaliation, their continual exposure to danger, their uncertain existence, their constant struggle with the wild elements to maintain it, the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life, the dark and interminable forests, through which they track their listless way,—these circumstances seem to have impressed a steady and unalterable gloom upon their countenances. If there be here and there a young man among them, who feels the freshness and vivacity of youthful existence, and shows any thing of the gaiety and volatility of other animals in the spring time of life, though otherwise born to distinction, he is denounced, as a trifling being, and the silent and sullen young savage will naturally take place of him. They seem to be born with an instinctive determination, to be independent, if possible, of nature and society, and to concentrate within themselves an existence, which at any moment they seem willing to lay down.

Their impassible fortitude, and endurance of suffering, their contempt of pain and death, invest their character with a kind of moral grandeur. Some part of this, we doubt not, is the result of their training, discipline, and exercise of self-control. But it is to be doubted, whether some part of this vaunted stoicism be not the result of a more than ordinary degree of physical insensibility. It has been said, but with how much truth we do not pretend to say, that in undergoing amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, or show the same tendency to spasms with those of the whites. When the savage, to explain his insensibility to cold, called upon the white man to recollect, how little his own face was affected by it, in consequence of constant exposure to it, the savage added, 'my body is all face.' This increasing insensibility, transmitted from generation to generation, becomes finally

inwrought with the whole web of animal nature, and the body of the savage at last approximates the insensibility of the hoof of horses. It is palpable, that there are great differences of this kind in the temperament of the whites. Considering the necessary condition of savage existence, this temperament is the highest boon of Providence. Of course, no ordinary or gentle stimulus excites them to action, or arouses their slumbering passions. The horrors of their dreadful warfare, the infernal rage of their battles, the demoniac fury of gratified revenge, the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted even beyond the gambling whites that surround them, the brutal exhiliration of drunkenness,—these are the things, that awaken them to a strong and pleasurable consciousness of existence. Our excitements, our motives to joy or sorrow, what makes us smile, or weep, are things, that they either do not feel at all, or hold in proud disdain. When they feel excitements sufficient to arouse the imprisoned energies of their long and sullen meditations, it is like Eolus uncaging the whirlwinds. The tomahawk flies with unpitying and unsparing fury, and the writhing of their victims inspires a horrible joy. This is a dark picture,—but is it not too true? The very fidelity of the picture ought to arouse benevolent exertion, to ameliorate their character and condition. Surely it is preposterous to admire, as some pretend to do, the savage character in the abstract. Let Christianity make every effort to convey her pity, her mercy and immortal hopes, to their rugged bosoms. Pastorals, that sing savage independence and generosity, and gratitude and happiness, in the green woods, may be Arcadian enough to those, who never saw savages in their wigwams, or never felt the apprehension of their nocturnal and hostile yell from the depth of the forest about their dwelling. But they grate on the ear of the people of the West. Let us never undervalue the comfort and security of municipal and social life, nor the sensibilities, charities and endearments of a Christian home. Let our great effort be to tame and domesticate them. The happiness of savages steeled against feeling, at war with nature, the elements, and each other, can have no existence, except in the visionary dreamings of those, who have never contemplated their actual condition.

It is curious to remark, that different as are their religions, their discipline and their standards of opinion, in most respects, from ours, in the main they have much the same notion of a great, respectable and good man, that we have. A man of no account among the whites, when domesticated among them, would be equally trifling in their estimation. If we mark the universal passion for military display among our own race, and observe what place is assigned by common feeling, as well as history, to military prowess, we shall hardly consider it a striking difference from our nature, that bravery and contempt of death, and reckless daring,

command the first place in their homage. But apart from these views, the same traits of character, that entitle a man to the appellation of virtuous and good, and that ensure respect among us, have much the same bearing upon the estimation of the Indians. In conversing with them, we are struck with surprize, to observe how widely and deeply the obligations of truth, constancy, honor, generosity and forbearance are felt and understood among them.

Foreign writers have said, and the sentiment has been echoed by philosophers of our own country, that they were less subject to animal propensities, than the whites. It has been considered a physical proof of this, that they are seldom observed to have a beard. It is well known, that a young Indian warrior is a most accomplished dandy, most scrupulously observant of the fashion, and spends as much time in ornamenting his person, as a Parisian. We have occasionally seen a savage, who had the courage to be singular, and who had a beard, that would not do dishonor to an Oriental. One of the most troublesome employments of a young savage is, to pull out the starting crop with tweezers. Exhausting journies, a diet often meagre from necessity, exposure, and the indulgence of passions of a deeper character, as ambition, vindictiveness, and the appetite for war, would, probably, weaken, if not extinguish in whites, passions, which are fostered by indolence, plenty and repose. But when savages are placed in positions favorable to the developement of animal propensities, we have seen no indications, that they are feebler, or less intense in them, than in whites. When we look upon the naked elements, upon which in some sense their children are cast, when we consider how unfavorable is their condition for rearing children, we are astonished at seeing so many in their cabins. Of the squaws of mature age, that we have seen, a very great proportion had their babe, either swinging in its bark cradle, suspended between two trees, or if the mother was travelling, hung to her back by a bark cage, not unlike the shell of a tortoise. Its copper-colored and flattened nose is seen peeping from this cage, like that of the terrapin from its shell; and even the infant seems to feel, that wailing is to no purpose, and a person must be a sojourner in an Indian wigwam, to learn, that one of their children can cry.

It is to be lamented, that the intercourse of the whites among them has taught a very different doctrine, from that of their being destitute of animal propensities. Numberless fatal cases of jealousy are recorded of their young warriors, in reference to the relations of the whites with their females, while among them. The manners of our people in such cases have too often been an outrage upon decency and humanity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN MOUNDS.

Europeans have described the general feature of our scenery, as harsh and savage, and our landscape, as destitute of moral interest. We have, it is said, no monuments, no ruins, none of the collossal remains of temples and baronial castles, and monkish towers, nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past, none of the dim and deep recollections of the times gone by, to associate the past with the future. We have not travelled in other lands; but in passing over our own vast prairies, in viewing our noble and ancient forests planted by the hand of Time, and nurtured by the rains and dews of ages, when we have seen the sun rising over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens in all directions rested on the rainbow hues of the flowers, when our thoughts have traversed rivers of a thousand leagues in length, rolling by their mountains, lakes and forests, and tribes of savages, with names, that our organs of utterance can not reach, when we have seen the ascending steam boat, breasting the surge, and gleaming through the verdure of the trees, when we have imagined the happy multitudes, that from these shores will contemplate this scenery in the days to come,—we have thought, that our great country might at least compare with any other in the beauty and interest of its landscape. When on an uninhabited prairie we have passed at nightfall a group of Indian mounds, and have thought of the masses of human bones, that moulder beneath, when our heart and our imagination evoked from the land of shadows the spectres of the busy multitudes, that here 'strutted through life's poor play,' and asked the phantoms, who and what they were, and why they have left no memorials, but these mounds?—the mental echo, that answered us, furnished ample scope for reflection. We should not highly estimate the mind or the heart of the man, who could behold these prairie-tombs without deep thought.

There are many interesting mounds near St. Louis, a little north of the town. Some of them have the aspect of being enormous stacks. That one of them, called the Falling Garden, is generally pointed out, as a striking curiosity. One of these mounds, and it was a very impressive one, was levelled in the centre of Chillicothe. In digging it down, it is said, there were removed great quantities of human bones. The town of Circleville, in this state, is principally laid out within the limits of a couple of contiguous mounds, the one circular, the other in the form of a a square. The town has its name from its position, chiefly in the circular mound. In this, and in many other of the mounds, the singular circumstance is said to exist, and it is affirmed by those,

who live near them, and ought to know the truth of what they declare, that the earth, of which they are composed, is not the same with that, on which they are placed. Why should the builders have encountered the immense toil of bringing these hills of earth from another place?

Some of them are said to be found on hills. We do not remember to have seen such. They are generally on fertile wooded bottoms, or the richest alluvial prairies, where wild fruits, game and fish are abundant, and at hand. The most dense ancient population existed, precisely, in the places, where the most crowded future population will exist, in the days to come. The only circumstance, that strongly discredits their having been formed by the progenitors of the present Indians, is the prodigious size of some of them, beyond what could be expected from the sparse population, and the indolence of the present race. We know of no monuments, which they now raise for their dead, that might not be the work of a few people in a few days. We have seen mounds, which would require the labor of a thousand men, such as are employed on our canals, with all their mechanical aids and improved implements of labor, for months, to construct them. We have, more than once, paused in view of these gigantic erections, and enquired, if they were not natural hills? But they are uniformly so placed, in reference to the adjoining country, and their conformation is so *unique* and similar, that no eye hesitates long, in referring them to the class of artificial works. The largest that has been discovered in the Ohio valley, as far as we know, is in the bottom of Grave creek, near its entrance into the Ohio, and fourteen miles below Wheeling. It is between thirty and forty rods in circumference at its base, with a proportionate diameter: it is seventy feet in perpendicular height, and has a table area on its summit, which is sixty feet in diameter; in the centre of which is a great and regular concavity. A single white-oak rises from this concavity, like a flag staff.

But the most numerous, and by far the most interesting group of mounds, that we have seen, is near Cahokia, in the American bottom, not far from the Mississippi. There are said to be two hundred in all. The largest is on the banks of Cahokia creek. Its form is that of a parallelogram. Its circumference is commonly given at eight hundred yards, and its height from ninety to a hundred feet. There is a terrace on the south side of it. When we first saw it, the monks of *La Trappe* had a monastery adjoining it, and their garden was on the terrace. They cultivated the mound. All words are superfluous, all efforts unavailing, to convey any thing like the impressions which every traveller of feeling has experienced, in travelling over this prairie in summer. All that he has heard about the rank luxuriance of grass and flowers, the extent of this immense flower garden, the nobleness of the forests, that bound it

on the one hand, and the hoary and stupendous bluffs, that rise, as the eternal walls of nature, to limit it on the other, fall short in effect, of what he feels from sight. In the centre of this strange, flowering solitude, he encounters this mound, and the silent abode of the monks. The earth could not have furnished them with a place more in keeping with their profession, and avowed objects. In the midst of the American bottom, perhaps the most fertile spot on the globe, exerting its exhaustless fertility only in the production of dense forests, or the useless luxuriance of grass and flowers, all in view of their dwelling is forest, or prairie. A few dreaming old men vowed to perpetual silence, apparently belonging more to another world, than this, seat themselves on one of these lonely and inexplicable monuments of generations that are now no more, and as they may never speak to each other, they are compelled to hold all their converse with this solitude, and these tombs of the desert. No noise disturbs them by day or by night, but the countless chirpings of the grasshoppers, hootings of owls, howling of wolves, or the winds, sweeping over the grass of the prairies.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE

OF THROWING THE TEA OVERBOARD IN BOSTON HARBOUR.

To a man, who has travelled extensively in the western country, no circumstance is more striking, than the singular characters, with which he meets at every stage of his travels. He is the more impressed with this, from his preconceived expectations of seeing none, but the uninteresting and rustic people, with which imagination naturally populates the woods of a new country. Our memory supplies us with many names of distinguished men, who have either travelled in the western country, or fixed their abode in it. When we were first at New Madrid, a French gentleman of the name of Peyrouse, resided there. He was an accomplished scholar, a poet, a historian, and had written a comedy, which, in our judgment, was a very respectable performance of the kind. He was a brother of the great French circumnavigator, Peyrouse. Among other celebrated foreigners this country has seen Volney, Chateaubriand, Michaux, and more recently, a great number of the proscribed veteran warriors of Napoleon. We have met men, who have figured in his armies, in every rank, from the general to the drummer. A distinguished officer of that class resides at present in our city. The duke of Saxe Weimar travelled and remained for a considerable time in our country, and became a general favorite by his affable and unassuming manners. One of the ex-princes Murat, it is be-

lieved, resides at this time in Florida. Mr. Owen and Mr. M'Clure, are names well known abroad. We encounter singular characters from France, Germany and England over all the country. So little remark does the circumstance excite here, that we have more than once been conversant with a foreigner for some time, without being aware, that he bore a distinguished name, and had acquired reputation abroad.

At one point we encounter a mass of English immigrants, at Mr. Birkbeck's settlement in Illinois. Another stage brings us upon a colony of Canadian French. There are compact settlements of German immigrants over all the western country. The colony of Swiss at Vevay is one of high moral interest, and whoever has seen their beautiful vineyards, has seen one of the most striking agricultural shows in our country. At Carondelet, or Vide Poche, we met that identical man, who figures so much in the life of General Eaton, and who was his interpreter, in his expedition against Derne. General Eaton, it will be remembered, describes him, as a man, who had the materials of a rogue in his character,—and asserts, that among the innumerable parts, which he was capable of playing, he could recite the prayers, and go through with the external ceremonies of the Alkoran, the Synagogue, the Greek and the Roman Catholic Church, and that he had actually officiated, as a priest, in each of these churches. He was loquacious, spoke French as his vernacular, and had a roguish twinkle in his eye, when we saw him. He subsisted by gardening for the St. Louis market, and sustained a fair reputation for industry and honesty. When we first saw Cincinnati, there resided here a considerable body of immigrants from Nantucket. The part of the town where they resided, was called New Nantucket. We often conversed with them. The very name of a harpoon brightened their eye. We saw with regret, that they still cast looks of painful remembrance towards the sea. Subsistence, they admitted, was as easy, and the soil as fertile, as it had been represented. But beech woods could never become to them, as the south seas. No chase of the deer or the wolf could be to them, as the grand sport of pursuing the whale along the pathless billow.

A gentleman assures us, that at nightfall he came upon a farming establishment, denoting more than common opulence. He requested permission to pass the night there, and was admitted. He discovered that his host was a man, whom he had originally known in Boston, in the occupation of baking and selling fancy bread. He afterwards met the same man in the English suburb of Canton in China. He had transferred his occupation of making toy men and horses with flour and molasses, to that remote region of the globe. He had made, as he said, a comfortable estate by 'trading and trafficking,' which, notwithstanding all his wanderings among foreign people, he still pronounced with the true Yankee accent. He had fixed

in the West, by vesting his money in the substantial soil. The celebrated Captain Riley not only now resides in person near the rapids of the Miami of the lakes, but he lives in wax in a museum in this city, surrounded by two or three villainous looking Moors; and though excessively emaciated and toil-worn, he sits, apparently much at his ease, upon a very natural looking straw camel.

This, to our readers, may be a thousand leagues from the head of our article. These reflections occurred to us, in consequence of meeting, the other day, with a person, and probably the only surviving one, who took a part in throwing the tea overboard from the British ships in Boston harbour,—undoubtedly one of the measures which precipitated the Revolution. His name is Joshua Wyeth, a relative of the celebrated John Wyeth of Cambridge, whom every Harvard scholar, of the times of the venerable Willard and Tappan, so well remembers. He lives in this city, is turned of seventy-five years, appears to be in robust health, and uncommonly cheerful, although, it is believed, his circumstances are straightened. His simple narrative gave us vivid impressions of the feelings, that actuated his fellow townsmen, on the occasion of the bringing the tea into Boston harbour. News of the most interesting character transpired every day. Never was period so full of rumors and reports, which had not yet acquired the horrible and bloody interest to unfit them for the tea table. The patriots saw, that the fair could not resist the seasoning of the fragrant beverage, with the discussion of these themes of universal interest, and it was determined, that they should not be led into such irresistible temptation, and that it should be removed by throwing the tea overboard. It was proposed, that young men, not much known in town, and not liable to be easily recognized, should lead in the business. Our narrator believes, that most of the persons selected for the occasion were apprentices and journeymen; not a few of them, as was the case with himself, living with tory masters. He had but a few hours warning, of what was intended to be done. The part which he took in the business, is related as follows, and nearly in his own words.

I labored, as a journeyman blacksmith, with Western & Gridley, blacksmiths by trade, and Baptists by profession. Western, at the time, was neutral, but afterwards became a tory. Our numbers were between twenty-eight and thirty. Of my associates, I only remember the names of Frothingham, Mead, Martin and Grant. We were met together one evening, talking over the tyranny of the British government, such as the heavy duties, shutting up the port of Boston, the murdering of Mr. Gray's family, sending people to England for trial, and sundry other acts of oppression. Our indignation was increased by having heard of the arrival of the tea-ships at this time. We agreed, that if the tea was landed, the people could not stand the temptation, and would certainly buy it. We

came to a sudden determination, to make sure work of it, by throwing it all overboard. We first talked of firing the ships, but we feared, the fire would communicate to the town. We then proposed sinking them, but we dropped this project, through fear that we should alarm the town, before we could get through with it. We had observed, that very few persons remained on board the three ships, and we finally concluded, that we could take possession of them, and discharge the tea into the harbor, without danger or opposition. The greatest objection to our plan was, that it would take such a great length of time to carry it through, and render us more liable to detection. We agreed, one and all, that we would go on, at the risk of our lives. We proceeded to contrive the mode of accomplishing our business. One of the ships laid at Hancock's wharf, and the others a few paces out in the stream, with their warps made fast to the same wharf. A brigade of British soldiers was encamped on the common, less than a mile from the wharf. We agreed, in order, as much as we might, to prevent ourselves from being discovered, to wear ragged clothes, and disfigure ourselves as much as possible. We concluded to meet at an old building at the head of the wharf, and to fall in one after another, as if by accident, so as not to excite suspicion. After having pledged our honor, that we would not reveal our secret, we separated.

At the appointed time, we all met according to agreement. We were dressed to resemble Indians, as much as possible. We had smeared our faces with grease, and soot, or lampblack. We should not have known each other, except by our voices, and we surely resembled devils from the bottomless pit, rather than men. We placed one sentry at the head of the wharf, one in the middle, and one on the bow of each ship, as we took possession. We then proceeded rapidly to business. We boarded the ship which was moored by the wharf, and the leader of our company in a very stern and resolute manner, ordered the captain and crew to open the hatchways, and hand us the hoisting tackle and ropes. The captain asked us, what we intended to do? The leader told him, that we were going to unload the ships of the tea, and ordered him and the crew below, assuring him, that if they obeyed, no harm was intended them. They instantly obeyed, without murmurs or threats. Some of our number jumped into the hold, and passed the chests to the tackle. As they were hoisted on deck, others knocked them open with axes, and others raised them to the railing, and discharged their contents overboard. All that were not needed for discharging the tea from this ship, went on board the others, and warped them in to the wharf, where the same ceremonies were repeated, as at the first ship. While we were unloading, the people collected in great numbers about the wharf, to see what was going on. They crowded about us, so as to be much in our way. We paid no attention to them, nor did they say any thing to

us. They evidently wished us success; for none of them gave any information against us. Our sentries were not armed, and could not stop any, who insisted on passing. If we had been able, it would not have been good policy; for, in that case, they might have complained of us to the civil authorities. I believe, our object in stationing the sentries, was to communicate information, in case we were likely to be detected by the civil or military power. They were particularly charged, to give us notice, in case any known tory came down to the wharf. But our main dependence was on the general good will of the people.

We stirred briskly in the business, from the moment we left our dressing room. We were merry in an under tone, at the idea of making so large a cup of tea for the fishes, but were as still, as the nature of the case would admit. No more words were used, than what were absolutely necessary. Our most intimate acquaintances, among the spectators, had not the least knowledge of us. I never labored harder in my life; and we were so expeditious, that, although it was late in the evening, when we began, we had discharged the whole three cargoes before morning dawn.

It may be supposed, that there was much talk about this business next morning. The tories, civil, military and spies, made a great fuss, and called the business divers hard names. Proclamations and rewards, to procure detection, were all to no purpose. We pretended to be as zealous, to find out the perpetrators, as the rest. We often talked with the tories about it. We were all so close and loyal, that the whole affair remained in Egyptian darkness. We used, sometimes, afterwards, to meet and talk the affair over, never failing to end, by drinking—'the hearty boys of America for ever!'

POETICAL.

A few French monks of the order of 'La Trappe,' vowed to perpetual silence, had fixed their residence near the largest of the numerous Indian mounds, that are found near Cahokia, in the American bottom, not far from the eastern shore of the Mississippi.

Amidst the hundred giant mounds, that rise
Above Cahokia's flowering plains, I spent
A vernal day. The cloudless sun rode high,
And all was silent, save that in the air,
Above the fleecy clouds, careering swans,
With trumpet note, sailed slowly to the south;
And a soft breeze swept gently o'er the grass,
Moving its changing verdure, like the wave.
A few religious 'mid these sepulchres
Had fix'd their home. In sackcloth clad they were;
And they were old and gray, and walked as in dreams,
Emaciate, sallow, pale. Their furrow'd brow,
Though now subdued, show'd many a trace,
That stormy passions once had wanton'd there.
I asked of the way, the country, and the tombs.
One finger on their lip, the other hand
Raised to the sky, they motion'd me
That they were vowed to silence, and might give
No accent to their thoughts. 'Twas said around,
That they had deeply sinn'd beyond the seas.
That one had practis'd cruel perjury
To a fond heart, that broke, when he proved false;
And sunk in beauty's blighted bloom to earth.
Another, for an idle fray in wine, that rose
For venial beauty, slew his dearest friend.
A third, like Lucifer, had fall'n from power.
They all had play'd high parts; had been
Where pageants, music, beauty, wine and mirth,
Ambition, favor, grandeur, all that glares,—
A king and courtiers, hated and caress'd,

In seeming held the keys of love and joy.
Remorse had smitten them. Her snakes had stung
Their hearts; and the deep voice, that all on earth
Is vanity, had scatter'd their gay dreams.
They clad themselves in hair, and took a vow
To break their silence only at the tomb.*
Haply they thought to fly from their dark hearts;
And they came o'er the billow, wand'ring still
Far to the west. Here 'midst a boundless waste
Of rank and gaudy flowers, and o'er the bones
Of unknown races of the ages past,
They dwelt. Themselves knew not the deep, dark thoughts
Of their associates. When the unbidden tear
Rose to their eye, they dash'd away to earth
The moisture; but might never tell the source
Whence it was sprung; nor joy, nor hope, nor grief,
Nor fear, might count, or tell, or share their throbs.
When sweet remembrance of the past came o'er
Their minds in joy, no converse of those years
Might soothe the present sadness of their state.
Man's heart is made of iron, or 'twould burst
'Midst mute endurances of woes, like these.
I saw the sun behind the western woods
Go down upon their shorn and cowled heads.
No vesper hymn consoled their troubled thoughts.
Far o'er the plain the wolf's lugubrious howl,
The cricket's chirp, and the nocturnal cry
Of hooting owls, was their sad evening song. M. P. F.

The author of the following must be an intimate of the muses. Though contrary to our custom to extract, we select it for its wit, beauty and originality.

[From the Boston Recorder and Telegraph.]

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

I do not hate—but I have felt
Indifferent to woman long;
I bow not where I once have knelt—
I lisp not what I poured in song.

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* By their vows, they are permitted to speak just before death.

They are too beautifully made
For their tame earthliness of thought—
Ay, their immortal minds degrade
The meaner work His hand had wrought.
The sparkling eye—the trifling tongue—
The glowing lip—the icy heart,—
Heaven and earth together flung!
Oh! I must hate, or these must part!
I wandered on a glorious night
With a fair creature I had met—
One of your things of 'love and light,'
Made of bright cheeks and curls of jet.
Her brow was like a fresh snow-flake,
Or like the page of sins forgiven—
Oh, you'd have looked to see her break
Away, like a freed bird, to heaven.
Well, 'twas a glorious night: the sky
Seem'd like Mahomet's sapphire wall,
And the blue, star-gem'd canopy
Seem'd lighting earth for festival.
'Twas beautiful, indeed;' and she—
(Pray heaven I never meet again
Such hollow, painted pageantry!)
She said—'their chimney smoked again.'
Oh, Milton, Dante, Spenser, Pope—
Ye of the lyre and corded shell—
Raise and lament how earth's best hope,
How woman—woman—woman—fell.
I love to see the house of God
Indeed a place of serious prayer—
I love to see its deep aisles trod
By the heart-broken worshipper:
'Tis the last place which e'er should be
Profan'd by heartless levity.
It was a calm, still morning—sleep
Lay on the waters, and the air
Had folded its light wing to keep
The Sabbath morning holy;—fair
And beautifully painted, hung
The deep blue drapery of heaven,

And over earth and sky seem'd flung
The pure, sweet look of sins forgiven.
I thought it work'd a change—for men
Went softlier than they 're wont, and trod
As if 'twas on their hearts that then
They sought the dwelling place of God.
I marked them enter: the gray head
Bent low in reverence, and the child,
With its long silken lashes hid
The blue eyes that might have smiled
At the gay Sabbath dress. I felt
As if the world was purified;
I looked around me—all had knelt,
The saint and sinner, side by side,
To the low breathing prayer. He spoke,
The man of God, of the deep wrong,
By which the Jewish rulers broke
The heart of Jesus. I have strong
And tearless feelings; but I wept
As if my head were waters—tears!
Ay, they were tears; tears, too, which slept
When hopes which I had nursed for years,
In one short hour were withering. Yet
I turned me at the slow Amen,
And wiped my drowning eyes; and met
A trifling smile! Think ye of *men*?
I tell you *man* hath heart; no—no—
It was a woman's smile. They tell
Of her bright ruby lip, and eye
That shames the Arabic gazelle;
They tell of her cheeks' glowing dye,
Of her arch look and witching spell:
But there is not that man on earth,
Who at that hour had felt like mirth.

ROY.

BOON'S REMEMBRANCES

OF ARRIVING IN KENTUCKY.

But well I remember the day,
When our tents were first pitched in the wild,
That sky, so unclouded and gay,
Where the sun from the firmament smiled;
Those columns, all moss-grown and gray,
With their cones of luxuriance piled;
The smoke that so wantonly curled,
As it rose from the forest on high;
Till it lay, like a banner unfurled,
On the deep azure ground of the sky;
And the echoes, so loudly that rung,
As though starting at first from repose;
When his carol the wood-cutter sung,
And the forest re-echoed his blows;
And, when I look back on the scene,
From the shore, on whose brink I now stand,
Half a century rolling between,
'Tis as fair, as his dear native land
By the storm beaten mariner seen,
When it rears its dark outline of blue
From the wide waste of waters to view.
It were tedious for me now to tell,
How the forest was sunk by our blows;
One by one, how its gray giants fell;
Or how quick the rude cabins arose;
For the children of Enterprize reared
Her rude temples along the dark wild;
Till at length the young village appeared,
And round it the wilderness smiled.
But why on those days should I dwell?
They have joined with the years that are past;
Their fairy walled castles all fell,
And left me a victim at last.

REVIEW.

Memoir I: An Introductory Address, intended as a defence of the Medical Profession against the charge of Irreligion and Infidelity, with thoughts on the truth and importance of Natural Religion; delivered November 2d, 1824.—pp. 75.

Introductory Address on Independence of Intellect. By CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D., *Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice in Transylvania University.*—pp. 49. Lexington.

The author of these two addresses is a gentleman extensively known, as the author of a biography of General Green, and various other publications. He has travelled far, and seen much, in the old world and in our own country, and has recently distinguished himself, as the eloquent and earnest patron of the science of Phrenology, and by some of those eccentricities of manners and opinions, that are supposed to be as inseparable from genius, as shadow is from substance. He is known to be a gentleman possessed of fearless frankness and independence, traits, that seem almost national in the country of his adoption; and to be little in the habit of locking up his estimates of men and things in his own bosom. Of course, he is one of those men, on whom satire and denunciation fix, as fair game, and whose talents and acquirements are always subject to bitter questioning. In discussing character, and more than all, in settling mental claims and literary pretensions, most men seem to think it necessary, pending the discussion, to throw off the character of fair and honest men, and to hold themselves lawyers, or demagogues, having a retaining fee, or a political twist, to bandy the words 'philosopher, great man, rogue, fool,' without any reference to the fitness of the application, but simply as they happen to meet the present passions, or momentary interests, of the persons applying them. This is eminently the case in regard to those unfortunate authors, who are still in the scales of public opinion, and whose estimate is not settled by such an overwhelming preponderance, as palpably to commit the honesty or capacity of those scribblers, who undertake to abuse them.—These reflections were forced upon us, by recollecting the accounts of him, and his writings, before we had an opportunity to judge for ourselves. Before we proceed to any remarks upon the publications before us, we hold it to be right to premise, that we consider him a gifted and an intelligent writer, of various reading, extensive

aquaintance with men and manners, with a great deal of fire, fancy, poetry and eloquence in his composition, with a frankness of character, trenching upon the utmost verge of prudence, and with talents and endowments, which would admirably fit him for the national hall of legislation. Had he possessed a little less genius, and would he command a little more patience of investigation, and a little more disposition to curtail, condense and arrange, we think he might take almost the place of his choice, as a writer.

The first address assumes, as its theme, a defence of the medical profession against the common charge, that its members are too often unbelievers, and thoughts on natural religion. But the orator is one of those Nimrods, one of those keen and mighty hunters, who allow no game in the ken of their vision to escape them. Though he may start for a particular species, no one can tell, until they see him return, what he may bring home. In other words, if a good thought crosses his mind, he immediately adds it to the common stock, without any very scrupulous enquiry, whether it be bestowed in the proper place, or not. While we fancy we have him as a companion with us, in discussing things that belong to the surface of our earth, if we turn our eyes away for a moment, when we look for him again, he may have flown almost from our sight in the clouds, and be contemplating the limits of the planetary system, or engaged in the analysis of the laws of the universe.

We feel the difficulty of attempting to give any thing like an adequate view of the address before us. Each paragraph may be considered, almost as a distinct oration. We are obliged to consider the memoir in question, as involving two distinct discussions. The first, extending as far as page 11, turns steadily upon the defence of the medical profession against the charge of infidelity. It is rather in the form of illustration, than argument; and the leading thought is equally true and important, that the physician, while engaged in the benevolent duties of his profession, is as strictly serving God, as when on his knees in the sanctuary. It cannot be too often inculcated from the pulpit and the press, that a faithful discharge of the duties of our calling, whatever it may be, is a constant and acceptable worship of the Divinity. There are appropriate duties of the Sabbath, and of the week, and the life of him, who steadily and faithfully discharges them, is a continual act of worship. We know there is a vulgar impression, that physicians are apt to be unbelievers, and the coarse and common solution of the cause of it, to wit, that physicians, having been accustomed to witness dissections of the human body, have searched in vain for the appropriate habitation of the soul, in the cellules of the brain, or the more extensive apartments of the stomach, where later opinions seem to have supposed her residence to be, and have thence inferred, that there was no such inhabitant, and that man was no more, than an organized body without a soul.

Dr. Caldwell's vindication proves, that he considers the charge a stigma. We think he clearly makes out his avowed object, and proves, that the frequent absence of physicians from public worship is no proof of impiety. We confess, we doubt the whole charge—doubt, if the proportion of unbelievers be greater among physicians, than other men. We can judge only by our reading and experience. The greatest, most intelligent, and excellent physicians, of whom we have read, or whom we have known, were men of piety,—men, who not only bore the name of professors, but the more unequivocal testimony, which Dr. Caldwell justly considers the most important of all, the testimony of lives steadily devoted to benevolence and duty.

Beyond the 11th page, the general scope of the address seems to be, to prove, that natural religion is as important, as that which is revealed: that both alike proceed from God; that they are different editions of the same great code; or rather, that the latter is a grand and necessary supplement to the former. We have understood, that this address was considered, and represented, as heretical, tending to undervalue revelation, and introduce free-thinking in its bad sense. It does not so read to us, and bating some little inaccuracies of expression, and occasional advances beyond his apparent object, mistakes, which may be fairly attributed to poetical license and rhetorical flourish, we see little in this address, which might not have constituted the thesis of a young theologian, offering himself as an aspirant for the ministry. Indeed, it much resembles one that we remember to have heard, written with that precise object, by a talented theological student of that class, called 'liberal.'

That natural and revealed religion are parts of the same great scheme, has been, with us, matter of undoubting persuasion. We had scarcely known that this doctrine had been brought in question, until we understood that a very worthy divine of Lexington was on a tour through the country, to lecture against this position. Some of the greatest and most powerful divines, that have written in the English language, have based their systems on this principle. The most convincing book, that we ever read upon the subject of religion, to wit, Butler's Analogy, and undoubtedly one of the most profound works that ever was written, turns upon this hinge, that revelation is a supplement to natural religion,—an enlarged copy, with additions, suited to the needs and the ignorance of man. In other words, that revelation is a republication of the religion of nature, with interpretations and additions, by the Great Author. Perhaps the gentleman sometimes overleaps his object, in the attempt to exalt natural religion, not, as he is charged with doing, at the expense of revealed religion, but above and beyond it. If they are parts of the same work, and proceeding from the same hand, it is unnecessary to exalt one at the expense of the other. They must necessa-

rily, as far as they mutually go, speak the same language, have the same grandeur, and tend to the same end.

It would be impossible for us to follow him through all his views and reasonings, in this address, without extending this article far beyond our limits. In short, there are so many opinions advanced, so many assertions made, and so excursive a range of various subjects taken, that an analysis of the whole, paragraph by paragraph, for no other would do it justice, would call for a comment more copious than the text. Some of his expositions are eloquent; some of his positions true and important; some questionable; some of neutral character; and some are clearly incorrect. His proofs of the being of a God are well arranged, and convincing. He makes out a triumphant and cogent argument, that a sufficient knowledge of God and our duty could not have been conveyed to us through such an uncertain conduit, as tradition. He seems too ready, like Volney, to attribute the original sentiment of religion in the hearts of men to fear. He is completely successful in proving, that revelation was not necessary, to give us the proof and the persuasion of the existence of God. In questioning, whether we can have clear convictions of the extent of the power of Omnipotence, to create a material universe *ex nihilo*, he seems to us to speculate, not only above what is written, but what is sound or necessary. The most difficult and inconceivable admission, of all others, is a cause without a cause, a Being that had no beginning. But this we are compelled to admit, or deny every thing, even our own existence. Admit this truth, which is utterly beyond all our powers to comprehend, and it is not difficult for us to conceive, that this unknown and incomprehensible Power could either create matter *ex nihilo*, or give us all the ideas of matter without its actual existence, which would produce the same results in the order of nature, as though there were that unknown and inexplicable *substratum* of matter, of which metaphysicians have said so much, and known so little. We conceive, therefore, that to be rather a rash assertion, which is made in p. 38: 'To conceive of the production of a universe out of nothing, is to carry to its utmost limit our idea of Omnipotence.' Surely the orator cannot conceive it to be a higher exertion of power, to create in us ideas of a material universe, than to begin thought and consciousness in reasoning intelligences.

He proceeds, p. 41, to illustrate the idea, that the supposition of the eternity of matter does not imply either atheism, or impiety. Towards the bottom of the page, he says, 'To give to matter its properties, and to lay it in subjection to its principles and laws, is as truly the work of Omnipotence, as to produce it.' He asserts, that divines themselves have not been agreed in the import of the Hebrew word *bara*, or as we rather think it ought to be written, *berreh*,—some interpreting it to mean production *ex nihilo*, and others, merely to arrange chaotic elements, that had a previous

existence. He proves, that in the Scriptures it is used in both senses, and in the progress of this dissertation he shows no inconsiderable study and research; and as it is understood, that the whole body of clerical archers had discharged a full quiver of arrows at him, on various occasions, he shows that he has made an extensive *reconnoisance* in the realms of theological learning, that he might be able, in case of need, as he elsewhere expresses himself, 'to carry the war into their own territories.'

From this point to the close of the discourse, he seems to have had in view to demonstrate the wisdom, power and goodness of the Divinity, manifested in the contrivance of Providence. He has evidently read, upon this subject, St. Pierre's eloquent book upon Providence, and the few splendid and unrivalled paragraphs, which Chateaubriand has written upon the same subject. But though similar thoughts have flowed from their pens, the ideas, in passing through his mind have become, as physicians say, assimilated. They are, in the work before us, the thoughts of Dr. Caldwell, without affording the slightest ground for the charge of plagiarism. Much of this illustration is eloquent and cogent, and in some instances, it is even sublime. To do it any justice, we must quote the whole of it, for which we have not space.

We quote as general specimens the paragraphs, pp. 53 and 55.

'Nor are goodness and benevolence less strikingly and extensively manifested, in the arrangement and economy of this mighty fabric. Examine it throughout, composed as it is of suns and systems, beyond the powers of man to enumerate, with their myriads on myriads of intellectual and immortal inhabitants, swelling to the very verge of infinity itself, and, notwithstanding occasional examples of suffering, pleasure and happiness will be found to preponderate over misery and pain, in a degree commensurate with the illimitable scheme of things through which they are diffused. And all this appears, conclusively, to be the effect of provisions intended for the purpose,—provisions, in the preparation of which we perceive as clearly the presence and operation of intelligence, benevolence and power, and in the contemplation of which we are led as irresistibly to a belief in the existence and agency of an intelligent, good and powerful CAUSE, as if the knowledge of it had been revealed to us by a voice from heaven.'

'But, in grandeur of design, elegance of workmanship, adaptation of parts, and perfection of the whole, what is the structure of any apparatus of human invention, compared to that of the universe of the MOST HIGH? A machine so magnificent and harmonious, so perfect and durable, that without deterioration or error in movement, repair of materials, or improvement of plan, and without the slightest interference of the hand that erected it, it will continue in play, the admiration and delight of intelligent existence, while being shall endure, unless its Constructor shall otherwise direct.'

Perhaps the happiest of all is the paragraph, p. 56.

'When all nature addresses man in the same language—through the brightness of the day, the glimmerings of the night, and the grateful vicissitudes

from the one to the other—through the birds whose home is in the air, the beasts that select the forest for their dwelling, and the fishes that find their food and their pastime in the flood—through the waves that roll, the streams that run, and the exhalations that rise and mantle in the heavens—through the winds that blow, the clouds that threaten, the lightnings that glare, and the rains that fall—through the dry land and the morass, the valley, the champaign and the elevated ground,—and even through his own form and his own feeling; when to each of these objects nature has given a tongue, and proclaimed with them all, the existence, the attributes, and the operations of a God; it is monstrous that man, whom she thus addresses, should doubt or deny,—that he should insultingly demand a revelation *in words*, to make amends for the insufficiency of the *works* of creation,—that he should virtually say to his Divine Creator, "The universe you have formed is so obscure in design, and so defective in execution, that it furnishes no knowledge of its Author: make yourself known, therefore, in articulate sounds, or I shall not be able to recognize your existence."'

We beg leave to enter our *caveat* to the thought, contained in the latter clause of this quotation. We thought the orator admitted, that the words and the works of God declare the same doctrine; and that we ought not to infer from the general scope of this harangue, that it was his object to exalt natural, at the expense of revealed religion, which passages like this, detached from their connection, might seem to imply.

In the notes he evidences, that although it seems to us, that his distinctive qualities as a writer, are imagination and eloquence, rather than aptitude to construct an unbroken chain of mathematical sequence, he can, when he chooses, go into patient investigation. He has felt, no doubt, that in going over the debatable ground, he must be girded in complete panoply, and be dextrous in the use of the weapons of the enemy.

The address 'on the independence of intellect' is a more unique and methodical production, than the former. It is not, however, without bearing the distinct mental impress of its discursive author. His ken is still upon the clouds. His views are still telescopic. The address is evidently written under the influence of polemic feeling, and a disposition 'to carry the war into the territory of his adversaries.' It is clear, that he feels he has been severely handled, and without catching any thing of the *proverbial meekness* of theological discussion, he shows, that he does not believe in the abrogation of the Mosaic allowance of 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

The universal history of man may be divided into two distinct eras. The one is that of the domination of brute strength and physical power. The little 'horn' of intellectual power scarcely budded for ages. But it has been growing in secret. There have been periods, as in the happier days of Greece and Rome, when it has been able to compete with the other element of power. In Great Britain, and in our portion of the continent of America, it has become omnipotent, and physical power is no more than a

submissive handmaiden. The increasing power of thought is making itself visible in all countries. The march of intellect, to use the hacknied phrase of the day, is strong, and thought, even in the countries where physical power yet prevails, is clearly making a silent, almost imperceptible, but certain progress. We may anticipate its ultimate triumph every where, with prophetic certainty. '*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*'

Nothing can be more true, than the orator's assertion, that ignorance, and vice, and slavery, are connected by an indissoluble chain, and that the tyranny of blind and bigoted opinion is far more degrading and terrible, than that of mere power. He is naturally led by these views into the history of the treatment, which most of the discoverers and promulgators of new systems and doctrines have experienced. In doing this, he shows himself intimately acquainted with the history of the progress of philosophy, and the march of reason. Dr. Caldwell evidently feels, as if theologians of the different sects had been at the head of this opposition. It is the disgrace of religion and human nature, that there is any ground for this charge. But general denunciations are always unjust. Every one knows, that genuine religion has had nothing to do with all this. The reason why theologians have been so conspicuous in the forefront of opposition to science, in former ages, was simply this. Religion has more command over the mind, the heart, and the passions, than any other mental agent. Men, in all ages and countries, have been little scrupulous in the use of means, so that they could avail themselves of such, as would help them to carry their point. Religion has been pressed into the service, as an efficient engine, by those who would have found some other banner, under which to array their opposition, if this had not offered. At the present day, a few ignorant and bigoted men, of all denominations, may still think to hold up dogmas in opposition to inquiry. But no odium, thrown upon it by invidious names, such as 'speculation, liberality, free-thinking,' and other terms of reproach, will arrest the efforts of inquiry. We may as well submit patiently to an overwhelming power, which we cannot resist. Among our acquaintance with the clergy, both orthodox and liberal, we number a great many, who are friends to honest and manly inquiry, pursued to its utmost extent.

Dr. Caldwell commences his strictures upon 'the despotism of the church,' as he calls it, p. 23.

'But the most iron despotism and unrelenting tyranny, that which throws the heaviest fetters on the human intellect, and makes the deadliest invasion of its freedom and independence, is the despotism of the church.* That is the ty-

* 'It is to be distinctly understood, that nothing disrespectful to religion in the abstract is here meant. The denunciation is against its *corruption* and *abuses*. Nor is any allusion made, or intended, to any particular sect or individual. The author arraigns alike all abuses of religion, that tend to narrow, enfeeble, or in any way deteriorate the human intellect.
'*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*'

ranny which sinks deepest in the soul, paralyses its very essence, and most appallingly blights and withers its powers.

'Let me not be understood, as confining my views exclusively to the *Christian* church, but as embracing within them the church universal—as comprehending that entire corps of the privileged and the consecrated, whose high vocation it is to act as internuncii between man and his Creator, expounding and inculcating the duties of the former, and interpreting the pleasure, and unfolding the august dispensations of the latter.'

It is evident, that he writes the pungent and forcible pages that follow, under a high glow of feeling, and a quickened pulse, symptoms, as we know to our cost, unfavorable to philosophic and dispassionate discussion. Were we 'of the cloth,' we should perhaps call it *tirade*, and we might attempt to show among such a host of names, as Pythagoras, Socrates, Gallileo, Vesalius, Varolius, Harvey, Bonnet, Linnæus, Buffon, Lavater, and many other great names of this class, that some, or even the majority, owed their opposition to other causes, than theological persecution.

When he traces the operations of this spirit in our own country he is evidently up to fever heat, as is evident, p. 31.

'*Fanaticism* and *intolerance* are twin Furies, the foul and deformed offspring of unenlightened intellect and malevolent passion. The Harpies of fable are not more revolting, nor the Eumenides themselves more fiercely vindictive. But *true and rational piety* is the meek and unassuming child of correct knowledge and kind affection. Like the spirit of the Messiah himself, *its* spirit is neither fierce nor fiery, its footsteps have never been drenched in blood, its breath has never been tainted with venom, nor has one of its acts been the product of vengeance. Hence the *former*, being of the family of darkness, are deeply hostile to knowledge and virtue, while the *latter*, being in all respects and essentially their opposite, is favorable to both.'

He seems to consider the watchword of the *odium theologicum* to be 'speculation.' We believe that word has gone by, and that the term now in use is 'liberality.' He admits by implication, that all this opposition to inquiry has not been owing to religious bigotry. He adduces numerous and apposite proofs, that philosophic opinion, too, has been bitter and persecuting. The truth is, that men have always been envious, and the efforts of great and inventive minds disturb, in all countries and under all circumstances, the envy of mean and humble ones. It is the baseness of envy, that has done it, and religion, when the term has been most convenient, has been assumed, as the cloak of its operations. The religion of a North American savage leads him to believe, that when he has murdered a man, he has acquired all his bravery, talents and thoughts, as the reversion of his plunder. We suspect, that the denunciation and persecution of superior intellect and inventive powers, in all time, has been owing to a persuasion something like this. The orator illustrates this thought in his own peculiar way.

'The aspiring eagle, unfolding his pinions, ascends towards the sun, and the wren or the tomtit, the bunting or the featherless dodo, unable to follow him, or even to fathom the object of his ascent, exclaims '*speculation*,' and consequently pronounces the monarch of birds a thoughtless visionary, for the boldness of his flight. The cause of this spectacle may be easily rendered. The eagle is conscious of great capabilities; he possesses a telescopical eye, is enterprizing in spirit, and feels his irresistible powers of ascent, while his calumniators, the Thersiteses of the feathered race, are comparatively spiritless, feeble, and sightless. Each, therefore, acts in conformity to his feelings, and the specific powers with which nature has endowed him.

'In the autumnal season, a phalanx of storks, herons, or swans, mounts into the heavens, like an ascending pyramid, to migrate from the frigid to the torrid zone; while a dormouse, a marmot, or a beaver, about to retire into his cheerless hybernaculum, gazing on the column in mute amazement, takes leave of it at length in the term '*speculation*'! Yet give to the slow-moving quadruped the powers and elevated instincts of the strong-winged aerial voyager, and it will follow its example, to sustain, perhaps, from other beings of inferior capabilities, the same accusation.'

The discourse closes with adverting to the favorable order of things in this country for independent research. His grand prescription to the students is, 'to follow nature;' and he properly explains what he intends by this; and he earnestly exhorts them to be fearless, frank and persevering in the search of truth, lead where it may. We quote one of the closing paragraphs, p. 48, as eloquent.

'To that magnificent and holy volume, whose author is the living God, whose contents embrace the fulness of creation, whose spirit is truth, whose text is written in the bright and everlasting characters of the heavens, and of which man, in his highest and noblest capacity, is privileged to act but as the humble commentator,—to that volume, in the last resort, from whose authority there is no appeal, and which, when fairly interpreted, will never mislead, permit me again most earnestly to refer you, as the true standard of all the knowledge which, in your present state of existence, you are competent to acquire.'

On the whole, we would suppose these discourses to be fair samples of the powers of the mind, and the tone of thinking, of the author. Some of his reviewers, if they are fair minded and honest men, must look back with no pleasant remembrance of what they have written and said of this gentleman. We do not consider him, as a finished model of philosophical accuracy, lucidness of order, or simplicity of style. But those persons, who could read these discourses, and not see in them proofs of great mental vigor, highly imaginative and poetic views of nature, and occasionally the attainment of eloquence, and even the moral sublime, have minds, which we should hold it useless to attempt to convince.

America; or, a General Survey of the political situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with conjectures on their future prospects. By a Citizen of the United States, *Author of 'Europe,' &c.*—pp. 364. 8vo. Carey & Lea, Philad. 1827.

The title of a book is a small matter; but we do not exactly discover, why this book takes the imposing and all-comprehending title of 'America.' He has, indeed, the shelter of the example of Madame de Stael, who wrote a book *de omne scribili*, and called it 'Germany.' It seems to us to be a broad, political survey of the nations of Christendom, their relations, dependencies, and comparative importance; in which the United States, from being the point whence the survey was taken, occupy the larger portion of the compass of his vision.

In the first place, touching the style, the book emanates from a source, in which the utmost polish and rounding of sentences seem to be family endowments. It is moulded in the best manner of the Scotch school, with Allison at its head. Long sentences, with many members and intermediate divisions, in the language of the French grammarians, *membres intermediares, et ablatifs absolus*, are necessarily exposed to the danger of wanting perspicuity. They often require a painful attention, and the return of the eye to the first member, in order to grasp the meaning. The author evidently strives, in many places, to descend from his natural elevation, to be simple and unadorned, and to mingle with the people, as one of their number. But we discover, even in his attempts at colloquial and common parlance, that he is only at home in the full court dress, in which he has been accustomed to appear at a presentation at court. We very much question, whether this stately finish, which seems to be the *beau ideal* of gifted men, like the author, and the unattainable aspiration of the *vulgum pecus* of imitators, has really added any thing to the interest of modern books. For us, we are not apt to be drowsy over the simple sternness of Swift, or the transparent and short sentences of Goldsmith. But there are books, written with the utmost elegance of the Scotch school, in which a very little cubic bullion is spread out into an immense surface of gilding, more brilliant, indeed, than the gold from which it was beaten; but bringing over us, in the perusal, the creeping horror, like a breeze from the 'sweet south,' or more properly, like a tedious discourse of fourteen points, heard in a heated church, after a full dinner.

It is right to premise, that we are far from considering this book of the number. It is finely written, with an abundant garnish of happy figures, and the appropriate seasoning of sprightly allu-

sion. The only objection, that arose in our mind was, that it had too much of calm, equable, unbroken elegance. The shriller cry of the eagle is sometimes a relief from the monotonous strain of the nightingale, and affords the delightful variety of contrast.

But it is the matter, rather than the manner, which we ought chiefly to discuss. It is certainly 'a feast of fat things' to a thorough going politician, most of the assertions being made, as by one, who has taken all the degrees, and does not prophesy without having consulted all the aspects of the stars, and all the signs of the times. He is clearly a man of strong sense, extensive reading, and the most thorough discipline of mind. Great deference, of course, is due to the opinions of a man, who has seen, like Ulysses, so many men and cities, and their laws; and who has had so full an opportunity to espy the show-masters behind the scenes, pulling the wires, that move the puppets, who play their automaton parts before the public eye. He is withal, it must be admitted, somewhat fond of paradox, and when he has advanced one, discovers much ingenuity in making the wrong appear the better reason. But we will not anticipate remarks, that will find their arrangement in what is to follow.

Our notice of the general contents of the book must necessarily be extremely brief, and will rather consist of abbreviated views of it, than copious quotations. It opens with a comprehensive survey of the 'position,' which the United States occupy in the general political system. In our judgment, this chapter is comprehensive, just and happy. It gives a rapid sketch of the origin of the present great powers,—traces their relative changes of power and importance through the bloody European contest, which was so long sustained for the mere verbal phantom, 'the balance of power.' He notes the successive aspects of their relations down to the present time, when he finds the three following chief elements of power, the primaries, round which the subordinates revolve, as satellites, or secondary powers. They are: 1. The continent of Europe and its dependencies. 2. The British empire. 3. America. Great Britain is at present a magnificent monster, with colonial excrescences and goitres appended to her, many times larger than the main body. Russia is a huge boa constrictor, that is now reposing in the tranquillity of that animal, when gorged, leaving the other continental powers to their own conjectures, what states will be swallowed up, when the next alternation of hunger shall ensue.

If the continental powers allow, that the United States constitute a principal power, as he affirms, and as we believe, their pride is saved from attributing the circumstance to our intrinsic strength and greatness. We are secured from the annoyance of legitimacy by an intervening ocean, and they hold, that we are rendered formidable in the general scale, as Napoleon said of the Tartars, only by circumstances. He proceeds to give us an outline of the differ-

ent forms of government in these great divisions of the elements of political power. His illustrations of the anomalies and inconsistencies of the British system are happy. They occur p. 25. We regret, that we cannot quote the whole paragraph. He closes by introducing the United States, as an important member of the great family of nations. He rightly says, 'the proud satisfaction, that we naturally feel, at seeing our country raised to this commanding height among the nations, may well be tempered with a sentiment of awe, when we recollect the immense responsibility, the grave and sacred duties, involved in the exercise of so much power.'

The second chapter gives a compend of the history of the last five years,—a period of comparative peace, but full of the most eventful interest. We are fallen on different days, in many respects, from any the world yet has seen. The emancipation of the two Americas, and the acknowledgment of their independence, by England and the United States, the views of the 'Holy Alliance,' in reference to constitutional governments, and particularly to the American republics, the overthrow of the constitution of Spain by the military power of France, acting under the influence, if not the dictation of Russia, are the prominent political events of that period. In tracing the tergiversations and inexplicable contradictions of the French ministry in this business, in drawing portraits of M. de Villele, and Chateaubriand, the respective heads of the different parties of the government, and indeed through the whole of this chapter, the author shows, that he is at home in describing the character of courtiers and the intrigues of courts. The pitiful lack of the semblance of justice in the Spanish invasion is rendered sufficiently ridiculous, by the assigning the injury which France had suffered, in her trade in 'mules' with Spain, as one of the causes of this war. France had seemed to hesitate in this business, and at times to be well nigh disposed to allow Spain a constitution. But by a stumbling policy, which, perhaps, she did not always herself understand, she allowed the genius of despotism to prevail. Equally against right, policy, her own interest, and her avowed professions, she consummated her blind destiny by imposing her yoke upon Spain.

Great Britain, meanwhile, from being the main spring of the coalition against Napoleon, from gathering the crimson laurels of the peninsula and Waterloo, found her consequence gradually diminishing on the continent, first to that of a secondary power, and finally to be almost excluded from the councils of the Holy Alliance. The pride of England never needed nursing, and yet it had been nursed by her having played the first part among the nations for two centuries. In this predicament of exclusion from the concerns of the continent, she awoke to a perception of her actual condition, and found herself involved in a debt, which she could never hope

to redeem, and under various other disadvantages, which left her no choice, but the Christian virtue of acquiescence in her humiliation, or to look out in other regions, and other political combinations, for new resources of aggrandizement. The author supposes, that Lord Castlereagh would have truckled to the continental powers, and would have resigned Great Britain to a subordinate part in their political projects. But disgust with satiety of grandeur, weariness of struggling with political storms, and the want of a higher mark to which to aspire, together with inexplicable motives, induced him to put an end to his life. We could not but regret the utterly misplaced witticism, which compared the efforts of his penknife with his pen. Such a termination of the career of even an iron-hearted minister, about whom nobody cared, was too serious, to have been made the subject of a jest. We considered the sketches of the politics, talents and capabilities of Castlereagh and Canning, in a manner, not unlike that of Plutarch, happy. The latter seems to be rather a favorite with the author, and as he has had uncommon means of drawing his portrait with fidelity, we are disposed to believe, that he has presented us with a likeness. He is represented as a highly talented statesman, a thorough adept in the finesse of politics, and, as seldom happens to those who respire in the stupifying atmosphere of courts, as possessed of wit and talent at caustic sarcasm, as our diplomatic agents have felt to their cost. In taking a survey of the position of Great Britain among the nations, he discovers at once, that the gigantic power, whose energies he was called to direct, instead of looking from Dover to Calais and the vine-clad hills of France, or the populous plains of Germany, for the means of aggrandizement, must henceforward find her political sea marks on the summits of Chimborazo, and the storm-beaten cliffs of Cape Horn.

She loves us not; nor is the author deceived to suppose, that her ambition, her jealousy, and her yet unsubdued animosity, have yielded to voluntary good will towards us. Her pride, her interests, and the unchangeable order of things, rather than any natural liking to us, brings Great Britain in juxtaposition to us, and binds her to the natural alliance of community of interest and danger. She is compelled to the adoption of a policy, which, according to the author, is almost the same thing, as 'a geographical remove from one quarter of the globe to the other.' The adoption of such a policy increases the dislike and the distrust of the continental powers, and Great Britain becomes 'rather an American, than an European state.'

Until we had written thus far, we were unacquainted with the views, which others had taken of this book. We had considered the sketch of the character of the Emperor Alexander, as one of uncommon felicity. The truth of it is confirmed by Madame de Stael and others, who have seen his character near at hand. It is

manifestly unjust, to represent the author's account of that monarch, as 'an eulogium of great breadth and very strong coloring.' More than one half of the portrait gives details of his defects of mind and character. The other part represents him, as amiable in the domestic relations, and that he was not one of those vampyre men, whose heart was 'a cannon ball,' and of whom Juvenal so beautifully said, '*Leva sub parte mamillæ nil salit*,' and that these traits in some measure redeemed his defects. This struck us, in the reading, as a passage equally interesting, eloquent and just. The very impressive circumstances of the death of Alexander, the unheard of rivalry of his brothers, which one should renounce the sceptre, descriptions of the growing domination of Russia, the contemplation of emancipated Spanish America, and the stand, which the United States are henceforth for ever to occupy in the political system, of Christendom, make up the remainder of this chapter,—the most interesting, as it seems to us, in the book.

The next chapter takes up the discussion of the form and spirit of our political institutions. It contains a great many just ideas and important thoughts, and shows profound acquaintance with the genius of our government and the spirit of our constitution. But this is a beaten field. Every scribbler in the newspapers has hacknied most of the topics in this chapter. In the manner there may be novelty, but in the matter there can not be. When he talks of European policy, courts and courtiers, his remarks have the freshness of originality, and it is there, where his opportunities for information have been so great, that we delight to follow him.

The next chapter takes a survey of our internal situation and policy. This naturally divides itself into two great branches, foreign and domestic. This chapter is chiefly occupied in discussing the great subject, which has been so much vexed in the form of the tariff question. He adverts with evident complacency to the grand maxim of Adam Smith, and most modern national economists, whose sentiment, touching that kind of legislative interference, that would protect the national interests of commerce and manufactures, is, that the best legislation is to let them alone. They say, let individual shrewdness, and the keenness and singleness of the eye of self-interest, direct for themselves. The author recurs often to this sentiment, and repeats the French maxim, '*laissez nous faire*' more than once, though not, as is said of him, quite 'a thousand times.' Yet after all, such is the prudence, and such the guarded caution of this practised politician, that we were left in doubt of his sentiments on the point, how far a government ought to go, in legislating to protect commerce and manufactures.

The question has been agitated with no small degree of asperity, how far the constitutional powers of the national government extended, towards making national roads, canals, and other public works, which passed through different states? The estab-

lishment of a national bank was a point, upon which this question was tried. It seems to us, to have been settled by the great mass of the nation, in a way decidedly favorable to a very considerable compass of power, in the general government, for these great purposes. We surely can not wish to collect and concenter the wisdom of the country at Washington, and then blindfold it, and manacle its hands, and leave it powerless only to do evil.

But though the author is very careful about committing his own distinct opinion upon these great national questions, we infer, that he is clear for the policy of legislative interference, for the protection and encouragement of our domestic manufactures, and for internal improvement, which are now the watchwords of political aspirants for popularity and power. We can hardly suppose, that he would have this done at the expense of foreign commerce. It is marvellous, that a man, born on the verge of the rock-beating surf of Massachusetts, should be so earnest an advocate for what has so often been ridiculed by the opulent merchants of that state, as the tarrapin policy of China. For ourselves, we believe, that no one of our great national interests can, or ought to flourish, at the expense of another. Manufactures and internal improvements will go on most successfully, while our ships continue to whiten every sea on the globe with their sails.

The author manifests an earnest, honorable and avowed feeling, as the advocate of manufactures. In contrasting their influence upon health, morals, mental improvement and happiness, with that of agricultural labor, he says, that the latter 'is, perhaps, more agreeable, and, probably, more healthy, than any other; but that a manufacturing population is the one best situated for social enjoyment, and one that will take the highest rank in the intellectual scale.' These are strong assertions, and we might, perhaps, question them. But it is not our object, to contest his opinions, or advance our own; but to give a fair view of his book, and leave the public to judge. It is clearly not a fair comparison, which he institutes, between the tenants of our manufacturing establishments, and the peasantry of Russia, Poland and Turkey, who labor in the field. The contrast ought to have been with the young men and women, children of our yeomanry, and those that labor, in some instances many hundreds together, in such cotton establishments, as that at Mendon in Massachusetts. He gives us a charmingly colored picture of the bearing of the great manufacturing establishments in New England, in detaining the surplus population at home; in preventing the necessity of breaking the tender ties, and renouncing for ever the sweet associations of the natal soil, of home, and the domestic charities. In contrast with this, we have a picture equally striking. We see the New Englander, mounting his dearborn, and dropping natural tears, as he and his young spouse take the last farewell of father and mother, and friends and

home, and the last look at the village spire, and wander away, to fix themselves on the shores of the Ohio, or the Wabash, or the Missouri. The disadvantages of their new condition are strongly grouped, and we admit the pathos and effect of the picture. But eloquence and painting are one thing, and truth is another. Thousands of independent and happy yeomen, who have emigrated from New England to Ohio and Indiana,—with their numerous, healthy and happy families about them, with the ample abundance that fills their granaries, with their young orchards, whose branches must be propped to sustain the weight of their fruit, beside their beautiful rivers, and beech woods, in which the squirrels skip, the wild deer browse, and the sweet red-bird sings, and with the prospect of settling their dozen children on as many farms about them,—would hardly be willing to exchange the sylvan range of their fee simple empires, their droves of cattle, horses, and domestic animals, and the ability to employ the leisure of half of their time as they choose, for the interior of square stone or brick walls, to breathe floccules of cotton, and to contemplate the whirl of innumerable wheels for fourteen hours of six days of every week in the year. Imagination and eloquence can impart their own views of any condition. We do not believe, that there are healthier, more intelligent or happy manufacturers on the globe, than in the great establishments in New England. We venerate the men, who direct the admirable moral discipline that is used in them. But we may still be permitted to believe the condition of the yeoman's children, to be more conducive to health, innocence and happiness. While there are uncounted millions of acres of fertile and unoccupied land, where farmers can rear their families in peace, plenty and privacy, under the guardian genius of our laws, we hope, that farms will continue to spread to the bases of the Rocky mountains. Farmers and their children are strong, and innocent and moral almost of necessity. Compare the cheek of the milk maid with the interesting, but pale faces in the great manufactories. The rigid laws, the stern rules of young associations, the extreme precautions that regulate the intercourse, the moral schools of discipline in these establishments, prove, after all, what the wise and provident superintendents think of the natural tendency of things in them. It is only a besieged city, that requires martial law, and the constant guard of armed sentinels.

The fifth chapter returns to the consideration of the most important event, after our own revolution, that has ever occurred in our continent, the general emancipation of the Spanish colonies in our hemisphere. It is chiefly occupied in presenting the political condition of these new states. There is very little resemblance between the materials, out of which the Spanish colonies were originally formed, and the venerable exiles of Plymouth, or the noble patriarchs of Jamestown. The motives of the first settlers

were different. Their mode of obtaining foot-hold on the soil was different. Their progress has been different. They were alike only in the justice of their cause for separation from the mother country. Ours was a revolution of principle. Theirs was a revolution almost of necessity. The throne of the mother country had been usurped by a foreigner. The Spanish nation, almost as one man, spurned at this yoke of usurpation. In this respect, the colonies would be sure to imitate the example of the mother country. When Ferdinand regained the Spanish throne, he found the colonies possessed, *de facto*, of independence. The infatuated folly of that imbecile monarch, in expecting or calculating upon their return to his yoke, could only be exceeded by the plunging madness of attempts to reconquer realms, which constitute no inconsiderable portion of the globe, and which afforded in their physical character much more certain and unconquerable means of defence, than our part of the continent. The character of the people, it must be admitted, from the nature of the case, furnished him with hopes, such as they were. The higher priests were of European descent, and were generally ultra royalists. Many of the native-born priests, it is true, were patriots. But the influence of religion, on the whole, was decidedly unfavorable to the revolution. This influence has a deeply rooted sway every where. In this country, more than any other, it was the chief element of power. The aristocracy of the country was generally arrayed for the king. He could, therefore, calculate upon all, that had yet been seen in the country as the emblem of influence and power. The number of adrents to the mother country, in strength and influence were, probably, to the tories of our revolution, as twenty to one. We presume, that none of the invading royal armaments bore any proportion, either in numbers or appointment, to the armies of Burgoyne and Howe, in our revolutionary struggle. But this notwithstanding, from the causes enumerated above, their contest with the mother country has been longer, more general, and more bloody, than ours was. The immense distance of one point of the country assailed from the other was about equally favorable for the assailants and the attacked. For the former it increased the expense and difficulty of the attack, and from the latter it precluded all the advantages of mutual aid and concert.

The *canaille* were ignorant, enervated, effeminate, and had been unused to wars for a century and a half. Nothing could, therefore, be imagined more unlike the training of our revolutionary materials and theirs. As the author observes, p. 174, 'Faneuil hall had rung for fifty years in succession with the indignant eloquence of Dr. Cooke, the father, and Dr. Cooke, the son, before its echoes replied to the nobler voices of Otis, Adams and Quincy.' We may add, that the same order of things had prevailed from one extremity of the country to the other. Our forefathers, in all the

states, had been trained to severe thinking, and to reading the orators and sages of Greece and Rome, and were abundantly versed in the art of making speeches and writing political essays, and deeply embued with the high minded purpose, when need was, to stand firm 'in the high places of the field.' They had fought the savages in a hundred forests. At Louisbourg, at Lake George, at Ticonderoga, and at Braddock's fatal field, they had learned, when the exigency required, to pour their blood.

We received, also, early aid in our great struggle from the alliance of one of the strongest powers of Europe, and we knew, that the good wishes of most of the other powers were with us. The unfortunate Spanish colonies were obliged to contend with the elements of internal dissension, and the invading force, single handed. They were aware, too, that nothing but an intervening ocean, and dread of the aid of England and the United States, hindered the continental powers from joining forces with the mother country. The history of their struggle is, therefore, 'honorable' to them; 'and it is rather to be admired, that they have been able to achieve their independence at present, than that the war should have been much more tedious, bloody and doubtful, than ours.'

Here the parallel between their revolution and ours fails. All our honorable prejudices apart, to compare Bolivar with Washington, or the Rivadavias, Guals, Salazars and Vittorias with Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton and Madison, must be sufficiently preposterous to a fair minded Englishman. We look, indeed, for the qualifications of the Spanish patriots rather in their actions, than in their political speeches and writings. We scarcely recollect to have read a paragraph, that was not inflated, in bad taste, and mere wordy declamation; as unlike the calm, intellectual and dignified state papers of our revolution, as can well be imagined. We have conversed with various persons of intelligence, who frequently saw and conversed with Bolivar, and their estimates of him were far from being uniformly favorable. Indeed, the point is yet very equivocal, whether the result will prove him to have been the Washington, or the Napoleon of the revolution. We should hold the writers, whether foreign or domestic, who would institute any close comparison between the leader of the Spanish revolutionary armies and ours, as not calling for much serious attempts at refutation.

We are entirely with the author in thinking, that the chief excellence of a government consists not so much in the abstract forms of its constitution, as its being adapted to the genius, character and circumstances of the people. We are decidedly of the opinion, that no part of Spanish America is fit for such a government as ours. We speak from some little knowledge of the populace of that country. The adoption of a government, so entirely popular in its forms as ours, supposes more general intelligence,

self-estimation, and adaptation for republican institutions, than they possess. One of the fatal mistakes of the advocates of the French revolution was the introduction of forms of government, too popular for the intelligence, virtue and existing condition of the people. We do not, therefore, consider it in the slightest degree heretical in the author to doubt the wisdom of the different Spanish American republicans, in copying so closely institutions, which, however accommodated to our condition, may be wholly inapplicable to theirs. The frequent and bloody insurrections, that have occurred since the war with the mother country was closed, and the general want of confidence and a feeling of security in the existing order of things, evince, that something is wrong in the general management of their concerns.

We come now to consider what has been generally charged in this quarter as the grand heresy of the book. Upon this point, it will be fair to let him state the case for himself.

'Without, however, pretending even to suggest an opinion as to what forms of government would be most suitable to the condition of Spanish America, much less to speak with decision on this subject, it is not very difficult to perceive that there was one important element of political power, at their disposal, which did not exist at least to the same extent and in the same shape with us, which they have certainly not entirely neglected, but of which they might perhaps have taken greater advantage than they have done, in forming their institutions—I mean *religion*. It has been made by some an objection to the constitution of these new states, that they have adopted an established religion, and that in some of them the exercise of any other is prohibited under severe penalties. This latter clause is undoubtedly injudicious, at variance with policy as well as common humanity, and directly detrimental to the purpose which it is meant to promote. But as respects the former, instead of blaming the Spanish Americans for having done too much, I should rather be disposed to think that they had done too little; and that the religious establishment, which they did not create, but found already existing in full vigor, deeply seated in the faith, affection and habits of the people, might have been employed, with great propriety and utility, as the mainspring and principal basis of the new political institutions. It does not belong to my purpose to state in detail what would have been in this case the modes of legislation and administration, or the names and functions of the principal magistrates. These are matters comparatively unimportant in all governments. But on this supposition, the great rule of assuming the existing state of things as the basis of the new fabric would have been observed, and at the same time an element of power been brought into action, not inferior perhaps in beneficial potency to any other, and amply competent to keep in motion the machinery of any constitution.

'Religion, wherever it can be employed in this way, seems in fact to be the proper corner stone of every political fabric; the theory of the natural separation of church and state, which grew up at the time of the reformation, and has since gained so much currency that the Catholics themselves have found it necessary to admit it, has in fact no foundation whatever in truth, and is one of

those popular errors, or rather abuses of language, which become universal for a time from some accidental misconception, and, when this is removed, are again rejected with equal unanimity. Such at no distant period will be the fate of this theory; for how can it be said, with a shadow of plausibility, that the state, which is a body politic or political person, declaring and enforcing the laws for the general good, is entirely different from the church, which is the same body politic or political person, declaring and enforcing the same laws for the same purpose, under different sanctions. Morality, or natural law, which is the basis of all legislation, considered in its origin, is the system of the relations established by the will of God among the individual members of the human race. The state declares it to be the law of the land, and enforces it by judicial process. The church declares it to be the law of God, and to be provided as such with appropriate rewards and punishments. It is evident that both these functions are exercises of the sovereign power; and unless we suppose a complete *imperium in imperio*, or two distinct governments in one community, it follows that the church and the state are not only not to be considered as naturally independent of each other, but that they are in their nature, and should be in fact, not merely united but identical. The unity, or in other words, the existence of government, requires that in every community the controlling power in religion should be held and exercised by the same persons who also hold and exercise the controlling power in politics. In this case the church and the state concur in recommending the same duties, and what is even more important, if possible, the laws are enjoined upon the public as religiously obligatory, which they really are. Where this is not the case, there is not only a continual danger or rather moral certainty of collision between the two distinct lawgiving powers, that is, in one shape or another, of civil war; but the laws emanating from the government lose the advantage of religious sanction, take no hold upon the minds or hearts of the people, and are looked upon as mere rules of practical expediency, which may be violated without impropriety, by any one who is willing to suffer the penalty. As the obligation to obey the laws of the state, results in fact from their supposed conformity to the laws of nature, that is the will of God, and as the knowledge of the true character of this obligation produces a stronger disposition in the public mind to obey the laws, than any other consideration that can be presented to it, it is evidently in the highest degree politic and useful, to make the connection between the government, that is morality as declared by law, and religion, as apparent as possible. Where the reality of this connection is fully established in public opinion, it would show a great want of true statesmanship not to make use of that opinion as an element in the constitution of a new political society.'

He proceeds to inform us what energy and vigor the infusion of religion into her institutions gave to republican Rome. He informs us, that religion, in the barbarous phrase of the English codes, 'is parcel of the law.' The author is somewhat guarded and cautious in the avowal of his sentiments, and expresses himself by *membres intermediares, et ablatifs absolus;* but, if we apprehend him rightly, he defends the union of church and state, as a measure of universal political wisdom and expediency. It is a mere matter of opinion, upon which men may have honest differences in judg-

ment. But for ourselves, we have always believed, that religion, in its substance, its sentiments, its forms, its public and private exercise, is a matter entirely between the individual and his Maker. It may exist, in its holiest and best influences, with government, or without it, in solitude, or society, in a republic, or a despotism. The hand of government is impiously employed, whenever it is laid upon the ark of its privacy, whether for protection or injury. The most peaceable, and durable, and extensive government in the world has existed, time immemorial, without any reference to religion whatever. We allude to that of China. We rejoice, that our best earthly possession rejects all compromise with the ambition, intrigue and selfishness of power. Had he said that superstition was so deeply inwoven with the whole mass of thought in the Spanish American countries, that it was impossible at present not to recognize its influence in their governments, and equally impossible to govern without conciliating the priesthood, we should have been with him in sentiment. But when it is inferred from this individual case, which we hope will not long exist, that the church and state ought to be united as a general axiom of government, most of his readers will enter their solemn protest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cases decided in the Supreme Court of Ohio, &c. By CHARLES HAMMOND, *Attorney at Law.* Cincinnati, 1826: Morgan, Lodge and Fisher.

It has often been made a matter of complaint, that Law Reports have multiplied in our country to an extent absolutely burdensome to the profession, and operating as a severe tax. But we have always regarded these complaints as unreasonable and unfounded. It is true, that the reports of cases decided in our sister states have become extremely numerous, voluminous and expensive, but it is not expected, nor is it necessary, that every professional man should possess them all; and although they are occasionally referred to as evidence of what other learned men have thought and decided on particular points, they are never invoked as possessing any inherent authority beyond the limits of the states where they are respectively published. All those controversies which grow out of the peculiar political relations of the states among themselves, as constituting a federal system, and which arise in the construction of the constitution of the United States, and of the laws and treaties made in pursuance of it, must necessarily be decided in the last resort by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decisions of that tribunal must necessarily be regarded as final and

conclusive, in every state, and in every court. The reports of cases determined in that court are therefore important, as repositories of the settled principles of constitutional law, and ought to be possessed by every lawyer, who aspires to eminence in his profession. But except as to the comparatively few cases in which the prohibitions and restrictions of the federal constitution render the authority of the federal tribunals necessarily conclusive and supreme, the jurisprudence of each state is peculiar to itself, and the judicial decisions of one state have no binding authority in another, however analogous their systems may be. Some of the laws of Ohio were derived from Connecticut, and some from Pennsylvania, but the true construction of them is not necessarily sought for in the Reports of Day, Dallas or Binney. It must be sought in that vast mass of maxims, which exists independently of any positive enactments, and which constitutes what is called the common law. It is true, that precedents are not to be disregarded, nor are they always to be implicitly followed: like buoys in navigable rivers, they may become unsafe guides, in consequence of a change of currents, or imperceptible changes in the configuration of the bottom. Every judge adds something new and interesting to the stock of our legal knowledge, and in this sense law is said to be an improving science; not that courts can, or ought to legislate, but that by deeper researches the law comes to be better understood, and the decisions of courts more consistent and sytematic.

Every state ought to preserve and publish, for the information of the people, the judgments of its tribunals. If the sale of such works will not remunerate the labors of an individual reporter, in consequence of the very limited circulation of state reports, the legislature ought to encourage and reward him. It is important that these judicial labors should be preserved and promulgated: important to the courts themselves, that they may be more scrupulous in adhering to precedents in the highest tribunal of the state, and that they may be enabled to review opinions, which may have been hastily rendered, and which no longer exist merely in the memory of cotemporaries, or perhaps the manuscripts of a judge, but have become permanent, as a part of the records of a state. It is important, also, as relates to the public: it enables the people to see what may be the existing defects in their laws, and what remedies would be most appropriate. And it tends to introduce uniformity and system in many parts of the law purely of a technical character, which ought to be settled as early as possible, although it is a matter of very little importance in what way they are settled. We mean questions of form, and of technical pleadings: for example, whether a promissory note may be declared on as a specialty, or not, is really a matter of no practical importance to a state; but it is proper that such questions should be settled at once, in order to prevent continual blunders and an accumulation

of costs. There is another point of view, in which reports are highly important. They enable the public to scrutinize the opinions of the judges, and their reasoning, and to confront them with the arguments of counsel and the authorities cited; and if they are found to be sound, logical and consistent, the deference which is every where paid to judicial authority, merely as such, is transferred to learning, eloquence and wisdom.

The work of this kind which stands at the head of our article, is the commencement of a series, which we trust will be continued. We do not pretend to have read it so thoroughly and critically, as to enable us to compare it with others of a similar nature. The reporter, Mr. Hammond, possesses, we should suppose, the qualifications necessary for an able reporter. The statements of the leading facts, and of the pleadings, are perspicuous, and sufficiently detailed to give a full understanding of the points decided. In giving the heads of arguments, and the authorities cited by counsel, in a condensed form, he seems to have avoided equally that prolixity, which appears by his advertisement to have been complained of in the first volume, and at the same time, that degree of curtailment, which is calculated to do injustice to professional talent. This seems to us to be the most important qualification of a reporter. The opinions of the judges are supposed to be reduced to writing by themselves, and the only labor of the reporter, as to them, consists in arranging them in proper order. In one or two instances only, has Mr. Hammond given the arguments of counsel at full length, for reasons which he explains in his advertisement, and on which we shall remark afterwards. At present, we will observe simply, that the decisions of the court appear to us to be learned, able and clear, indicating deep research and keen discrimination. It is not our province to decide which is right, in those cases where a single judge dissents from a majority of the court, but we may say, that in such cases, the reasoning on both sides is ingenious, and calculated to leave a doubt in many minds. The validity of a debtor's discharge under the insolvent laws of a state, in relation to debts contracted between citizens of the same state, after the passage of such law, was brought under judicial discussion in the Supreme Court of Ohio; and the decision of that court is reported in one of the volumes before us. The same question has been recently debated with infinite ability in the Supreme Court of the United States, and ultimately settled. The judges of Ohio anticipated that decision; and although in the federal court some of the ablest judges dissented, it is difficult to escape from the cogent reasoning, by which the constitutional validity of such a discharge was maintained in the state court several years before. The contrary doctrine is supported, however, by the authority of great names, and there may be many who would yet exclaim—'*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*'

The argument of counsel is given at length in the case of Wright *vs.* Lathrop, vol. 2, part 1st, page 33, because, as the reporter observes, it contains a very full collection of authorities, and because the counsel thought the law was with him on authority, though decided against him. We should not venture on any remarks upon that case, were we not assured by the reporter, that he is authorized to say, that the court, upon further reflection, is not satisfied with that opinion. Under these circumstances, we trust it will not appear presumptuous in us, to make a few observations on that opinion, and to compare it with another in the same volume, decided by the same court. It is a principle admitted on all hands, that all persons who concur in the commission of a tort are equally liable to make reparation, or, as the civilians express it, are bound *in solido*. It is equally clear, that the party injured is entitled only to one satisfaction, and that he can not by repeated actions compel a kind of contribution from the several trespassers. It follows as a corollary, that a recovery and satisfaction from one trespasser, is a bar to an action against another. But in the case of Wright *vs.* Lathrop, the court decided that the recovery of a judgment against one joint trespasser, *not followed by execution*, and unsatisfied, was not a sufficient bar to an action against another concerned in the same trespass. In this opinion they followed the authority of Chief Justice Kent, of New York; and it seems to us, that although the authorities cited in the able brief of the defendant's counsel are somewhat variant, reason and the sound principles of justice sustain the conclusion of the court. In cases of debt, a judgment recovered against one joint and several obligor, and not satisfied, is not a bar to an action against other co-obligors. If there be five endorsers of a bill of exchange, the holder may come upon all together, or successively upon each; he is entitled to a judgment against each, but only to one satisfaction. Why should a wrong-doer be viewed more favorably than a debtor? Why should the man who, in combination with others, has torn down his neighbor's house, or destroyed his crop, be permitted to say to him—'You have already recovered damages against one, and it depends on yourself to enforce your judgment, and you can not recover from me;' while an endorser, who became liable in the ordinary course of trade, would not be permitted to plead in bar the simple existence of a judgment against another endorser, either previous or subsequent to himself? It will be said, perhaps, that every endorser contracts a new substantive engagement. Admit it; but the obligation of every wrong-doer to make reparation is not less sacred. If the first judgment debtor should prove insolvent, his aiders and abettors in the tort, according to the principles contended for on the other side, would escape with impunity, and the injured man would be without remedy. This is but a common sense view of the case, and we are not disposed to examine it on grounds pure-

ly technical, or to analyse the authorities at length, which seem to have created doubts in the mind of the court.

The other case to which we have alluded is that of Ellis *vs.* Bitzen et al., strongly analogous to the one we have been speaking of. It was an action of trespass, assault and battery, against five co-trespassers. Two of the trespassers, it appears, had made their peace, by giving their note for 150 dollars, to be paid at a future day. The other three, among other things, pleaded this, either as a release or accord and satisfaction, in bar to the action against them. It appears, that the plaintiff offered to bring the notes into court, and to cancel them. It is certain they had not been paid. It is admitted, that a release of one of several joint trespassers operates as a discharge of all. The court sustained the plea in bar. On the question, whether a note given for a trespass, which remains unpaid, and in court to be cancelled, be a satisfaction, the court observes, that 'an accord without satisfaction is not good. The party must not only have agreed to accept, but he must actually have *accepted*, before it will amount to a satisfaction in law. A naked promise to make satisfaction at a future day for a trespass, is not a bar to an action brought to recover damages for that trespass. It must be shown that the promise has been executed, by the payment or delivery of what was agreed to be received in satisfaction, or the injury in law remains, and with it the right to recover a recompense. The plaintiff agreed to accept the note of two of the joint trespassers, for a specified sum, in discharge of their liability for the trespass.' We profess ourselves unable to distinguish this case, in substance, from that of Wright *vs.* Lathrop. In both cases the amount of damages against a part of the wrong-doers had been liquidated, but not paid: in the one they were liquidated by a verdict and judgment, in the other by agreement of parties. It is true, the original cause of action had merged; but the plaintiff had only changed the evidence of his demand. That evidence was of different shades: in the one it was the highest known to the law, in the other the written acknowledgment of a liquidated amount to be paid at a future day. But the original cause and consideration was the same, and both were equally conclusive between the parties themselves. But if the judgment, which is the highest record evidence, was no bar as to a co-trespasser, why should the note be, which is not in itself a payment, but simply the evidence of an existing debt growing out of a tort, and stipulating a future time of payment? It seems to us, that the evidence shows an agreement that 150 dollars should be paid, and the note is only written evidence of that agreement, and that payment or a release of the note would alone amount to a discharge of the other defendants. If a judgment had been recovered against the other three defendants, for the same trespass, and had been satisfied out of their property, it seems to us clear, that the plaintiff could not have recovered on the notes of

the other two, given for the same tort, because the original consideration might have been inquired into in such an action, and because the plaintiff is entitled only to one satisfaction, but has a right to his election *de melioribus damnis*.

In making these few remarks, we trust we shall not be considered as having transcended the bounds of legitimate criticism of even the opinions of gentlemen of nice legal discrimination and eminent attainments. We do not profess ourselves deeply conversant in the technical niceties of the common law, but we are sensible that the tendency of the age, and the leaning of courts in more modern times, is strongly towards the *substance*, rather than the forms of justice. We are happy that a series of Reports has commenced in Ohio, under auspices so favorable. This State stands at the head of those in the West, which formerly constituted a single territory, and the others will naturally look to its courts for sound principles, in cases where their jurisprudence is similar. The courts are now laying the foundation of a system, which is to guide and enlighten future judges, when the population shall have become infinitely more dense, and the transactions and contracts of the citizens become more complex and diversified. Among the western states, Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana have already voluminous Reports, and most of the interesting questions relative to land titles are already settled. In proportion as the law becomes fixed and understood, by the adjudications of the courts, the people will escape the evils of that partial legislation, and legislation of experiment and expedients, which is the greatest curse which can fall on a state in the rapid march of improvement. We will not close without suggesting, that as these Reports accumulate, a more copious index will be found extremely convenient, and that the want of one is a defect in works of this kind.

PAMPHLETS.

The Populous Village, a poem, recited before the Philermenian Society of Brown University, September, 1826. Providence: Miller and Grattan.—p. 18.

In reading this poem, our thoughts were continually recurring to the amiable author, whose imaginative mind, affectionate heart, and gentle dispositions, constitute a continual poem to the possessor. He is a young and exemplary divine, of a New England parish, with all the pastoral duties of a large society on his hands; with the superadded discouragement of ill health, and the blighting influence of an anniversary occasion to encounter in this task. The muse sometimes alights, no doubt, on the dome or spire of a college; but at the very name of an anniversary, occurring at the sultry season of the dog-star, she 'claps her light wings, and flies.' Instead of disappointment, that he has not reached higher flights in this poem, the wonder is, that he has done so well. His theme is the cutting down the forests, and erecting a 'populous village' on the fallen empire of the Dryads. The subject is a charming one. It is his misfortune, that the inimitable 'Deserted Village' has been universally read. It is no reproach, not to be able to build anew a village, which Goldsmith has left in such beautiful ruins. As it is, his picture of the village church, its pastor, and the surrounding scenery, is happy. The poem closes with an apostrophe to the shade of the author of the 'Deserted Village.' We quote it, as deeming it his happiest effort.

> 'And thou, sweet POET! who, in pensive strains,
> Didst weep deserted AUBURN's poor remains—
> Mourn'd for the well-loved friends no longer found,
> And wide-spread desolation all around;
> Where thou hadst hoped that life's concluding day
> Should gently fade, like summer's parting ray;
> Lo! here thy restless spirit, hovering o'er,
> May find the AUBURN that was lost before.
> Hail, happy bard! thrice happy in thy theme;
> For lamentations well the song beseem;
> Whilst I, ill-fated bard, must toil, and sing
> Such themes as thriving trade and business bring;
> And strengthening walls, and the swift rattling wheels,
> Smooth brow'd content, and laughter's loudest peals;
> And wealth, reclining on her well-fill'd store;
> And high repletion, that demands no more:

Such themes as scarce to poesy belong—
Themes that confound the melting strains of song!
Then hail! thou wandering spirit, and be blest!
Rest! sainted poet—bard anointed—rest!'

A Discourse delivered before the Annual Convention of the Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, in Boston, May 31, 1827. *By* Abiel Abbot, D. D., *Pastor of the First Church in Beverly.* Boston: Bowles & Dearborn.—p. 20.

We read this good, rather than fine sermon, with unmingled approbation and delight. Here is the spirit of the middle ground in religion, in the good old gone-by times, when men practised religion, instead of disputing about it. There is no jarring, no polemic note, no blowing the trumpet of denunciation, in this discourse; but the whole is in the calm, peaceful, and yet earnest strain, of that spirit which had hushed the world to repose, when the Son of God appeared upon the earth. The key-note is that of the angel's song, when the Redeemer was announced, as 'lying in a manger.' Such used to be the strain in New England a half a century ago. We can imagine the preacher addressing the collected divines, assembled at this solemn anniversary fifty years past. We can fancy the whole body, unanimously bending their venerable heads, and their gorgeous wigs, as they gave the nod of approbation to sentiments, that, as we receive it, breathe the very spirit of the gospel. We much fear, that the approbation was not so general in the convention of this year. Dr. Abbot will soon be the last of those venerable men, who held that the distinguishing feature of the gospel is love and peace. In these evil times, upon which we are fallen, every thing is militant. We wish long life and happy days, and *fruit in old age*, to this excellent man. If we began to quote the sermon, we must quote it all. We could only wish that it might be reprinted here, and can state to those, who might feel a curiosity to read it, that the author clearly makes out, that angry denunciation is not the spirit of the gospel, but that it inculcates charity, peace and love,—virtues which, of late years, all seem to have taken for granted, have deserted the earth, and flown up to heaven, as Hesiod represents them to have done, when Pandora's box was emptied upon the world. '*Peace on earth, and good will to men*,' would have been the appropriate text of this sermon.

The general Character, present and future Prospects, of the People of Ohio; an Address delivered at the United States' Court House, during the term of the United States' Circuit Court, in Columbus, Ohio, December, 1826. *By* Caleb Atwater, *Counsellor at Law.* Columbus: P. H. Olmsted & Co.—p. 21.

Mr. Atwater has distinguished himself in the investigation of the antiquities of the state of Ohio, and is well known to the community, as a man, who has the '*esprit du corps*' of antiquarians in an uncommon degree. His researches in this walk have been patient, laborious and indefatigable, and what is better, have been useful and appreciated, as such. In this address he turns his thoughts from prairies, and mammoth bones, and tumuli, and conversations with the sepulchres of the unknown generations, who have left us no clue to their history, but the huge mounds that cover their bones, to the survey of the young and vigorous republic of Ohio, which has sprung up in the woods within the last thirty years, and ' is now the third state in the Union in white population and military strength, containing nearly a million of freemen.'

He begins by refuting the common assertion in catch-penny books, that we have no national character. The author is to be commended for his patriotic zeal, but we think that these charges will take care of themselves, and carry their own refutation along with them. Having proved that we have a character, he proceeds to point out what it is. We find, that we have a proud balance in our favor. He avers, that we have a deeper abhorrence of slavery, than almost any other people; that our lawyers and professional men have uncommon smartness; that our judges are in the highest degree respectable; that our people are remarkable for their orderly and peaceable habits; that we are little addicted to intoxication; and that cases of suicide rarely occur among us; that our great men have very little state in their intercourse, and that a man here stands more entirely independent of the influence of wealth and family, and more simply on his own personal character and merits, than elsewhere. It is some little drawback to this view of things, that the professions are more crowded here, than in the Atlantic country. We quote, as the finest specimen of the address, the following:

' Every river in the West is vexed with our oars, and every lake is whitened with our sails. The majesty of the forest is bowing before us, and delightful villages, towns and cities rear their tall and glittering spires in the forest's stead. Indeed, our mild climate, our fertile soil, our numerous rivers, without falls in them, moving majestically along, as noiseless almost as the foot of time; with the broad and beautiful Ohio washing our whole southern border, and Lake

Erie, with expansive and unruffled surface, on the north, with impulse almost resistless, our citizens are invited to industry, activity, enterprize and wealth. To which inducements will soon be added, within our own territory, three hundred and seventy-five miles of navigable canals. How many of the older American communities lie in a torpid state, as to internal improvements—"a lion stands in their way"—every mole-hill is to them a mountain; but Ohio well knows, that for nearly one million of freemen to dig a ditch forty feet wide, four deep, three hundred and seventy-five miles long, is comparatively nothing. The spirit of improvement is abroad in the world; it has ascended every summit's height; it has descended into the bowels of the earth, and brought to light sources of comfort, happiness, wealth and power. Passing down the stream of time, Ohio will do her duty to herself now, and to her posterity for ages yet to come. She is the New York of the West.'

He proceeds to declare, that we are distinguished from other communities by our morality, and that we have more professors of religion, in proportion to our numbers, than any other state. He very properly intimates, that this is the probable cause of the general diffusion of order, morals, and peaceable habits among the people. Towards the close of the address, he settles into a most affectionate eulogy of New England, saying many handsome and true things of her character, and the influence of her free schools. He considers the Yankees a much slandered people, and he melts into tender and pathetic meditations, as he says, 'land of my fathers! farewell; for I shall see you no more for ever!' As the priest dips his besom into the consecrated water, and scatters it with his benedictions upon all sides, Mr. Atwater closes by a general eulogy of the East, the South, and the West.

In returning to Ohio, he thinks that she is capable of supporting twelve millions of people! We entertain much deference for this respectable antiquarian. There is fancy and eloquence in this address. But it clearly wants chasteness of style, and the suppression of a number of extra flourishes. We, too, are admirers of Ohio. We, however, respectfully suggest, whether this highly wrought picture would not have been improved by laying on the colors with something more of discrimination. The case, however, admits of an apology. We believe, that in the style of poetry and oratory, all republics are females. Ours of Ohio is a young, ruddy cheeked, modest, pretty buck-eye, so little used to cities as still to blush at compliments. The orator has placed himself on her blind side, and has complimented her at a rate, that may be allowable to such a personage; but had she been a male, he might possibly have thought them too much like an effort to administer the unction of flattery.

Remarks on the Influence of the Mind upon the Body; an Introductory Lecture, delivered 27th of March, 1827, to a course of Lectures in the Louisville Hospital. By John P. Harrison, M. D. Louisville: W. W. Worsley.

This address, considered in relation to its style and manner, is respectable. We would suppose the writer to be a reading and intellectual man. He has too great a fondness for hard words, and is not sufficiently simple. We do not intend to commit any expression of our own opinion on the merits of the system of phrenology. But we consider the attack upon that system, with which this discourse commences, as entirely an episode. The discourse afterwards turns upon the point, which ought to have occupied it from the beginning, the action of the mind upon the body. Some of the propositions, which he proves, or illustrates, follow. A calm and temperate employment of the intellectual powers is conducive to health. Mathematicians are seldom lunatics. On the contrary, poets, lovers and speculators are candidates for the lunatic hospital. Agreeable mental occupation sometimes suspends the gout. Children, that evidence precocity of talent, seldom live long. We beg leave to enter our *caveat* against this hacknied maxim. It is, probably, not true, and if it were, is a truth so unsusceptible of application, that it would be an improper one to be divulged. How many millions of mothers have in this way been in terrors for their first-born!

There are some very sensible remarks upon the influence of imagination, p. 10. Imagination can kill, and make alive, as Mesmer, Behmen, Perkins, the French Royal Academy, and a hundred others, have proved. Among all the mental affections, that are ministers of death, fear is one of the most efficient.

From the consideration of those mental affections, that ought to be treated as diseases, he proceeds naturally to those, which should be employed as remedies. Among these he enumerates hope, confidence, cheerfulness, and moderate joy. The excess even of these becomes injurious. He recommends love, too, as a medicine; but like some of the newly invented chemicals of terrible efficacy and expense, we think this remedy ought to be used only by old and experienced physicians. Young ones should remember the ancient adage, that 'it is dangerous to play with sharp instruments.' Concealment of love is universally known to require a safety valve for the 'damsel of damask cheek,' if not in the ear of the beloved, at least in the bosom of a sworn female confidante. Jealousy has always been considered a prognostic of evil omen in this disease. Anger is finely described by Horace: '*Ira furor brevis est.*' The fatal effects of it are strongly painted in his examples. Fretfulness, malignity, bad passions generally, 'with all the vultures of the mind,' visit the patient with mental tortures, at

the same time, that they ruin his health. Tedious tales, idle gossipings, and ominous croakings of all kinds, ought to be excluded from the sick room. The discourse closes with sensible and important advice. These are valuable remarks, and they prove, that the empire of the physician and the moralist has much ground, that is common to both. If men could once be convinced, that by indulging the bad passions, they injured themselves, both in body and mind, a great point would be gained not only to medicine, but to morals. The right governing of the mind and the passions, no doubt, has an inconceivable bearing upon the best earthly possession, after a good conscience, 'a sound mind in a sound body.' '*Mends sana in corpore sano.*'

'*Illustrations of Masonry*,' &c.

If reviews are ever to have much practical utility, they will occasionally take cognizance of dark and dingy pamphlets, that they have hitherto held below their notice. Newspaper essays, ballads, tracts, small pamphlets, and little works, that are printed cheaply, and circulate every where, have a thousand times more bearing upon the views and taste of a community constituted like ours, than those large and respectable octavos, that are read only by one in a hundred of the reading community, and that constitute the general theme of reviews. We ought to contemn nothing, which has a direct influence upon the thoughts and opinions of the great reading mass of society, which with us governs by simple numerical superiority.

Our thoughts were directed to the subject of masonry, by having been recently favored with the reading in manuscript of a very interesting masonic discourse, delivered by Mr. Hynde, at the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal church, at Newport, Kentucky. While we yet felt the glow in favor of masonry, raised by the perusal of this impressive address, the pamphlet before us was put into our hands. It is a pamphlet, that circulates every where, and is read by every body. We hear much exultation and rejoicing around us, at the disclosures which this book purports to make. Very different opinions appear to be entertained by the uninitiated, whether it be, or be not, an exposition of the real secrets of masonry. We hear it very generally remarked, if this be all that masonry contains, it is a very trifling and foolish business. It is manifest, that the tendency of the pamphlet is strongly to incline the current of public feeling against the society. We may be alone in our opinion among the uninitiated. We admit, that so far from lowering our views of the society, looking into this book has had a contrary effect on our mind. Suppose, that the book before us contains the

ceremonies of initiation, and the lodge, 'the due-guards, grips and pass grips,' and what then? These are not the important things of masonry, any more than the blank cannon-cartridges, the ringing of bells, the carrying of standards, devices, and all the pageantry and show of the fourth of July, are the principles, on which that glorious anniversary is founded. Let us leave to an ancient and respectable society its time-worn badges, words and signs. Let us not attempt to bring its paraphernalia and privacies before the gaze of the public eye. So long as the society wishes them to be secret, no honorable man would gratify his curiosity by looking into them, if he might, any more than he would break the seal of private correspondence.

But let us see, apart from the ceremonials of initiation and the lodge, which no man ever supposed were of any real account in the business of masonry, what aspect the disclosures of this book have against that profession. Really, they appear to us much the same kind of charges, which Pliny, in writing to his emperor, admitted to lie against Christians, 'that they met in secret, taking a sacrament, or an oath, that they would be innocent and do no harm, but all possible good.' If the charges, recorded in this book, are the real interiour charges to initiated masons, what can be better? They bind themselves to every thing that is honorable and virtuous in conduct. They pledge themselves to abstain from every thing that is dishonorable and injurious to society. These vows and pledges are made on the Bible. The obligations, not to attempt to entice any one to enter the society by placing improper inducements before him, are all right, and as they should be. All the conditions of the oath indicate a deep regard to the eternal principles of honor and integrity, which are the same in all countries and through all time. In evidence of this, read the oath recorded, p. 48, particularly that part of it—'furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor and pennyless brethren fellow crafts, their widows and orphans, wheresoever disposed round the globe, they applying to me, as such, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family.'

There are two conditions of the master mason's oath, pp. 59 and 60, that might, perhaps, have been spared; for while the juror swears that he will not knowingly wrong the lodge, or a brother of that degree, of a cent, or attempt the chastity of his wife, daughter, &c. or be privy to the attempt on the part of another, without disclosing it, the induction might be drawn, that the pockets and the wives of other than masons were not laid under any particular interdict; an inference, we are very sure, that was not intended to follow. The promises, too, which they make, never to speak evil of one another, are excellent. If such promises and performances were universal, how many mouths would be closed, and how much poisonous breath cease to mingle with the atmosphere!

We have not space, except for a few general reflections. We see nothing in these disclosures, admitting them to be genuine, which instead of bringing contempt upon masonry, ought not to have a directly contrary effect. They declare, that the Bible is at the foundation of their work, and all the pledges and obligations, as far as we can discover, tend to excite and strengthen high minded and honorable feeling, and to call forth the best sympathies of the human heart. Test masonry not, as here, by its professions, but by its deeds, and who will allege that it has ever done harm? The legitimate princes of the continent of Europe hate and proscribe it, and is this a reason why we should do it? Other systems offer you creeds. This offers you good actions. Other professions, whether true, or false, have been questioned. None will question, that it is a good thing to relieve widows, to sustain orphans, and wipe away tears. We have travelled in regions, where much misery of a very peculiar character was brought to view; in lands, where the common modes of administering relief were wholly inefficient, and where the voices of the common charities of our country were never heard. We have seen, and were it necessary we could record noble charities, performed in such regions, and by men of such character, where we are perfectly aware, all obligations, but those of masonry, would have been disregarded.

We have heard of enemies saved in the fury of battle; of enemies, prisoners of war, taken from prison, and domesticated in the families of their enemies. We have heard of sick and distressed strangers in foreign countries, ignorant of the language, and of a profession hostile to that of the country, being taken into opulent families of masons, and treated, and nursed with maternal tenderness. It is known to God and man, that there is misery, and selfishness, and hardness of heart enough in the world. Let us weaken the hands of no society, that bind themselves by a vow to relieve it. We pretend not to inquire, why they do not divulge their secrets? Every fraternity has its ceremonies, its privacies and retirements. It is a natural feeling, to avoid entering into the intimacies of brotherhood before the world. Friendship and the closer ties naturally avoid blazoning their duties and enjoyments before the public eye. We consider it evidence of perverted feeling in the public, to suppose these disclosures to be the secrets of masonry, and rejoice in view of their being made. Far and for ever be it from us, to vindicate any other punishment, inflicted upon the recreant, who avows and glories in the perjury through which he pretends to unveil these secrets, than the scorn, which must result from right views of the thing by the community. What confidence, in fact, can we attach to the declarations of a man, who must see, that in making them, according to his own account, he has violated the most sacred oaths, and every thing that is esteemed honorable among men?

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our patrons will remember, that we had proposed hereafter to issue this journal quarterly. Our judgment from the beginning was in favor of the present form. We yielded it in deference to a few, who had manifested a deep interest in our success. The quarterly form was cheaper, more convenient to remit, and more in accordance with our own ease. It would allow us occasional remissions of labor, and intervals for absence. Those who are much conversant with writing, know, too, paradoxical as it may seem, that it is easier to write long articles, than short ones. But from our readers in this city and vicinity, and from various quarters, both in the Atlantic country and in the West, the wish has been manifested too unequivocally to be mistaken, that we should continue our journal in its present form. We yield, as in duty, our feelings and our interest to the wishes of our readers, and shall continue to issue the journal monthly, as at present. We shall at least have the charm of brevity. When so many hundred writers 'are sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,' we hope to be allowed the merit of consideration and conscience, in administering our prescription in broken doses. If the whole 'Nine' were to make a joint stock of their wits, and throw it as a quarterly into the ocean of periodicals, in these sultry days, we much fear, that they would find it only cut open here and there by nine tenths of their readers.

We were not aware, when we commenced this undertaking, that an experiment of the same kind had been recently attempted in this place, and had failed. Had we been apprised of this, instructed as we are in the hardness of the times, and the numbers of similar works that have been commenced on all sides, we might have retreated in dismay from the attempt. But we have '*put our hand to the plow.*' No form of difficulty, toil and discouragement is new to us. Not a few of our readers, who know the whole ground, will be able to appreciate the laborious and arduous character of our enterprize, and will understand how little we spare ourselves. We expected to *pass through evil report*, if not through good. We have not been disappointed in the former. We have been far more cheered by the latter, than we had anticipated to be. We have received kind and discriminating praise; and when we look at the journals, that contained it, we can well sustain the criticisms, which we have seen in others. We have lived too long in Louisiana, to wince at the stings of insects. Our encourage-

ment, thus far has transcended our hopes, and the most sanguine calculations of the friends and patrons of the attempt. Every mail increases the list of our subscribers, and it contains already triple the number, with which we commenced. Complaints are made in the Atlantic country, of the burden of postage. This journal, with the added postage, if paid in advance, will be cheaper than any other of the kind and size, delivered free of postage.

We have pitched our tent on middle ground between the ephemeral daily and weekly journals, and the grave and solemn quarterlies. We hope we shall find advantages in this neutral position, and have the grace and wisdom to avail ourselves of them. With the one we shall be colloquial, when we choose, and with the other we shall occasionally wear the robes of office, and claim all the homage due to gravity. When we are dull, we hope our readers will have the courtesy to find us learned, and when unintelligible, to find only deep meaning. Our work, it will be remembered, will be, as it has been, partly a magazine and partly a review. But as we intend, that the latter character shall always predominate, we wish it to be known by the name of 'the Western Monthly Review.'

In claiming fraternal acquaintance with the editors of newspapers, it becomes us to offer our thanks for their civility, to those in all quarters of the country, who have proposed to exchange with us. In noticing the censures which have been passed upon our journal, it would be unjust for us, not to remember our friend, the 'Evening Chronicle' of New York, and another newspaper concern of that city, that extracted from that paper an article, reprehending our journal. The editor, it was feared, would go into spasms of contempt towards us. We affirm, that we were not very angry. We owe him obligations, and we proudly vindicate ourselves from the charge of ingratitude. If he be, as reputed, the author of certain lullaby verses, he has come over our most obstinate and distressing vigils, after nervousness and strong tea. Twenty-five drops, taken in the form of twenty-five of the aforesaid verses, just after going to bed, as we say in the West, 'did us.' The delicious, creeping horror, the full gift of Morpheus, came upon us. We were in happy dreams of spending 'leisure hours' on an ocean of the infusion of poppies. The very eyes of nature seemed to blink and be heavy, and from every point of the compass we heard a deep and sweet echo, 'lullaby, lullaby.' The public ought to have the benefit of the aforesaid prescription, as we have had.

Therefore, having obligations of gratitude, and perceiving, withal, that the writer was a minor, we sustained, as we might, the accumulating weight of his contempt, which found its climax in naming the editor 'the donkey of Cincinnati.' All palliations of gratitude, and all allowances for minority could not hinder us from seeing, that this youth had been badly brought up, and had spent too much of his time in the streets, and that various considerations concurred to

stamp this an uncourteous saying for an editor in the great and polished city of New York. But the sprightliness of the invention! and the keenness of the wit! glazed the pill, so that it might be swallowed. 'Having brought his phillipic to this witty and triumphant close, 'who, he adds, may not henceforth set up to write a quarterly?' We respond, that this writer may aspire to any thing, and his paper is altogether too brilliant a luminary to shine only after sunset. It ought to culminate from the zenith at noon-day, and look the sun in the face and eyes.

Before, however, he proceeds to deeds of higher pith, he will allow us to correct him in two points. We positively and peremtorily deny the charge, that we ever have attacked, or ever will attack, any body. We are so far of the peace society, as to limit our warfare to the attempt to repel aggression and invasion, and show our enemy the way to our frontier. He quoted, with strong marks of contempt for its vulgarity, a distich of an old English epitaph, that we had extracted into our inaugural. In quoting those lines, we did not name the authority; for we should as soon have thought of naming Gray, as the author of verses quoted from his elegy. It had been considered in England, and we in our humble place considered it, as one of the most felicitous and pithy epitaphs in our language. We give the verses entire.

'Old John Gray, below he lies.
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries.
Where he is gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.'

This erudite and deeply read editor attributes it to a young American midshipman! Other editors, not so deeply versed in authorities as this man, have done us the honor. to make us stand godfather for it. We promise our readers, that they shall not often find us offending in the way of noticing remarks, like those of the 'Evening Chronicle.' The production in question was unique in itself, and in its spirit, and we have seen it extracted in a diluted and disguised form, and without acknowledging the authority; and we have heard it croaked over our heads, by various birds of evil omen, from the jackdaw down to the turkey-buzzard.

Evening Chronicles of every grade, from the luminary of New York down to the little twinkler of our city, are stars of malign aspect for us. We take a final leave of them in our own classical Latin.

Lumina cadentia, somnos suadentia.
Eheu! Vale!

NOTICES.

We have received the first and second numbers of the 'LITERARY FOCUS,' edited by a society of the students of Oxford College in this state. The effort is a laudable one. They can not fail to profit by the exercise. The public, we hope, will cheer them on their way by its patronage. We wish them all possible success.

AN ADDRESS, by the Hon. THOMAS B. REED, of Mississippi, to the Cadets at West-Point. June 20, 1827.

AN ORATION, delivered before the Mansfield Lodge, No. 35, at Mansfield, Ohio, on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 25, 1827. By Brother HENRY B. CURTIS.

HISTORY OF LOUISIANA. By FRANCIS XAVIER MARTIN, Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. June, 1827. New Orleans.

The editor of this journal has been for a considerable time occupied in preparing for the press, a condensed GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF THE WESTERN STATES.

Terms of Publication.—The work will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, of 550 pages each.

It will be handsomely printed on good paper, bound in boards, and delivered to subscribers at SIX DOLLARS the set, making at least eleven hundred pages of letter-press printing.

It is expected the work will be put to press by the first of September ensuing, and completed with the least possible delay

Holders of subscription papers west of the mountains, are respectfully requested to return them as soon as convenient, to the author, or to N. & G. GUILFORD, booksellers, Cincinnati.

Our patrons in the Atlantic country, who hold subscription papers, are respectfully requested to return them to HILLIARD, GRAY & Co. Boston.

A TREATISE ON HORSES, including history, description, breeding, raising, training, value, diseases and cures; accompanied with correct likenesses of some of the best English and American. Compiled from the most approved authorities. By JAMES W. GAZLAY, Cincinnati.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE; with a preliminary view of the rise and progress of the French Revolution. By the AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.

THE JUVENILE ARITHMETICK AND SCHOLAR'S GUIDE; wherein theory and practice are combined and adapted to the capacities of young beginners; containing a due proportion in federal money: and the whole being illustrated by numerous questions similar to those of *Pestalozzi*. By MARTIN RUTER, A. M. *N. & G. GUILFORD, Cincinnati.*

ENGLISH GRAMMAR IN FAMILIAR LECTURES, accompanied by a *Compendium;* embracing a new systematic order of parsing, a new system of punctuation, exercises in false syntax, and a key to the exercises: designed for the use of schools and private learners. Fifth edition, enlarged and much improved. By SAMUEL KIRKHAM. *N. & G. GUILFORD, Cincinnati.*

CASES, decided in the Supreme Court of Ohio, upon the Circuit, and at a Special Session at Columbus. December, 1826. Reported in conformity with the act of Assembly. By CHARLES HAMMOND, Attorney at Law. Vol. II. part 2. *MORGAN, LODGE & FISHER, Cincinnati.*

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1827.

THE NORTHERN LAKES AND NIAGARA FALLS.

This chain commences on the northeast with lake Ontario. Its extent is 180 by 40 miles. At its eastern extremity, is a group of islands, known by the name of the 'thousand islands.' From this lake we ascend by a strait, called Niagara river, a mile in average width, very swift and deep, and thirty-six miles long to lake Erie. This is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, equally transparent with the former, but falling short of it in general depth. Its extent is 230 by 45 miles. In various central positions on this lake, the voyager is out of sight of land, as on mid ocean. It embosoms a number of considerable islands. Ascending still farther west, we find another strait, as the French word Detroit imports. It connects lake Erie with lake St. Clair, and is twenty-seven miles in length. Lake St. Clair is another clear and beautiful basin of water, thirty miles in diameter. The strait between this lake and lake Huron is thirty-two miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth, with a deep and rapid current. Lake Huron is the second on the continent in size, being 220 by 90 miles in extent. It has the usual cold, transparent and deep waters, is studded with many islands, and of a depth to be every where navigated by the largest vessels. At its western extremity, by the straits of Michilimackinac, it communicates with the singular lake, Michigan. This lake seems to be a supernumerary, a kind of episode in the great chain, not appearing necessary for the expansion or conveyance of the waters collected above in lake Superior. It is wholly in the limits of the United States, while half of the rest pertains to the dominions of Great Britain. Its extent is 300 by 50 miles. It receives forty considerable rivers, has valuable fisheries of sturgeon and white fish, and embosoms some islands towards its northern extremity.

Returning to lake Huron, we find it connected with lake Superior by a strait twenty-seven miles in length. The current of this river is shallow, rapid, and rendered difficult of navigation by huge masses of rock. Lake Superior is by far the largest collection of fresh waters on the globe, being 350 by 100 miles in extent, and reputed nearly 1500 miles in circumference. The water is transparent, and is deeper and colder, than any of the rest. The shores, especially the northern, are walled with frowning and lofty precipices of granite rock. All the lakes abound, and this more than the rest, with fine fish. They consist of different kinds of trout, all of them delicious, sturgeon, pike, pickerel, carp, bass, herrings, &c. and the best kind of all, white fish, which is found in this lake in greater perfection, than in either of the rest. It embosoms some large islands. The principal rivers, that discharge themselves into it, are the Michipicoten, St. Louis, Nipegon and Pic. Beyond this lake, and stretching still farther to the northwest, towards the frozen regions of Red river of the North, and the Arctic sea, is the long and narrow Lake of the Woods, apparently the *Ultima Thule* of our continent.

These lakes, from the circumstance, that their waters possess less specific gravity than that of the ocean, and the comparative shallowness of their beds, and it may be from other causes, when swept by the winds, raise waves, if not so extensive and mountainous, more rough and dangerous, than those of the sea. It has been repeatedly asserted, that they have septennial fluxes and refluxes. From the silence of the recent, and intelligent travellers, that have explored them, touching a fact so very striking, we should be led to doubt it. It has been affirmed, also, that they have perceptible diurnal tides. We doubt this also; for were it even true, that the same causes, which raised tides in the sea, operated perceptibly here, the surface that could be operated upon, is so small, compared with that of the ocean, any general movement of the waters would be so arrested by capes, points, islands, and headlands, that such a uniform result, as that of a diurnal tide, could hardly be calculated to take place in any sensible degree.

The waters of the lakes, in many instances collected from the same marshes, as exist at the sources of the Mississippi, filtered through oozy swamps, and numberless fields of wild rice, where the shallow and stagnant mass, among this rank and compact vegetation, becomes slimy and unpotable, as soon as they find their level in the deep beds of the lakes, lose their dark red color, and their swampy taste, and become as transparent almost as air. When the lakes sleep, the fishes can be seen sporting at immense depths below. The lower strata of the water never gain the temperature of summer. A bottle sunk a hundred feet in lake Superior, and filled at that depth, feels, when it comes up, as if filled with ice water. Imagination cannot but expatiate in traversing the lofty

precipices, the pathless morasses, and the dark and inhospitable forests of these remote and lonely oceans of fresh water, where the tempests have raged, and the surges have dashed for countless ages, unwitnessed except here and there at the distance of a hundred leagues by a few *red skins*, or more recently, Canadian *coureurs du bois*, scrambling over the precipices to fish, or paddling their periogues in agonies of terror to find shelter in the little bays from the coming storm.

Hundreds of rivers, though none of great length, discharge themselves into these inland seas. Situated as they are in a climate, generally remarkable for the dryness of its atmosphere, they must evaporate inconceivable quantities of water. It has been commonly supposed, that the Niagara, their only visible drain, does not discharge a tenth part of the waters and melted snows, which they receive. They spread such an immense surface, and have so much of the grand levelling power of the ocean, that neither they, nor their outlet, the St. Lawrence, have any thing of that flood and subsidence, that form such a distinguishing feature in the Mississippi and its waters. Hence, too, the Niagara has little of marked alluvial character in common with the Mississippi. It rolls down its prodigious volume of waters, alike uninfluenced by droughts, or rains, by the heat and evaporation of summer, or the accumulated snows and ices of winter.

Will the shores of these vast and remote waters be ever settled, except by a few wandering trappers, fishermen and savages?—Shoals of immigrants from the old world are continually landing at Quebec and Montreal. Upper Canada is becoming populous. Wave is propelled beyond wave. Much of the country on the shores of the lakes is of an inhospitable and sterile character, never to be cultivated. There are, also, along their shores and tributary waters, sheltered vallies and large extents of fertile soil, sufficient for numerous and populous settlements. It is an inexplicable part of the composition of human nature, that men love to congregate and form the most populous cities and settlements in northern and inhospitable climes, rather than in the country of the banana and the pine-apple. The astonishing advance of population and improvement, both on the American and British side of the country, has caused, that the bosoms of the remotest lakes has been whitened with the sails of commerce. The smoke of the passing steam boats is seen rising in columns among their green islands. The shores have echoed with the exploding cannon of conflicting fleets. The northern forests of Ohio have already seen the red cross of a hostile squadron giving place to the *stars and stripes*. Roads are constructing to reach their shores. Canals are excavating to connect the whole extent of this vast chain with the Atlantic and the gulf of Mexico. Is it too sanguine to predict, that within the compass of a century, their shores will count a hundred populous towns, where

senates will debate and poets sing? That every nook of them will be visited by vessels and steam boats, and connected by roads and mail routes, and that the fisheries on them will become as much an object of national importance, as are now those of Newfoundland?

It is out of our plan to describe the rivers, that empty into these lakes. But it will be expected, that we shall notice the St. Lawrence, the next largest river in North America to the Mississippi, and the counterpoise and rival of that mighty stream. Commencing his course for another ocean, and moving off in an opposite direction, he seems proudly determined to resemble his mighty rival in nothing, but in bearing off the tribute of waters from a world. The former is continually swelling, or subsiding, and in his spring floods, moving with a front many leagues in width, he has no resemblance to his autumnal course in a deep channel, and winding by beaches and sandbars. His alluvial forests are wide and dark, with a vegetation of surpassing grandeur. His sides are marly and crumbling, and his bottom is oozy and of slime. His turbid waters, when united with those of the sea, discolor it for fifty miles from his mouth.

The other is perpetually the same, steady, full, clear, and his current always sweeping. His bed is worn in strata of stone. His banks rise at once to the primitive soil. Bluffs of rock impend his course. Forests, in their season beautifully verdant, but bearing the more healthy, stinted and sterile character of the north, the larch, the pine and the white birch, bend over his waters, and before he meets the sea, vision can scarcely reach the opposite shore.

At the point, where this river issues from lake Erie, it assumes the name of Niagara. It is something more than three quarters of a mile in width, and the broad and powerful current embosoms two islands; one of them, Grand Isle, the seat of Mr. Noah's famous Jewish colony, containing, it is said, eleven thousand acres,—and the other, Navy island, opposite to the British village of Chippeway. Below this island the river again becomes an unbroken sheet, a mile in width. For a half a mile below, the river seems to be waxing in wrath and power. Were this rapid in any other place, itself would be noted, as one of the sublimest features of river scenery. Along this rapid, the broad and irresistible mass of rolling waters is not entirely whitened, for it is too deep to become so. But it has something of that curling and angry aspect, which the sea exhibits, when swept by the first bursts of a tempest. The momentum may be conceived, when we are instructed, that in half a mile the river has a descent of fifty feet. A column of water, a mile broad, twenty-five feet deep, and propelled onward by the weight of the surplus waters of the whole prodigious basin of the lakes, rolling down this rapid declivity, at length pours over the cataract, as if falling to the central depths of the earth. Instead

of sublimity, the first feeling, excited by this stupendous cataract, is amazement. The mind, accustomed only to ordinary phenomena and common exhibitions of power, feels a revulsion and recoil from the new train of thought and feeling, forced in an instant upon it. There is hardly sufficient coolness for distinct impressions; much less for calculations. We witness the white and terrific sheets—for an island, on the very verge of the cataract, divides the fall—descending more than 170 feet into the abyss below. We feel the earth trembling under our feet. The deafening roar fills our ears. The spray, painted with rainbows, envelopes us. We imagine the fathomless caverns, which such an impetus, continued for ages, has worn. Nature arrays herself before us, in this spectacle, as an angry and irresistible power, that has broken away from the beneficent control of Providence. When we have gazed upon the spectacle, and heard the roar, until the mind has recovered from its amazement, we believe, the first obvious thought in most minds is a shrinking comparison of the littleness and helplessness of man, and the insignificance of his pigmy efforts, when measuring strength with nature. Take it all in all, it is one of the most sublime and astonishing spectacles, seen on our globe. The eye distinctly measures the amount of the mass, and we can hardly avoid thinking with the peasant, that the waters of the upper world must shortly be drained down the cataract. But the stream continues to pour down, and this concentered and impressive symbol of the power of Omnipotence proclaims his majesty through the forests from age to age.

An earthquake, the eruption of a volcanic mountain, the conflagration of a city, are all spectacles, in which terror is the first and predominant emotion. The most impressive exertion of human power is only seen in the murderous and sickening horrors of a conflict between two mighty armies. These, too, are transient and contingent exhibitions of sublimity. But after we have stood an hour at the foot of these falls, after the eye has been accustomed to look at them without blenching, after the ear has become familiarized with the deafening and incessant roar, when the mind begins to calculate the grandeur of the scale of operations upon which nature acts, then it is, that the entire and unmingled feeling of sublime rushes upon it, and this is, probably, the place on the whole globe, where it is felt in its most unmixed simplicity.

It may be, that the beautiful and romantic country between Erie and Ontario receives a richer coloring from the imagination, excited so strongly to action by dwelling on the contiguity of the great lakes, and the deep thunder of the falls, heard in the distance. Remembrances of the bloody field of Bridgewater will be naturally awakened by this view. Be the cause what it may, every one approaches the falls, finding the scenery and accompaniments just what they should be. Every one finds this to be the

very place, where the waters of the upper world should pour upon the lower. We have figured to ourselves the bloody struggle at Bridgewater by the uncertain intervals of moonlight, and the feelings, with which the combatants must have listened to the deafening and eternal roar of the cataract, which became audible whenever the crash of the cannon was for a moment suspended. Must it not have sounded as the voice of nature, mocking in her own sublime irony, the feeble and the mad wrath of man, in attempting these murderous and momentary imitations of her thunder and her power!

MR. EDITOR:

If you think the following thoughts upon PREJUDICE worthy of insertion in your journal, they are at your disposal.

Every good has its counterbalancing evil. The contemplation of the delightful freedom of our institutions is a pleasant one. But the extreme license, the coarse abuse, the gross misrepresentations, the frequent and unprovoked assaults of private character, the wanton dragging of names from the sacred privacy of retirement before the public eye, these are great counterbalancing evils of freedom, for which there can be no effectual corrective, but the slow and distant one, to be found in enlightening public sentiment. Whenever general feeling shall be guided by gentlemanly tact, and correct conceptions of what is right, and respectable, and dignified, and of good report, any attempts of those who assume to sway that feeling, to overstep the limits of decorum, unsustained by it, and taught their miscalculations, would be at once repressed by a general and palpably indignant expression of the public award in the case. The rebuked party would be instantly awed back to propriety and duty. Unhappily, all the individual minds, of which the public mind is composed, are so liable to be swayed by prejudice and passion, and there is so much temper and party feeling mixed up with all the expressions of the public will among us, that it is long, before we may promise ourselves, that they, who are most efficient in guiding public sentiment, will find their landmarks, and stand immediately corrected, when they go beyond them.

There is no spectacle in the universe more delightfully impressive, than that of a great and enlightened people, moved by correct conception of their duties and rights, guided by the calm and inflexible dictates of justice and truth, and wielding their immense union of all kinds of power by benevolence and wisdom, to bring about those grand results, which are only attainable by such a power. But the same power, when it becomes brute in its blindness and wrath, and swayed by prejudice and party fury,

is one of the most formidable and terrific conceptions, which the mind can contemplate. Gorgons, Hydras and Centaurs are gentle and harmless monsters, compared with it. No matter how virtuous, or innocent, or persuasive, or beneficent the character, that is the object of its exterminating purpose. Be it Socrates, or Cato, or Peter, or Paul, or John Rodgers, or Jesus himself; there are neither eyes, nor ears, nor heart, nor compunction, nor feeling, nor flesh, nor blood. The general and inexorable cry, crucify, crucify! consummates the fate of the victim.

Thousands of the most intelligent, virtuous and excellent men in the community, formed in milder mood, have shrunk from the effort to place themselves before the eye of their country, as candidates for her favor, from being aware, how much prejudice, and envy, and calumny, they would have to encounter, in doing so; how many sacrifices of self respect they must make; how many unworthy compliances and subterfuges must be adopted, in order to court, soothe, and gain the favor of this gigantic power. Unhappily, the very men, upon whom these motives act with most force of determent, are the men best qualified to serve her; and on the other hand, they who are most dexterous at playing the character of Proteus, and to adopt any opinions, or any conduct, to get on the blind side of the public, are the most incapable and unworthy to serve her.

We are so constituted, that there will always be something formidable to us in the general expression of the public sentiment and will. I never witness a great and combined movement of the people, and a strong expression of their will, but with something of the same feeling, with which I contemplate the terrific movements of the great phenomena of nature. Every one, when bending before a strong and clear expression of the sentiment and will of a great congregated multitude of his fellows, is obliged to say, 'the voice of the people is the voice of God.' Even when condemned by that living voice, and perfectly conscious, that the sentence is utterly unmerited and unjust, it carries a force and a power with it, that impresses, if it does not convince, a mind the most conscious of its own rectitude, that itself, rather than so many thousands, had mistaken the right verdict. We question, if any man ever took a full desertion of popular favor, or a banishment, or condemnation by the people, entirely sustained under it by a good conscience.

Were we attempting to persuade the tide to retire, or reasoning with the surges in a tempest, or deprecating the devouring fury of the sea, or the explosions of a volcano, or the sweeping destruction of a conflagration, we might at least console ourselves, that these were blind and irrational powers, unconscious of the horrors, they were inflicting; and that another voice would be as unavailing to mitigate their fury, as our own. But when we place

ourselves before a congregated mass of the people, when blinded by prejudice and preconceived and settled opinion, with a view to sway it from its purpose, it is with the bitter reflection, that each individual of the mass, when alone and by himself, has reason and feeling, and is to a certain degree open to conviction. It is only, when he has become a part of that mass, that we find all avenues to his heart closed against conviction, and that persuasion, and reason, and truth, might as well be thrown to the winds, as attempted upon him.

I shall never forget, although it was many years ago, when I made my first acquaintance with this aspect of human nature. I had to address a meeting of the people on a point, in which I was personally concerned. I was young, sanguine, and inexperienced. I was aware, that the feeling of the people was to decide the point against me. But I was sure, that I had abundance of words. I flattered myself, that I had unanswerable reasons. I knew that the point was a clear one, and susceptible of all demonstration, but purely mathematical. I was sure, that my arguments would be irresistible. I feasted in imagination upon my approaching triumph in anticipation. I read that splendid passage in Virgil, where Neptune rebukes the winds, that had been let forth by Eolus; and where the result, in the immediate subsidence of the waves, is compared to that of a grave and venerable personage, repressing the fury of the people in a mob, and persuading them to reason and moderation. I placed myself before the people. Alas! I saw, and felt, that my case was settled in advance. I spoke. Indignant feeling was not long suppressed. As I advanced towards my demonstration, groans, hisses, and threats, interrupted the progress. Even those friends, who had declared themselves convinced by my representations in private, caught the common feeling, and I discovered at once, that I had no more to expect from them, than the rest. The business before me was rather revelation, than conviction. I saw at once, that I might as well have reasoned with an earthquake, or attempted to divert a thunderbolt from its direction. Yet that very people, afterwards assembled under different circumstances and impressions, declared the point as unanimously and unequivocally in my favor, as I could have desired.

When I saw this, I said to myself, I have lost one point, but I have gained another. I have seen through the vista, that leads to the temple of fame. I understand the labor of climbing up the vestibule. The architecture is fine, and the place is conspicuous; but it costs more labor and sacrifice, than it is worth, to scramble up the steps. I am not willing to endure the purgatory, in order to get at the elysium. I may as well call the grapes sour, as not; but I will no longer aspire after honors, that are only to be purchased by so much pain.

The whole of our wide country is marked off into little concentric circles, in the centre of which is the great man of the circle, exclusively a political personage; for, judging from the presses, the circles of conversation, and all that we see and hear, in the city or country, at home or abroad, by land or by sea, we discover, that there is known and recognized in our country, but one kind of consequence. The poet scrapes the strings of his lyre, at his own proper cost and charges, and for his own amusement. We talk about wisdom, and worth, and private excellence of character, and matters of that sort; but every one understands, that if the seven sages were to return to earth and our country, to become of any account in it, they must at once become politicians, and aspirants for a popular office. We discover, however, as some tax to this single chance for notoriety, that in proportion as the idol of one circle is devoutly worshipped in its narrow limits, he is execrated in an adjoining one. Every great man, who weighs down the scale of public opinion in his sphere, causes some one in the opposite scale to kick the beam. No man is canonized with us, without displacing from his niche, and thrusting to the shades the personage, who had occupied it before him.

It is, probably, a full view of this inevitable order of things, which, in one form or other, has attached to the condition of man in all time, and in every part of the globe,—that has so often made retirement, the shades, an agricultural life, and the repose of the country, the aspiration of poets, and the ultimate aim of the rich and the great. Of those, who have acted conspicuous parts, there have been, perhaps, but a very few, who were not so constituted, as to have hoped and desired, after a certain amount of wealth and distinction, to hide themselves in the shades, and spend their last days among their fields, and under the covert of their own trees. There is no doubt in my mind, so far as one condition in life can be supposed preferable to another, that this is the consummation, of all others, most devoutly to be wished. But, unhappily, the evils of human condition are but too sure to follow us even to the shades. The pernicious appetite for distinction and fame, like the morbid thirst of the wine-bibber, follows the subject even to his retirement. We continue to need the stimulus of the passions of society. Cure all these morbid cravings, and in most instances, there ensues such a collapse, as physicians phrase it, such an internal sickening and faintness for want of the accustomed external excitement, that the person becomes weary of his own tranquillity, or lethargic from want of flappers. Hence it is, that so few men, who have been accustomed to fill a large space in public estimation, have been happy in retirement; and hence, that great men, who have in a poetic whim resigned their state, have been for the most part, eager to resume it. Providence seems to have formed us for the great struggle of life, by creating within us such an ap-

petite for the distinctions of it. Hence, too, the wisdom of understanding the necessary evils and privations of that great struggle, and of forearming ourselves to meet it with magnanimity and moderation.

The most abundant source of the evils, to which I have alluded, is prejudice. The world is full of it. Look even among the calm and thinking men, that you know, and how many of them can you count, that have not their strong and palpable prejudices!—How many, that have not adopted blind, and yet unchangeable opinions of men, manners, literature and religion, without being able to give any better reason for them, than that such are their opinions? How many of your intimate acquaintances can you count, in reference to whom you are not obliged to favor some known weak point of their character in this respect? How often are you compelled in their presence to withhold, from decorum, the expression of your own opinions, lest they should create an angry collision with theirs? If this is more or less the case in regard to thinking and philosophic minds, what may be expected from the million?

In most instances, opinions in morals are settled in the court of self-interest and convenience, instead of that of conscience; in literature by vanity, pride and preconceived opinion; in politics by the people, with whom we associate, or some of those ten thousand slight and imperceptible weights, thrown into the scale along with pride and self-interest. When once formed, for the most part how unchangeably are they formed! I know not how such a thing, as change of opinion, ever happens in reference to any thing, but character. For my part, when I know a man's opinions on any subject, I would almost as soon expect faith to remove mountains, as to change them. I shall save my breath and my reasons for a more practicable purpose, than to attempt to convince him. Writers have laid it down as a maxim, that in a state of nature, imbuing an article with the sweat of the person constitutes it his possession. A mass of opinions, imbued with his pride, becomes his unalienable mental possession. Wo be to the man, who attempts to deprive him of this property of his brain. He who does it, stands at once exposed to all the vindictiveness allowable to defence in a state of nature.

Look at the history of religious bigotry and prejudice. See the followers of the ten thousand forms of belief, that prevail in our world, and mark the point, in which these creeds most resemble. Is it not in denouncing and condemning to destruction all, who do not subscribe to the dogmas of each? In almost every case, we see the staunch disciples of each of the creeds so persuaded of the justice of the Divinity in doing this, that it is very clear, what they would do, if they had the power to settle the grand points of salvation, or destruction transferred to themselves.

Every man, in looking round upon the society, of which he is a member, can see so much of this spirit, as to be obliged to put in requisition no small share of philanthropy and the milk of human kindness, to retain an unabated respect for human nature. In order to be charitable to others, let us consult our own experience. How often, upon the slightest grounds, and with no shadow of reason, have we formed estimates of men, which after acquaintance, has compelled us to reverse? How often have we had occasion to blush for views of character, against which some 'trifle, light as air,' has been a convincing proof? How many thousand bitter enemies only need acquaintance, and a little fairness of mind, to become friends?

There is another prevalent evil of this sort, that might, probably, be traced to a curious compound of vanity and prejudice, the disposition to laud and extol our own friends and favorites, without discrimination, and without measure,—and with equal want of discrimination to depreciate, or question the talents and virtues of those, who happen not to be our selected favorites. The experience of every one can supply him with a thousand examples. I have changed my circle in a city ten times in a day, and as often heard men of my acquaintance extolled to the clouds, or degraded to the depths. Yet every one knows, that there are very few angels, or demons, seen in visible forms, in our world. We very soon discover, if we will, that there are few men, who walk safely between fire and water, that are outright fools; and that there are no immaculate intellectual spirits below the skies. Almost the whole mass is made up of every day males and females, in whom wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, are mixed up in greater or less proportions. Even the enthusiastic young lover, whose imagination arrays a paradise fairer than Eden, and peoples it with a fair immaculate, a thing of essence of roses, and hues of the rainbow, finds on becoming an actual tenant of his Eden, that there are bitter waters, deadly nightshade and thorns and thistles in this garden; and that the very Eve herself is not always lovely, but liable to external freckles from the sun, which May-dew, indeed, may wash away,—and worse, to certain internal difficulties, inhering as closely to the frailest and fairest being in the creation, as though she were of heart of oak.

Man's business in life, then, is to prepare himself to find men prejudiced, bigoted and inflexible in their opinions, and to make the best he can of them, as such. Instead of indulging the sanguine and foolish hope to expect to conquer these prejudices, instead of preparing for himself the bitter disappointment of calculating to proselyte the world, it is much wiser in him, to bestow his first discipline in learning 'to luff and bear away,' and to accommodate himself, as he may, to prejudices, which he can no more expect to cure, than the head-ache, or shortness of sight. A wise man soon

learns, that it is as well, not to sift too closely the motives even of the best; and that the worst are far from being completely bad. He learns, that the whole web, as the bard said, is of mingled yarn; that wisdom and folly, good and evil, are blended in the composition of the wisest and the best; and that if the warp is wisdom, obstinacy and pride of opinion are the woof, even in philosophers. Good and evil are as thoroughly mixed, in all that appertains to this life, as the acid and sweet in lemonade. We must strive to render it a pleasant beverage by agreeable associations. When we can not do this, it is useless to complain of human nature. It is better to shut the eyes, and harden the heart, and swallow manfully the medicine, which is mixed up for us. If, instead of the visionary and sanguine expectations of youth, that we can convince and proselyte others to our opinions, we were from the first to form right estimates of human nature, and what is feasible and practicable to accomplish upon it, the world would soon be happier, if not wiser, than it now is. The great mistake seems to be, that we are inclined to spend upon others those powers of persuasion, control and guardianship, that we ought to exercise upon ourselves. We observe this grand mistake continually making upon all sides, and are incessantly reminded of the anecdote, which it is said Whitefield used to relate, when he wished to restore a smile to countenances, that he had just caused to be bedewed with tears. 'The farmer's son,' said he, 'returned from meeting, and remarked, "our minister has said to day, that if every one was instrumental in convincing one of the truth, the whole world would be converted. It is (he added) a great thing, and it ought to be done; and I will begin with my sister."'

SKETCHES OF INDIAN MANNERS.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

There are but few tribes west of the Mississippi, among whom the passing American sojourner, if he have any respectability of reputation and appearance, does not receive the offer of the daughter, or, perhaps, the wife of his host, as a temporary companion. Almost every American trader, resident among them, has an Indian wife, and but too often one or more wives in the region, which he left. In the first volume of Long's first expedition, an instance of this sort is recorded. The deep and devoted constancy of affection on the part of the young Indian wife, the circumstance of the trader's marrying an American wife, and the consequent necessity

of parting from his Indian spouse, his claiming the child which had been the fruit of their union, and the thrilling proofs of the struggle, that ensued between wounded love and maternal affection, afford the materials for a fine, as they appear to yield for a faithful and natural picture of the operation of unsophisticated passions. The whole story is finely characteristic of the manners on both parts, and reflects as much honor upon the Indian wife and mother, as it does shame and contempt on the base and cold blooded perfidy of the American husband.

In all the Indian tribes, they have contrived to emulate the most *polished* and *civilized* people, in the extent of prostitution practised among them; and the degraded beings, who practise these detestable vices, hold the same estimation. But, taking into view the position of their females, so often alone in the solitude of the desert, the smallness of the numbers of their societies, and the diminished influence of public opinion, that results from it, and that they have no other laws, than vague opinion, and no religion, that operates any moral restraint,—the state of morals, in regard to the intercourse between the sexes, is far better, than could be reasonably expected. It is matter of admiration, that the vices of licentiousness do not prevail among them to a much greater extent, than among the whites. We have been astonished at witnessing so much decorum and restraint among them. We feel constrained, too, to place this decorum of intercourse among themselves, and that surprising delicacy, with which they deport themselves towards white females that fall into their power, to a more honorable source, than the destitution of passions. They have always appeared to us to be precisely on a footing with untrained people of our own race, in regard to passions; and to differ only in a more chastened, and vigorous, and effectual restraint of them.

There are different standards of morals among them, as among the white nations. With some tribes adultery is a venial offence, and in others it is punished with mutilation, death, or an infliction, too horrible to name. The instance of a young squaw, who is a mother before marriage, is a very uncommon occurrence; nor have we any faith in the vulgar opinion of their adroitness in procuring abortion.

The modes of completing the marriage obligation are as various, as among the different white nations. If there be any prevalent custom among the tribes, it is, that the parents manage the matter, and the young warrior, without any trouble of courtship, finds the squaw, elected by his parents as his bride, sitting in the morning in his quarters, with whatever she is expected to bring, as dowry, removed with her. It sometimes, but not often happens, that he enters his dissent, and she returns with her baggage to her mother. It is an universal custom, to marry as many wives as the warrior or hunter pleases. This is an affair accurately prescribed

by custom. If a young hunter has been for a length of time very successful in hunting, like a rich Turk, he is authorized by opinion to take as many wives, as he has proved himself able to maintain. Jealousy, in this case and in all others, shows itself in the same forms, which it would naturally assume among our own people. In Long's first expedition, we have an amusing account of the manner in which a wife deports herself, when her husband happens to manifest a greater fondness for a rival wife. Sometimes the favorite, to avoid her tongue, teeth and nails, flies with her husband to the campaign, or hunt. At others, in dread of her life, she returns to her parents. When the two wives quarrel, whatever be the taciturnity of the husband, there is no want of words between the wives. The husband, squat on his hams, with his pipe in his mouth, his head half covered, and his eyes apparently half closed, affects to be dozing, while they rate each other. If the contest of words proceeds to blows, as is often the case, he arises with the stern air of a judge, and parts them with a manner, that sufficiently indicates which is the favorite. The wives, thenceforward, find the lodge too narrow for both to inhabit together. The husband spends his time, perhaps, in equal portions between them. But if he happen to spend more of his time with the one, than the other, when he returns to the neglected wife, she manifests her feelings in reference to the case by kicking his dog, throwing his food on the ground, and letting him with great frankness and plainness of speech, into her thoughts of him and his favorite. The more the history of our species is studied, the more clearly it is found, that the human heart is every where the same.

It is beyond all question, that some of the tribes occasionally practise cannibalism even now, and that before our hemisphere was visited by the whites, it was a custom very generally, if not universally, prevalent among them. The influence of the horror, with which this practice is regarded by the whites, has imperceptibly made its way among them; and little as they are disposed to confess, that they are swayed by our opinions, the earnestness with which they deny the existence of such a custom in their tribes at present, and with which they attempt to vindicate their ancestors from the charge, is an incontestable admission of the influence, which our opinions exercise over them.

It would extend these remarks farther than our purpose, to give extensive and general details of Indian manners and modes of life. An important era with the youth of all the tribes, is that, when they pass from the age of minority to the duties and estimation of warriors and hunters. This era is celebrated with great solemnity. It is well known, that hunting is the serious business, and war the grand distraction and amusement of their lives. The manner in which they conduct these pursuits, is sufficiently well known. Their modes of constructing their habitations vary, ac-

cording as they dwell in a country of forests, or prairies, in a northern or southern climate. Although in the very few instances, in which they have become cultivators in good earnest, they may have constructed good houses, the far greater portion aspire to nothing beyond the frailest and rudest cabin. Yet in the construction of these, there are the same differences, as are seen in the cabins of the backwoods' men. While most are extremely rude, here and there one is found, framed with persevering reference to comfort and utility. The same differences are visible in the internal arrangement and keeping of the cabin. In most instances the interior is filthy, smoky and uncomfortable, beyond the endurance of any, but a savage. We have been in others, where the neatly matted floor, or the earth covered with the fresh verdure of the palmetto, and the neatness of all the accompaniments, gave the scene such an air of comfort, as created a train of pleasant associations with the place.

Like all ignorant people, unable to trace the connexion between results and causes, they are, beyond all other people, superstitious. It may be laid down, as an universal trait of Indian character, to be so. The warrior, who has braved death a thousand times, and in every form in the fury of battle, carries with him to the combat a little charmed bag of filthy and disgusting ingredients, in which he places no little reliance, as security against the balls and arrows, that are fired upon him. They are much addicted to faith in dreams. One of the dreamers—the day before alert, confident, intrepid—awakes the next morning, subdued and timid. He paints one side of his face black. He subjects himself to the most rigorous abstinence and fasting. Nothing can induce him to any indulgence, or even to taste food, until the interdict has passed away. He has dreamed an unfavorable dream. Such an astonishing hold have these dreams upon their mind, that it is a common case, that a warrior assumes the dress, the duties, the drudgery, and what is infinitely harder and more humiliating to an Indian, the future estimation and standing of a squaw, in consequence of one of these dreams.

This strong tendency to superstition in an Indian mind furnishes a powerful inducement to ingenious and bold impostors among them, to assume the character of jugglers, quacks, medicine-men and prophets. Our country had a terrible proof of the efficacy of this assumption, in the case of the Shawnee prophet, and inferior men of the same character, during the late war. A chief among the savages of the Missouri exercised, through the influence of fear, a long and oppressive influence over Indians, by whom he was abhorred. He had a medicine-bag of terrible efficacy, and his enemies fell on his right hand and on his left. It was a received opinion in his tribe, that his wish had a withering and fatal influence, on whomsoever it was directed. Death finally rid

his tribe of the monster, and his grand medicine was found to be arsenic, which he had purchased of the traders.

Every thing among them, of great efficacy and power, that is inexplicable, is a 'medicine,' and 'medicine-men' have the next degree of consideration to chiefs and noted warriors. We have conversed with Indians, who were clearly atheists, and treated as fabulous, all notions of the immortality of the soul, and defended their opinions with as much ingenuity and acuteness, as low and abandoned white people, who profess to hold the same opinions. But in some shape or form, almost all savages admit the being of God, and the immortality of the soul. The 'Great Spirit' is termed, in many of their languages, 'WAHCONDA,' or Master of Life. Storm and thunder are manifestations of his wrath, and success in war and hunting, of his favor. Some of the tribes, as the Osages, have forms of prayer, in the use of which they are regular and earnest, particularly, when starting on expeditions of hunting or war. Their prophets occasionally give out, that they have had visible communications with this Spirit, who has made himself sensibly manifest to them in the form of some bird or beast. They immediately paint their faces black, and observe great mystery on the occasion. Thence they derive their claims to prophecy, and to be treated with the deference due to medicine-men.

Their notions of the condition of departed spirits are such, as we might expect from their character and condition. In some distant region of a southern temperature, they place the home of the worthy departed in the country of the 'brave and free' spirits, who pass to that land of game and good cheer over a bridge, scarcely wider than a hair, suspended over a deep gulf. They, who have hearts that are firm, feet that do not tremble, and unblenching countenances, that is to say, who have been good warriors in life, pass steadily and safely over the bridge; while the timid and trembling fall into the gulf below. They will sometimes talk of these matters with great earnestness and apparent conviction; but, we believe, of all people that have been known on the earth, their thoughts, hopes and fears dwell the least on any thing beyond this life. It appears inexplicable to them, that any part of their moral conduct here can have any bearing upon their condition hereafter. Of course, adult savages have too often been found hopeless subjects, upon whom to inculcate the pure and sublime truths of our gospel. The days of the Brainerds and Elliots are either gone by, or the southern and western savages are more hopeless subjects, than those of the north. They have certainly been found utterly destitute of the plastic docility of the Mexican and Peruvian Indians. Charlevoix gave, as a characteristic trait of the Canadian and western savages of his day, one, that has been found equally applicable to those of the present time. They listen with apparent docility and attention to our expositions of our religion, our

faith and hopes, and assent to all; admitting, that this may all be true in relation to people of our race. But it is a deeply rooted impression, that they also have their creating and tutelar 'Great Spirit.' They relate in turn their own fables, their own dim and visionary notions of a God and hereafter, and exact the same docility and complaisance to their creed, which they yielded to ours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We shall give occasional sketches of the Natural History of the Mississippi valley. We commence with that of WILD RICE and the REED CANE.

WILD RICE. *Zizania aquatica, vel fatuis avena.* By the French, *fals avoines.* By the Indians, *menomene.* It is found in the greatest abundance on the marshy margins of the northern lakes, and in the plashy swamps on the upper courses of the Mississippi. It covers a vast extent of country in those regions. It is there, that the millions of migrating water-fowls fatten, before they take their autumnal migration to the south. It is there, too, that the northern savages, and the Canadian traders and hunters find their annual supplies of grain. But for this resource, they could hardly exist. It is a tall, tubular, reedy, and annual water plant, not unlike the bastard cane of the southern countries. It very accurately resembles the cane grass of the vast swamps and savannahs on the gulf of Mexico. It springs up from all depths of water, from seven feet to one, where the bottom is soft and muddy. It rises from five to eight feet above the water. Its leaves and spikes, though much larger, in other respects resemble those of oats, from which the French have given it its name. When it is intended to be preserved from the ravages of birds, that it may ripen for grain, the spikes are so bound together, that the water fowls cannot pull them down. At the time for gathering it, canoes are rowed among it. A blanket is spread upon the canoes, and the grain is beaten on to the blankets. It is, perhaps, of all the *cerealia*, except maize, the most prolific. Amidst all our eager, useful and multiplied agricultural researches and experiments, it is astonishing, that so far from any attention having been bestowed upon this interesting and valuable grain, its very existence is scarcely known, except in the country where it grows. The savages, Canadian hunters, the *coureurs du bois*, and a few people, accustomed to traverse the north western regions, are well acquainted with its appearance and its utility, as a supply of grain to whole regions. It surely ought

to be ascertained, if the drowned lands of the Atlantic country, and the immense marshes and stagnant lakes of the south, will grow it. It is an erroneous impression, that its existence is confined to the northern regions of this valley. It certainly grows in perfection in the lakes about Natchitoches, south of 32° and might, probably, be cultivated in all parts of the valley, and of the Atlantic country, where there are ponds and marshes, adapted to growing it. Though a hardy plant, it is subject to some of the accidents, that cause failure of the other grains. The grain has a long, slender hull, much resembling that of oats, except that it is longer and darker. In detaching this hull, the Indians use a process of drying, that, probably, in most instances, destroys its germinating principle. Those who have found this grain unpleasant, have, probably, eaten it when smoked, or badly prepared. Perhaps, too, there is the same difference in quality, as in other grain. That which we have eaten, was as white, as common rice. Puddings prepared from it, tasted to us, like those of sago.

Cane. *Arundo gigantea, vel myegia macrosperma.* Some assert that the low, and what is called bastard cane, and the tall reed cane, are of the same species, and that the former differs from the latter only in want of luxuriance, size and height. Others, and it is the prevalent opinion, assert, that they are varieties. Every one has seen the larger reed cane, in the form in which it is used for angling rods. It grows on the lower courses of the Mississippi, Arkansas, Red river, and their waters, from fifteen to thirty feet in height. We have seen some in these fertile bottoms, that would almost vie in size with the bamboo. The leaves are abundant, of a beautiful green, long, dagger shaped, and not unlike those of Egyptian millet, but narrower. It is marked off in equidistant joints, tubular, perfectly straight, and grows so thick, as to be almost a compact mass. To us it is the richest looking vegetation, especially in winter, through which it retains a perfect verdure, that we have ever seen. The smallest sparrow would find it difficult to fly among it; and to see its ten thousand stems, rising apparently contiguous to each other, and to look at the impervious roof of verdure, which it forms on its top, it has the aspect of being a solid layer of verdure. A man could not make three miles in a day, through a solid and unbroken cane brake. It is the chosen lair of bears and panthers, which break it down, and make their way into it, as a shelter from the elements and man. Thousands of the more delicate birds take refuge in these verdant asylums from the storms of winter. Its presence indicates a rich and dry soil above inundation. The ground is never in better preparation for maize, than immediately after this prodigious mass of vegetation is first cut down, and burned. When the cane has been cut, and is so dried, as that it will burn, it is an amusement of high holiday for the negroes to

fire a cane brake so prepared. The rarefied air in the hollow compartments of the canes bursts them with a report, not much inferior to that of a musket, and when the field is extensively fired, a noise ensues, like that of a conflicting army, in which innumerable muskets are continually firing.

There are different estimates of the duration of this beautiful vegetable, but it is generally supposed to have a life of five years; at the end of which period, if it has grown undisturbed, it produces a most abundant crop of seeds in heads very like those of broom-corn. The seeds are farinaceous; appear and taste like wheat kernels, and are said to be not much inferior to that grain for bread, for which purpose the Indians, and in some cases the first settlers, have substituted it. No vegetation so impressively shows the exuberant prodigality of nature, as a thick cane brake. No other affords so rich and perennial a range for cattle, sheep and horses. The butter, that is made from the cane pastures of this region, is of the finest quality and flavor. The seed easily vegetates in any rich soil. It rises from the ground like the rankest asparagus, with a large and succulent stem. It grows six feet high, before the body loses this succulency and tenderness, in hardening into wood. No vegetable or grass in the world, probably furnishes so rich and abundant a fodder of so rapid a growth. The quantity of seed, that could be obtained from an extensive cane brake in seed, would exceed any possible amount, that would be required in agriculture. It could not, indeed, arrive at seeding maturity in the northern latitudes. But the interchanges of all things of use in our country are so rapid and certain at present, that the seed could be obtained, cheaply, and with ease, annually from the south. When we have seen the stems of this rich fodder, rising almost in a compact mat to the height of four feet in a few weeks, after the old cane had been burned away, when we have calculated, what an amount of it might be raised on a single acre, it has a thousand times occurred to us, to wish, that the cultivation might be tried, as a fodder, at the north. In our view, it were well worthy an experiment, to sow it annually in regions of a latitude too northern, for it to survive the winter. Kentucky was once, as is well known, almost a solid cane brake. There can be no doubt, that it would grow as rapidly in New York, or Massachusetts, in the intervals between the frosts, as it does in Louisiana.

POETICAL.

THE FEAST OF BOOTHS.

'Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, as it is written.'

Nehemiah, chap. viii. verse 15.

Judea's captives had return'd in joy
From the far plains of Babylon; had pass'd
Euphrates' sweeping flood; escap'd their foes
Of nameless tribes, that dwelt for war, or chase,
On plains, or snowy mountains, on their way.
Oppress'd, in danger, hunger, sorrow, toil,
Full many hoary heads, and babes, and sick,
Way-worn, had fall'n upon the pagan hills.
The weary remnant, often in despair,
Renounc'd the hope to see again the land,
Where they first tasted life. Long months elaps'd,
Or ere they saw from far the verdant heights
Of Zion. 'Twas the hour of morning prayer.
The orient mists dispersed at early dawn,
And the green hills stood forth in light; above
Their summits, proud in ruins, tower'd
The temple's spires, all glittering in the sun.
Lamentings loud, and cries of grief and joy,
Burst at the view. The fair-haired young,
Around their parents crowding, wip'd away
Their tears, asking with eager questionings,
Which were the places of the well remember'd names,
That in their ears, from infancy, had rung,
As 'household words.' They, who have strayed from home,
Beyond the seas in slavery, toil and want,
Their hearts still yearning for the father-land,
Who have returned in age to find the graves
Of their forefathers, and to choose their own,
May image what these hoary parents felt,

As, naming objects rising from the mists,
Some near at hand—some fading in the blue.
A thousand tender thoughts of grief and joy
Rushed forth from memory's cells. The day
Of woe returned; when quenched in dust and blood,
The sacred city of Jehovah's name
Had fallen; when son, and sire, and babe, were slain;
A host of trembling innocents, old men,
And maidens, by the insulting foe, like herds,
Led down to Babylon; their daughters fair
By tyrants spar'd for toil, and tears, and lust;
Their sons bow'd down with burdens in the streets;
The shorn and shrinking Levite, dragg'd to taste
The idol hecatomb, or die; the day,
When by the streams of Babylon their tears
Of bondage mingled with the wave, at call
By scoffing foes for Zion's sabbath-songs.
Such thoughts, as tempest-driven clouds return
After the rain, sail'd o'er their minds at view
Of fields around all waste; the shepherd's cot
In ruins; brambles, thorns, unsightly weeds,
In rank luxuriance half concealing bones;
The quenched brands and mouldering remains
Of what had been their country; and the walls
Of Zion broken down at intervals;
The hallow'd temple of the Living God
Profan'd with frequent skeletons; its gates
All barr'd with broken columns fallen; the veil,
Which screen'd the Name Ineffable, all torn;
The galleries of anthems crushed, and strew'd
With fragments of their organs scatter'd round.
While from the walls, far in the waste, were seen,
Like covert tigers, crouching for their prey,
The watching pagan foe. But 'twas the place,
By distance, time and sorrow doubly dear
To memory by nameless ties; the place,
Where slept their ancestors; their ancient home;
The land of worship, festival and song,
Where God had often bar'd his outstretch'd arm,
Or shone in glory o'er the cherubim.

All, that can melt, or nerve the heart, conspir'd
To urge the task, to build these wastes anew.
In strains prophetic, too, the man of God,
Who safely led them from the distant land
Of bondage, comforted, sustain'd and cheer'd
Them to the toil. Some burdens bare in haste;
Some, reeking, roll'd the stones to build the wall;
And some in panoply were clad, and steel,
For scoffing foes prepar'd, that cower'd without.
The task was painful, long, exhausting, full
Of toil and danger mingled; and full oft
The foe's blaspheming shouts were heard abroad,
And prophets croaking ruin to the work within.
But the work prosper'd. Israel's God had will'd
The walls to rise; His temple's hallowed courts
Again to echo with the song of praise.
The task at length was clos'd. The priest had stood
Beside the smoking altar, and a few
Maidens and Levites gray had pour'd once more
Alternate anthems to the Lord of Hosts.
The skulking foe had fled th' adjoining waste,
The husbandman went singing to his fields.
The year had circled round; the hills were green
With summer's glory. The glad festival
Of booths was come. In sacred vestments clad,
The law's dread scroll borne in his hands,
Forth came the pontiff-seer; and, as he came,
Loud acclamations, like the rushing sound
Of many waters, greeted him. He said,
'The Lord in mercy turns again this day
'The state of our captivity, and here
'Tis written, pluck the olive branch; rejoice;
'And dwell in booths. Send portions to the poor;
'And let no sorrow mar the hallow'd feast.'
He said. The temple organ peal'd within:
And joyous shouts of praise, with one acclaim,
Rose to the sky; and as the shouting ceas'd,
This vocal chorus fill'd the solemn pause:
'Go forth to the mount. Bring the olive branch home.'
Forthwith they scatter'd on the hills with songs;

Matrons, and conscious maids, and by their side
Their lovers, fondly asking leave to climb
The smooth and branchless shafts of towering palms,
To the green cones, which crown'd their summits' height.
By pride and love impell'd, the agile youths
In rival daring sprang aloft, while shrieks
Of fear and love, and looks intense arose
From the fair ones below. The trees around
Soon rear'd their naked stems. Adown the streets
Were bowers, and Israel's remnant dwelt in booths.
Within were dewy fragrance, songs and joy.
The damsels' heads were crown'd with flowers. E'en babes
Reach'd forth their little hands to pluck the leaves;
And when the still, cool hour of evening came,
Before the bowers a line of brilliant fires,
With fragrant cedar kindled, blaz'd, and hymns
Of praise to God in one loud anthem rose.

O magnify our father's God,
Who signs and wonders wrought in power,
In Egypt and the fields of Zoan.
He led his people through the depths,
And whelm'd their foes beneath the wave.
Their course he guided from a cloud
O'er trackless sands by day; by night
His fiery pillar mark'd their path.
When on the drear and burning waste'
They thirsted, gushing streams from forth
The smitten rock flow'd copiously.
And when they hunger'd, murmuring,
And tempted God for lust, then quails,
Borne on the southern breeze, were seen,
All fearless, lighting in the camp;
And manna, angels' food, distill'd
From heaven. While, thankless, they devour'd
The dainty meat, his wrath smote down
The stoutest of their warrior-sons.
But still, as tears of penitence
Form'd in their eyes, his hand was stay'd.
In their sojourn of forty years,

As through the wilderness they marched,
Their vestments failed not; their feet
Unharmed trode the flinty path.
He clear'd their course through Jordan, while
The refluent stream rose, as a wall.
He swept the heathens from their path,
And with red lightnings scorch'd their rear.
The sun stood still in Ajalon,
To light their vengeance on their foe.
This land of hills and springs, with milk
And honey flowing, measured out
By lot, he gave, their heritage.
But ah! the thoughtless, thankless race,
Hard hearted and stiff necked, soon
Forgat in ease their father's God.
But never cries of penitence
Unheeded met his gracious ear.
We wandered after other gods,
And lusted for the bloody rites
Of idols, midst the hills and groves.
Our land was deeply smitten, we,
In bitter bondage far away,
Have cried from the depths to heaven.
Return'd, we sing his truth and power,
And praise the high and holy name
Of Him, whose mercies aye endure.

REVIEW.

'AMERICA.' *By the Author of 'Europe,' &c.*

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The sixth chapter commences with a sketch of the history of the European colonies in America. There are but three considerable powers, that hold colonies at present in our continent—Great Britain, Spain and Russia. Of the colony of the latter collossal power, impending the north western limits of our vast territory, the author says nothing. It can neither be flattering to the national pride of Great Britain, nor tend to foster and strengthen her amicable relations with us, which, we must be sufficiently aware, are only the result of necessity, to have a learned diplomatist and statesman thus publicly predict, that her colonies over the globe will soon throw off her authority, as we did. It seems to us, too, altogether premature, to discuss the question, whether in this case the Canadas will set up for themselves, or become a part of our confederacy?

We are in accordance with him in thinking, that Cuba must soon shake off the feeble and nominal ties, that still bind her to Spain. We pretend to none of the scruples of the author in regard to the question, to what power in such case Cuba ought to belong. If Florida was necessary to the *arrondisement* and safety of our territory, this extensive and fertile island is a thousand times more so. Stretching round in front of our entire south western shore, it holds the keys of the whole valley of the Mississippi. It has long been a den of pirates, or the cowardly coadjutor of pirates, sharing in their plunder, and shrinking from their dangers. It would be horrible to call over the scroll of names of brave sailors, or inoffensive passengers from our shores, whose bodies have fed the fishes of the gulf, in consequence of the connivance of the authorities of Cuba with the pirates. At least this island ought not, in any case, to be suffered to belong to any other power, if not to us. Colonial, or independent, its authorities ought to be called to a severe reckoning, for what they have already done.

From Cuba the transition is natural to Hayti, which sustains a questionable relation, equally disgraceful to both parties, to France. This island suggests to him a new train of thought. He says, 'the example of this island has been, upon the whole, of a nature to encourage the expectations of the friends of humanity,

in regard to the capacity of the black race for self-government, and the arts and habits of civilized life.' It would be an invidious, but a very easy task, to show the utter fallacy of any general conclusions, in regard to the intellectual capacities of the blacks, drawn from these premises, which have been so often and so triumphantly brought forward in this case. If wisdom were either bliss, or goodness, we would still more earnestly, than now, desire, that all the blacks were intelligent, and capable of self-government.—We can not doubt, that there are intelligent blacks. Paul Cuffee was certainly such. Providence sometimes raises up a gifted mind among the natives of Nova Zembla, or New Holland. Those who are experimentally acquainted with the black race, know, that with precisely the same rearing, there is a great difference in common between the capacity of blacks and mulattoes. There are, it appears, enough intelligent men, probably, for the most part, of the latter class, in that island, to manage its concerns wisely. It is some proof of the wisdom of the mass of the people, that they stand back, and let those of their number, that are competent, come forward in bold relief, as representatives of the rest. By the author's reasoning, in case of a successful insurrection in South Carolina, Georgia, or Louisiana, the negroes there might be proved intelligent. We have no doubt, that yellow overseers would be found among them, capable of handling the dagger and the rifle, and of drafting impressive and able bulletins.

The whole of the long dissertation, that follows, may be good evidence of the author's philanthropy, and kind feelings; but we confess our opinion, that if all the remainder of this chapter had been struck out of the book, the loss would have occasioned no diminution of respect for his reasoning powers. He sets out with the position, 'that the blacks have not only a fair claim to be considered, as naturally equal to men of any other color, but are even not without some plausible pretensions to a claim of superiority!' This is in truth to cap the climax of zeal, and to go beyond the famous knight of La Mancha, in setting forth the pretentions of his favorites. Barbarous Greece and Rome, he continues to inform us, were enlightened 'from the midst of this very woolly-haired, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, coal-black race,' which some men have stationed intermediate between men and monkies. To prove all this, we have a great deal of ancient classical learning brought forward. All the master spirits of old time, we learn, by an enumeration of their great names, not excepting even Moses, imbibed their learning from the Egyptian fountains; and Herodotus tells us, 'that Egypt was peopled in his time by a black race with woolly hair.' Not to mention, that Herodotus is a historian much more in repute for his antiquity and fine writing, than for his discrimination and credibility, suppose the same Herodotus, or Pythagoras, according to his doctrine of transmigration, should return to our earth, visit

Louisiana, and leave it on record, that he found the country inhabited by a majority of black, thick-lipped and woolly-haired people. Would it be good reason for a future historian to infer, that Mr. Hull's and Mr. Holley's pupils derived their instruction from negroes? Homer is adduced, too, in proof, that it is a moot point, whether the famous black prince Memnon, that served at the siege of Troy was a Babylonian, or an Ethiopian; in other words, a Negro; for with the author, the latter term seems to be a synonyme with the former. From another passage in Homer it is quoted, 'that Jupiter set out with the other gods, to feast with the excellent Ethiopians.' This gentleman, so thoroughly versed in classical learning, does not need to be told, that Mr. Bryant, the greatest mythologist and classical scholar of his age, has undertaken to prove, that no such city as Troy ever existed. Homer, quoted simply as a poet, is high and paramount authority. But who would have thought of quoting him in testimony, that negroes in his day were more intelligent than white people? Herodotus is even called up a second time, to prove, that the Ethiopians lived longer lives, and were more intelligent and respectable than any other people, in the estimation of his age.

We should not have paused so long on this chapter, in which the author displays such extensive reading, and so much misapplied learning, were it not our deliberate conviction, that the great cause of humanity, in relation to the blacks, will be in no wise more advanced, by raising our estimation of them too high, than it would in sinking it too low. No cause, in these days, will ever prosper long, except by being based on the naked fact of things, as they exist. The blacks, meaning by that term the negroes, are an amiable people. They have an ardent temperament, and strong, quick and transient affections. They have keen, but not durable sensibilities. They are so constituted, as to be, probably, physically happier, than the whites, and they are equally candidates for the higher enjoyments of immortality. All this they can be, without being naturally as intelligent. There are some millions of white people in the United States, who could not write such a book as 'America,' and perhaps very few, who could do it. What then? Does this diminish their happiness or respectability? They have their homes, their circles, their domestic sympathies, their resorts, where they claim and receive all the consideration and respect, which is necessary to their happiness. It is idle to undertake to prove, that all races and all men are alike by nature, and that the immense differences, which we see, are the result of training, discipline and education. It is preposterous to tell us, that all men, by education, may become equal in intellectual improvement. If there are great differences in individuals, by a parity of reason we might infer, that there would be in races. We suspect, the author is as fully aware of the truth of the first of these propositions, as any

other man. An intelligent school master has not been in a new school two days, before he has mentally selected the heavy from the intelligent among his pupils; the malleable from the unmalleable. Who, that walks the streets of a city, and looks upon the children beside the doors, does not instantly remark some dull countenances, and some sparkling ones, some with heavy eyes, and some with those, with which he instantly falls in love; some heads, we are not phrenologists! moulded for intelligence, and some bullet-heads, that a school master would not be willing to receive the owners as pupils? These are nature's differences, that no one can alter. Who will believe, that the Germans, or the Spanish, are like the French, or the Bostonians like the stupid, chunky Esquimaux? Who will believe, that a given number of Congo children would be likely to advance the fame of the Polytechnique school of Paris, or ours of West Point? And yet the author considers the man both foolish and arrogant, who will not admit all these points. The perfect, natural, intellectual equality of the races, may be a good enough subject, upon which to vapour rhetorical flourish. But apart from this, who does not know, that there are radical, essential, physical and intellectual differences between whole races? Nor does it more impeach the impartiality of providence that it is so, than that there should be differences between individuals. He, who denies the fact, runs in the face of the common sense of mankind. We pretend not to say, that these differences may not have originally resulted from climate, condition and modes of life. But we affirm that they exist, and that if they have resulted from these causes, they have been the stubborn growth of generations, and that it will, in all probability, require as many generations to wear them out, as it did to create them.

The grand fallacy of the author's argument through this chapter, and it is a most palpable one, is the confounding black people, whether Asiatics, Africans, or, as he calls them, Ethiopians, with negroes. We have seen two or three of the interesting descendants of that colony, from the Grecian islands, that was settled at Biloxi bay, in the gulf of Mexico. They were Egyptians by birth, and quite as black as negroes. But their countenances, forms, and the structure of their heads, were as easily distinguishable from the negroes beside them, as the city belle from the negress that attends her. We very much question, whether the Egyptians, from whom Plato, and Pythagoras, and Moses, and the gymnosophists, derived their wisdom, 'had curly hair, thick lips and negro heads,' in other words were negroes. The Arabians are black, or dark, with the finest heads, eyes and expression in the world. The Hindoos are dark, and some of them black, with countenances perfectly Italian. The triumphal ode of the Sheik of Bornou is a very pretty ode for an African prince, and, if *his* ode, must of course have been written, or at least composed, by himself! Boo Khaloom was, no doubt, a

fine fellow; but it is no part of their merit, that they both had, in all probability, great numbers of negro slaves, perfectly on a footing with those of our southern states. These odes make just as much in favor of the intellect of the negroes there, as a handsome fourth of July ode would, written in Georgia or Louisiana, for our negroes.

The author triumphantly proves, by all this learning and research, what nobody was ever so stupid as to deny, that people with dark and even black skins have been found as intelligent, as those with white. Africa and Asia are continents, in which there are far greater diversities of form and countenance, than in the other quarters of the globe. It is rather an unfortunate classification, to give them all the general term of negroes. That such was his intention, we infer, from his predicating his argument, from the commencement, upon the black population of Hayti, which was descended neither from the Arabians, nor the Egyptians, nor the Asiatics, but from the negroes of the slave coast of Guinea. No people could be more unmixed in their origin. They are an unfortunate, much injured, amiable, simple, laughing, dancing, good natured, oppressed people, over all the globe. They have always been this unique and enslaved people, from the time of Herodotus to the present day. We have no doubt that they prepared the baths, and perfumed the beards, and blacked the sandals of Plato and Pythagoras, and made a cringing bow of thanks for the lean donative, which these literati were able to afford them. No question, that they handed the wine cup to the Sheik of Bornou and the bard of Boo Khaloom, which inspired their happy odes and dilthyrambies. It is their very simplicity, and want of firm and intellectual character, their infantine and volatile natures, that has made them slaves in all time, and over all the globe.

Is this a reason for continuing to hold them in ignorance and vassalage? So far from it, that it ought to call out our best sympathies in favor of a simple, amiable and oppressed people, and nerve our earnest exertions to offer them the enlightened aid of humanity. But we conceive, this can only be effectually rendered by a full survey of the premises, and an accurate knowledge of their character and condition. The mental physician must fully understand the case of his patient, to apply an adequate remedy. Change their condition. Give them instruction, as fast as they can receive it. Place them in positions to inspire self respect, and reverse the operations of condition and time, and let as short an era as possible, restore them the plunder of ages.

This seems to have been one of the grand objects of the colonization society, to which we are as decidedly friendly, as the author seems to be opposed. We shall not, however, vex the question of the merits of this society anew, in this place. We have already heard enough upon the subject in this city. We shall

simply remark, that we can never hope to raise the moral and intellectual condition of the blacks, until we can inspire them with self respect. This we can never do, while we continue to regard them as an inferior and degraded race. Philosopher, as the author shows himself to be, he can hardly imagine a period so remote in the future, when he would not recoil from the idea, that any of his posterity would contract domestic affinities with them, as much as he would from such a relation at present. As long as there is, in the hearts of the whites, a deep and uneradicable feeling of superiority over this race, so long it is impossible, that they can ever acquire among us, that self respect, which is indispensable to raise them from their present degraded moral and intellectual condition. If the colonization society be founded on wise and practicable principles, its present inefficiency to carry off the surplus population of the free blacks, is no reason why it should be decried and abandoned; but is very good reason, why it should be strengthened to the point, that it may attain the necessary efficiency. We care not, whether they return to the land of their forefathers, to pluck bananas and pine apples, under the shade of palm trees; or whether they turn their sable faces towards the setting sun, and fix at the bases of the rocky mountains. They must be by themselves, and have an undisputed numerical superiority. Then, when a fine looking white man shall happen to sojourn among them, they will feel, as well as say, what the African negroes said of Park, what a handsome man he would be, if he were only black!

We shall have space only to glance at the remaining chapters of the book; and we shall the less regret the necessity of being thus brief, because they turn upon points of political discussion, with which most of the readers of newspapers are familiar. In the seventh chapter we are informed, that the continent of Europe, supposed to be represented by the 'Holy Alliance,' is in a state either of actual or virtual hostility with the continent of America. He gives us a long, and yet sufficiently amusing extract from the '*Quotidienne*,' the ministerial and ultra royal paper of Paris, in which we have a most curious compend of the thoughts, feelings and reasonings of the 'legitimates,' in reference to the part which the United States and Great Britain have taken in the recognition of the Spanish American republics. The author proceeds to intimate a knowledge of propositions, made by the continental powers to lord Castlereagh, to join them in the attempt to subdue Spanish America for them, with a conditional obligation, afterwards to aid his government to reconquer the United States. It was a project too bold, too much in the face of public opinion in Great Britian, and was not even entertained by that 'legitimate' minister. Mr. Canning would be still less inclined to such a project, and there is no danger, that any subsequent ministry will ever be found so mad, as to think of aiding such views. He advances to a more full devel-

opement of the position, laid down at the commencement of the book, that England and America are united by the indissoluble ties of mutual interest. Excluded from the counsels and the markets of the continent, Britain must henceforward look to the rapidly advancing population of the new world, especially to the Spanish republics in it, for a new theatre of influence and display, and a new mart for her immense manufactures.

By a very handsome passing glance at the Greek cause, the author arrives, towards the close of this chapter, at the consideration of neutral maratime rights. If we understand him, the proposition, that follows, is his own invention, and the fruit of his own proper thoughts. It is in brief, that belligerents should sanction the same rights in regard to private property on the high seas, that they do upon land, viz. that it should be sacred from capture under any pretext, either by privateers or national ships. By an allowable and amiable complacency, we hear from him, that he has it from the highest authority, that his views of this subject had been taken into deliberation by President Monroe, and urged upon the British government. Some difficulties were started, it appears, in the way of carrying it into complete effect. We have no doubt, when the 'peace society' shall have persuaded all the powers of the earth, to turn their swords and spears into plow shares and pruning hooks, that Great Britain, in case of a maratime war with us, will also cause every one of her thousand ships and pickaroons sacredly to respect all our private property found on the ocean.

The eighth chapter is a very interesting and important one. It appears to us to be fraught with sound and interesting political information. We wish it were accessible to every one of our readers. It is impossible for us to do it any justice in the abridgement. It treats upon the international relations of the two Americas. It places the rise, progress and termination of the deliberations of our government, touching the recognition of the Spanish American republics, in a very clear and striking point of view. The recognition was long and wisely deliberated, and gloriously, nobly and proudly settled by congress and president Monroe. The United States, 'taking counsel from their duties, rather than their fears,' then proclaimed to the satraps of the continent of Europe, with their three million legitimate bayonets, that America, from Nova Zembla to Cape Horn, was 'the home of the free,' and would allow no more colonies, and no more foreign interference in her governments. The author, then in Europe, had a fine chance to remark the writhings of hatred, aversion and horror, poorly disguised under the affectation of contempt, with which this act was regarded by the continental powers. It was, indeed, a bold and a strong measure, but it effectually settled the business, and forever barred this half of the globe from the officious interference of the little nooke of Europe in its destinies.

The author avows himself decidedly the friend of the Panama mission, and asserts, that to prove it wrong to have been represented in the congress there, is to prove the recognition of the independence of the Spanish American republics wrong; the declaration of president Monroe wrong; and all our subsequent negociations upon the subject wrong.

The next chapter touches eloquently upon the fiftieth anniversary, and the 'affecting coincidence,' which will render that day an era in the annals of freedom, to the remotest period of time. Affectionate and well sketched notices of the two departed sages and legislators are given, and as he closes that of the former, he very happily remarks, 'that such a departure should hardly be called death, but rather a joyful termination of life. *Hoc est nimirum magis feliciter de vita migrare quam mori.*'

The chapter closes with the recommendation to purchase the estate of Mount Vernon, as national property, for the use of the people. In a moment of pleasant reverie, no doubt, he has sketched a very handsome poetico-political garden, to be formed out of these grounds. In view of this political Eden, he would have the passing ships, as they mount or descend the Patomac, strike their sails, as the mariners of Athens used to do, when they entered the Piræus. He undertakes the formidable business of comparison and selection, from which most other writers would have shrunk, and designates, by name, the statues that ought to be placed in these grounds, and the points which they ought to occupy. Here he would have public shows and games, for several days, in short a kind of Olympic games, and that the 22d of February celebrated here, should be a kind of counterpart to the fourth of July. All this business seems to have been splendidly painted on the retina of his mind's eye.

The book closes with considering the future prospects of America, and its influence on the fortunes of the world. After some desultory remarks, he comes to the important consideration of our unprecedented increase of population. He hardly needed to combat the idea of Mr. Malthus, 'that increase of population is a national misfortune.' Discussions of the theory of population we conceive to be rather curious than useful. Give the people freedom, good laws, and good land, and they will best settle the theory of population in fact, while theorists are dreaming over it in their closets. Our government and our country, according to the author, combine all the elements of increase in numbers, in power and in future grandeur, and we must become, at no distant period, a more populous, powerful and wealthy community, than any the world has yet seen. If the progress of our prosperity is not arrested, he supposes, that our country will contain, at the end of the present century, 80 millions, and by the middle of the next 300 millions of inhabitants. The physical sciences will be improved

to a degree at present inconceivable. Inventions in labor-saving machinery, in the application of steam, in medicine, in ærostation, in morals, and in every thing relating to the well being of man, will advance in a ratio still greater than that of the population. The importance of the improvements, that are made every year, proves that the field of further capability is by no means travelled over. He inquires, what effects these improvements and this progress of knowledge will have upon religion, and whether it is probable, that some one of the existing sects, or some new one combined from them, may not become universal? We much fear that, upon this point, the world will dispute on to the end of the chapter. It does not admit of a question, in our mind, that the world will, on the whole, become happier as it becomes wiser.

'The favorable operation of such a state of things upon character and morals, hardly need to be described. Man, under these circumstances, ceases to be a mechanical tool or a beast of burden, and takes his proper rank in the world as a moral and rational being. His faculties are exercised, his heart is enlarged, and his spirit gladdened and refreshed. The good principle of his nature is developed, and the evil are kept in check. He is in short, according to the measure of his capacity as an imperfect creature, virtuous and happy. I am no believer, as I have declared above, in earthly Utopias or in the entire extirpation of misery and vice. I know, we all know by fatal experience, the frailty of our constitution; and there seems to be no more reason to hope that we shall ever be absolutely good and perfectly happy in this world, than there is to fear that we shall ever be completely vicious and miserable. But I see no ground for assuming the present state of civilization in Europe or America, as the *ne plus ultra* of our possible attainments, rather than that of China or New Holland. We find the different branches of the human family, according to the circumstances in which they are placed, exhibiting the most various and opposite characters; and if the situation of the United States be as much more favorable than that of most other communities of ancient and modern times, as I have been led to believe and represent it, I can imagine no cause why they may not attain a height of civilization, or in other words, a degree of wealth, knowledge, virtue, and happiness, as much above that of the present population of Europe and America, as the latter is above that of the degenerate tribes of Africa, or the Kanzas and Omawhaws of our own continent.'

What effect this order of things will have upon the ornamental and fine arts, is matter of conjecture. He thinks, however, that their advance will be co-ordinate with the general improvement. Monarchy has been supposed to be the proper garden of the fine arts, and republics have been considered unfavorable to their growth. The author thinks otherwise, and that the rapturous and sympathetic applauses of a whole intelligent people, will be a higher incentive to talent, than any munificence of a monarch, or a Mecenas. Most of his readers will rise from his splendid anticipations, regretting that at the end of 50 years few of them will be there to see!

In dismissing the subject, the author disclaims Utopian dreams, although he seems to think he may be charged with having entertained them.

'If I have represented the government as occupying a lofty station among the leading powers of the world, it has been with a view of impressing upon the minds of our rulers and of the nation, the deep responsibility under which they act, in consequence of the immense influence, which is necessarily attached to their position, and which they must exercise even in refusing to exercise it. If I have presented a flattering image of our present situation and future prospects, it has been for the purpose of showing more distinctly the inestimable worth of the political institutions which have made us what we are. Should one or both of these great objects be in any way effected, I shall think myself, I will not say rewarded for the trouble of writing this work, which has been to me a pleasure, *labor ipse voluptas*, but fully satisfied with its success.'

In such a very condensed view of a volume of 364 pages, we are aware, that we have wholly passed by a great many important ideas. Our aim has been to seize the leading ones. We have read the book with interest, and we hope with instruction, and although we have had, as freemen, the temerity to differ from the author in some points, we entertain a great respect for him, and consider this an eloquent and instructive book. There is, too, an air of amenity, of gentleness and good feeling, running through the work, very unlike the general tenor of such writings, and worthy of all praise. Should there be thorough-going politicians differing *toto cœlo* from him in his opinions, his calm and philosophic manner must at least disarm harsh criticism.

The Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee, up to the first settlements therein by the white people, in the year 1768. By John Haywood. Nashville: George Wilson.

The Civil and Political History of the State of Tennessee, from its earliest settlement up to the year 1796; *including the boundaries of the State.* By John Haywood. Knoxville: Heiskill & Brown.

History ought to constitute the immortality of states and nations. Every generous feeling of our hearts, all that part of our natures, which delights to travel back towards the eternity of the past, or to travel in anticipation towards the eternity of the future, inclines us to take a deep interest in the recorded history of our country. It unites all the elements of excitement. Biography, deeds of daring, forgetfulness of self, or rather a more generous and refined selfishness, splendid virtues, or crimes, the interest

with which imagination and national pride, identified with our own personal pride, invest the founders of our states, concur to charm the page of history for the reader. We remember, too, that when we, and all that appertains to the present age, shall have passed, like the 'fabric of a vision,' and shall belong to the men and things beyond the flood, history will continue to join the deeds of the next generation to those of the present. The only immortality that can belong to earth, is that of history. It is not only natural, but it is right, that of all the kinds of writing, that of history should be deemed most grave and important, and that the qualified and genuine historian should take place of all other writers. No wonder, that the enthusiastic Greeks, at the Olympic games, shed tears of excitement, as they heard the eloquent page of their great historian read to them. No wonder, that the small compass of classic history of the gone by times, that remains to us, should be held of priceless value. Nor is it matter of surprise, that a proud, enthusiastic and imaginative people, should have supposed the undiscovered fountains of their rivers to begin in heaven, and the founders of their states to be beings of an intermediate character between the gods and mortals.

Our country is beginning to have a heart and a right feeling upon this subject. An age had passed away, and we still continued to think little of the founders of our empire. The records of their characters of intrinsic greatness, their simple grandeur of wisdom and heroism, were either consigned to the dust of the shelves, and the tooth of time, or remained only recorded on the frail tablet of memory, a record which was every day blotting out by death. The historian was at last aroused to his task, by the call of public feeling. Our great ancestors began to have the curtain drawn from before their portraits, and to be seen in the proper point of light. The founders of Plymouth, and Massachusetts, and New Haven, and New Amsterdam, and Philadelphia, and Jamestown, and Charlestown, and Savannah, and New Orleans, as soon as their characters were fully examined, were found to be no ordinary men, but possessed of such a character, as was indispensable to give success to enterprises, which were of such dangerous and doubtful aspect as theirs; enterprises, which had no land marks, no precedents, by which they might guide their calculations.

For a long time it seemed to be admitted at home, as it was confidently asserted, and believed abroad, that the founders of the Atlantic States were ignorant and low adventurers, bigoted enthusiasts, and narrow minded men, wholly behind the information and spirit of their own times. How differently are their characters estimated, now that they are better understood! Who has ever contemplated the statue of William Penn, holding out the noble and well remembered scroll, containing sentiments so much in advance of his age? Who has ever contrasted the simple and naked gran-

deur of this man, with the heroes and demi gods of old time, and not felt all the proud balance in our favor?

The pioneers, as it is the present fashion to call them, of our settlements in the woods, have been still less understood, than the patriarchs of the Atlantic Colonies. No one has even thought of instituting a comparison between them. Backwoods men and demi-savage hunters, as they have been estimated abroad to have been, have hardly been thought fit subjects for any other theme than ridicule. Even the western people themselves have, for the most part, been rather indifferent about acknowledging, that they have had fathers before them. Men with fine houses and extensive fields, and fashionably clad in foreign cloth, cared little, while sitting down to Champaigne in the sumptuous steam-boat, to evoke the herculean and sinewy shades of their fathers, clothed in skins, sweeping down the glade to avenge, with a solitary rifle, the murder of a wife, or child; cared little to remember, that these men paddled down the same stream in a canoe from a hollow tree, provisioned only with venison and corn. While canvassing for high and lucrative offices, they were willing to forget the simpler age, when their ancestor, as a judge, received his salary in a given weight of beaver skins. But it is now felt in the west, as elsewhere, that greatness is not a name, nor an illusion, nor the idle trappings and investments of an office. It is well understood, that a mighty heart can swell, and a great mind exist, under a hunting shirt of skins, and that generous, brave and free spirits, have lived in log houses, upon venison and corn, and have passed on the streams in no better conveyance than a log canoe.

The biography and history of the Atlantic settlements has assumed a regular and classic form and character. The useless and uninteresting matter of the first annalists has been gradually sifted out of the subsequent editions of their writings. Arrangement, form and substance, and consequently interest, have been given to the works compiled from the materials collected by a former generation. We of the west have scarcely entered upon the first stage of collecting annals. The living depositories of the deeds and darings of their cotemporary generation, are fast descending to the tomb, and in many instances, the only authentic materials of our annals have perished with these chroniclers. Of the history of Louisiana, there is a considerable mass of documents, in the form of memoirs and sketches, in which the spirit and genius of the French people is so fertile. They are generally written with great naiveté and simplicity, but are for the most part invested with a drapery of romance, by their imaginative writers. Stoddard has presented us with a body of extracts, compiled from them, not well arranged, not interesting in manner, often disfigured by the credulity of the author, but evincing great industry, and containing much important fact and matter. Judge Martin, of Louisiana, with far

better opportunities, more learning, leisure and research, has just issued from the press a professed history of his own state, compiled from these documents, and his own knowledge of the recent events of the country, which will shortly reach us, and which, we doubt not, will be found a standard work of the kind.

Beside these, we know of no other professed histories of portions of the western country, that have a fair claim to assume the character of history, but the volumes before us and Marshall's history of Kentucky, which we intend to notice in a subsequent number. In fact the history of Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio, comprises all the important events that have transpired in the western country. Of Ohio, by far the most populous and powerful of all the western states, no professed history has yet been given.

The history of Tennessee derives interest from its being the record of the first considerable settlement in the west, after that of Louisiana. It derives interest, too, from the intrinsic greatness, strength and importance of the state, the fertility of its soil, the beauty of its landscape, and the delightful temperature of its climate. Judge Haywood has given us the history of this state, in two considerable octavos. The first is occupied with its civil and political history, and the second with its natural and aboriginal history. Of the author, who, we believe, deceased not long since, we wish to speak with tenderness and respect; for we have it on all hands, that he was worthy and respectable, a profound lawyer, an excellent judge, and a man of good feelings and example. Indeed a thousand amusing instances of his acuteness, as a lawyer, and keen discrimination in certain intricate cases, scarcely behind the famous judgment of the wise king, make a part of the common anecdote among the gentlemen of his profession, in his own state. But we are compelled to say, that the works before us give abundant evidence, if evidence were wanting, that a man may be an acute lawyer, and a profound judge, and at the same time a very incompetent historian. Our pursuits have urged us to wade through these ponderous volumes, *verbatim et literatim*, which, we suspect, very few other people can say with truth and a good conscience.

The first volume, or the civil history, embodies a great mass of important facts, and in this point of view, is extremely valuable. The writer must have been a man of indefatigable industry and research, and he seems to have tasked them to the utmost to collect materials. But it is '*moles rudis et indigesta*,' beyond any thing of the kind we have ever seen before. It has neither arrangement, method, nor discrimination. Sometimes the order of events seems to advance; and then he returns upon his steps, and we find it retrograde, and the course of history inverted. Trivial and unimportant details are mixed with matters of the utmost pith and moment. Upon some points he is tedious and prolix, utterly beyond

being readable, and in other points, where our curiosity has been stirred, he is brief, deficient, and obscure. His narratives of Indian wars and murders, are related without classification, and repeated one by one, with a tediousness of detail, that insures fatigue, and precludes all chance of interest. We have distinct and co-ordinate histories of the progress of East and West Tennessee, and under the account of the latter, we are more than once served up anew with the horrid accounts of massacre and blood, that we had read in the history of the former. Still we often perceive indications of sense, talents, learning and excellent feeling on the part of the author, that only create regret that they should be so misapplied, as in this effort. Sometimes there are passages of interest and spirit, such, for example, as his narrative of the battle of 'King's mountain,' pp. 68, 9, 70, 1. Such is a passage pp. 458, 9, which we will take leave to transcribe, as a favorable specimen of the style, and as being among the most interesting narratives in the book.

'On the 27th of January, a party of Indians killed George Mason, on Flat creek, about twelve miles from Knoxville. In the night he heard a noise at his stable, and stepping out, his return to the door was instantly cut off by Indians. He sought safety by flight, and was fired upon and wounded. Nevertheless he reached a cave, a quarter of a mile from his house, out of which they dragged and killed him, and then returned to the house in which were his wife and children. As they returned, Mrs. Mason heard them talking to each other, and at first supposed they were neighbors coming to see what was the cause of the firing they had heard, but understanding both the English and German languages, and observing that they spake in neither of these, she instantly perceived that they were the Indians returning to the house. She had that very morning inquired and learned how the double trigger of a rifle was set. The children were luckily all of them asleep, and she had taken care not to awaken them. She shut the door, and barred it with benches and tables, and took down the rifle of her husband, which was well charged. She placed herself directly opposite to the opening which would be made by pushing the door from its connexion with the wall, and the receiver of the bolt of the lock which was fastened to it. Upon her own fortitude, now solely rested the defence of her own life and the lives of her five little children. She stood in profound silence. The Indians came to the door, and shoved against it, and gradually forced it wide enough open to attempt an entrance. The body of one of them was thrusting itself into the opening and prizing the door still further from the wall; another stood behind him pushing him forward, and another again behind him pushing the middle one forward. She set the trigger of the rifle; put the muzzle near to the body of the foremost, and in a direction for the ball after passing through the body of the formost to penetrate those behind. The rifle fired, the foremost fell, the next one to him screamed. They were both dangerously wounded. She uttered not a word. It occurred to the Indians that armed men were in the house; and not knowing what their number might be, they withdrew without any further attempt on it. They took three horses out of the stable, and set it on fire. Their trail was searched for and found. Their number was at least twenty-five.'

But amidst all these defects of style, arrangement and manner, there is a charm in the intrinsic interest of the matter, which imperceptibly leads us to follow the first adventurous men, who crossed the mountains, and explored the fertile vallies, which now constitute this great and flourishing state. We see their hovels arise among the deadened trees. We sympathise with them in their long and murderous struggles with the Indians. We see rising in gradual succession, the comfortable frame or brick house, the extensive corn field, and the thrifty fruit orchard. We see the stern and heroic hunters, setting forth to the battle of 'King's mountain,' or to retaliate upon their own heads the bloody cruelties of the savages. We enter, with earnest sympathy, into the efforts of the colony now become populous, to establish an independent state, and the subsequent rise, struggle and fall of the gallant little republic of Frankland. We are amused with a very striking sample of the simplicity of manners of that time, as exemplified in the first assessment of taxes in kind, by the legislature of Frankland. We give it in the following quotation:

'*Be it enacted*, That it shall and may be lawful for the aforesaid land tax, and all free polls, to be paid in the following manner: Good flax linen, ten hundred, at three shillings and six pence per yard; nine hundred, at three shillings; eight hundred, two shillings and nine pence; seven hundred, two shillings and six pence; six hundred, two shillings: tow linen, one shilling and nine pence; linsey, three shillings, and woolen and cotton linsey, three shillings and six pence per yard; good, clean beaver skin, six shillings; cased otter skins, six shillings; uncased ditto, five shillings; rackoon and fox skins, one shilling and three pence; woolen cloth, at ten shillings per yard; bacon, well cured, six pence per pound: good clean tallow, six pence per pound; good clean bees-wax, one shilling per pound; good distilled rye whiskey, at two shillings and six pence per gallon; good peach or apple brandy, at three shillings per gallon; good country made sugar, at one shilling per pound; deer skins, the pattern, six shillings; good neat and well managed tobacco, fit to be prized, that may pass inspection, the hundred, fifteen shillings, and so on in proportion for a greater or less quantity.'

After the adoption of the federal constitution, when Tennessee had already become populous and powerful, we discover her feeling her full share of excitement, touching the famous Spanish 'occlusion' of New Orleans, and the lower Mississippi, against the trade of the west. She had, also, her probation of being tempted by agents of Great Britain, France and Spain, who visited the country to tamper with the loyalty of the citizens. As early as 1790, we discover that public feeling, in this state, was already deemed worth conciliating by Spain, by the attempt to bribe, if she might, those men, whom she supposed capable of influencing it, by liberal donations of doubloons.

It is interesting to trace the progress of Knoxville, Nashville, and the other considerable towns in this state. It passes before us

like a dream, to realize, that it is but a few years since the present beautiful and opulent town of Nashville, employing in its trade and transport twenty steam boats, was a wilderness, and that massacres by the Indians, occurred in its present suburbs, as late as 1794.

In one respect, the history before us transcends any, with which we are acquainted, and that is in the number of the names of personages brought before the public in it. We should think the muster-roll exceeded a hundred. Tennessee was first explored in 1769, by a party consisting of over twenty men. Different companies of hunters or explorers, continued to visit the country, occasionally fixing themselves in stockade forts. The first settlers, with views simply agricultural, visited the country in 1776. Permanent settlements began to be formed in 1780. Among the most distinguished names in the history and progress of this state, we find those of Robertson, Sevier, Campbell, Cocke, Tipton and Blount. The names of many other illustrious men, in its origin, figure in its annals in these pages. They will be hailed and honored, as those of the patriarchs and founders of this republic, to the end of time.

No part of its history has more interest, than that which relates to the partizan war between Col. Tipton and Col. Sevier, the respective heads of the North Carolina and the Frankland party. A considerable portion of the settlers, about the year 1784, formed themselves into a state, which they called Frankland. North Carolina, which claimed a paramount authority and jurisdiction over the whole country, remonstrated against this assumption of power on the part of Frankland, and backed her remonstrance by commissioning Col. Tipton to bring them back to their allegiance by the ancient arguments, the bayonet and rifle. A hot war ensued between these partizans. Col. Tipton marched, with 150 men, upon the house of Col. Sevier, on Sinking creek of the river Watauga. The latter had received notice of what was intended for him, only long enough to collect 15 men. They were, both assailants and assailed, in the language of the time, men who were gun-powder proof. Col. Tipton sits down in besieging array, before his house, and writes him a letter, addressed to Col. Sevier. He refuses to receive it, on the ground of etiquette, and because it was not addressed to him, as governor of Frankland. Col. Tipton then demands his immediate surrender. The answer is characteristic of the men and of the time. Fire away and be d—nd! Tipton is soon after assailed by Sevier, who had received a reinforcement, and who moves against him with a small piece of cannon. Tipton, also, is soon after reinforced, and is once more the assailant. Upon receiving a volley, Sevier's men fly in a panic. He escapes at this time, but is afterwards made prisoner. Two of his sons are taken, and the first motion of the conqueror is to hang them. It is a delightful trait in the character of these wild and brave men, that they seldom exercised wanton and unnecessary cruelty. One per-

son had been killed, and two or three wounded in this affray. Counsels of mercy prevailed, and the sons of Col. Sevier were spared. He was at first treated with great severity. But being a brave and experienced chieftain in the wars with the indians, and one in whom the people reposed great confidence, he was allowed to escape, and he continued to carry on a kind of partizan warfare with the indians, on his own responsibility. He continued to grow in popularity, and finally so completely triumphed over his enemies, as to be elected the first governor of the state, after it was admitted into the confederacy of the union. This took palce in 1796; since which the march of Tennessee, in population, power, and improvement of every kind, has been rapid and uniform. The heroes of 'King's mountain' were many of them afterwards Tennesseans. Every trait of the character of the first settlers evidences them to have been high minded, and possessed of the most reckless and daring bravery. In the hundred rencontres, which they had with the indians, it is manifest, that one and all carried their lives in their hands. In fact, it is only minds out of the common track, that think of undertaking such exploits, as forming new settlements in a wilderness, 700 miles from a settled country, and in the midst of the guns and tomahawks of the savages. The more the character of these gallant and high spirited men, these hearts of oak, are examined, the more reason their descendants find they have, to be proud of their ancestors. In closing these desultory remarks upon the first volume, we notice, that the propensity to confer what are called nick names upon their military leaders, is one of the original habits of the people. All their chieftains had nick names. Col. Sevier was called Nolachucky Jack. Some of their names of the indian chiefs were sufficiently ominous: One was called Bloody-fellow; another Hanging-maw; another Red-heels, and so of the rest.

The second volume of this work, has far less interest than the first. The first and second chapters are occupied with crude and tiresome accounts of the face and configuration of the country, its curiosities and natural history. Judge Haywood is full of faith upon all subjects. For instance, in these chapters we discover him to be a devout believer in the mysteries of what he calls Bletonism; by which we are to understand, the science of certain people, who have many disciples in the western country, who carry in their hands two slender sticks of witch hazle, or other twigs, susceptible of conjuring powers, by the movement of which rods in their hands, they induce certain people to believe, that they can point out where springs exist, and the courses in which thay run, though far beneath the surface; where wells should be dug, and where salt springs, lead and other mines, may be discovered. Many an honest man beside the author, has shown his *faith* in this thing, by the unequivocal *works* of hiring and paying the conjuror for deceiving him.

In the next chapter, he takes a moderate excursion to Hindostan and Persia, and thence returns across the sea to Mexico, to find grounds, on which to institute a comparison of their religions with that of the Indians of Tennessee. The astronomical learning of the Hindoos is compared with that of the Mexicans, and 'lingual resemblances' are found almost as ingenious and natural, as Mr. Rafinesque's happy derivation of Coxe from Noah, or the more remote one of *Mango* from *Jeremiah King*. We affirm, that we have read this volume through, and can inform our readers, that it contains a mass of those trumpery disquisitions, with which men, who would be thought wise, blot paper, and play the fool, in discussions about geology, earthquakes, electricity, the different periods of the earth's emersion from the waters, making out the history of a nation from finding a coin, which, perhaps, some wag had lost, on purpose to have it found, &c. &c. Much of this matter about the Mexicans is taken from Baron Humboldt, and about the orientals from Rollin He talks learnedly, too, about 'triplicity, lingam, the mysterious number seven,' &c.; and all this to illustrate the history of the natives of Tennessee. We are not sure, that phrenology has not borrowed from the author, for he designates a tract of country by the term 'bumpy land.'

In a dissertation upon the Natches Indians, he informs us, that they had a 'sovereign pontiff!' 'Some families,' he continues, 'were reputed noble, and enjoyed hereditary dignity. The body of the people were considered as vile. The former were called *respectables*, the latter *stinkards!*' It is easy to see, that this amiable man had faith to swallow every thing, that ever had been asserted by the most impudent impostor, or sung by the silliest poet. He does not doubt the affair of the Welsh upon the Missouri. He seems quite docile in regard to the proofs of the descent of the Indians from the Jews! Had any one told him so, he would, probably, have believed, what we recently saw asserted in one of our first scientific journals, that the fragrance of the Magnolia in flower might be smelled sixty miles, and that the leaves were three feet in length.

We ought not to expect to be let off from such a book without a few extra chapters upon the different earthquakes, that have taken place in different countries. The meteoric stones had not then fallen, or they would have furnished matter for another. We have a closing treatise upon the famous coins found near Fayetteville, and the colour of the North American Indians. We should not have remarked in this way, upon the general character of this volume, if we did not see a great deal of useless learning, and laborious and profound folly of a similar character, in most of the writings of the day, that treat upon such subjects.

Every one will see, in these volumes, an impressive demonstration of the importance of our understanding our proper capabilities. Another man, who might have made an indifferent figure, as

a judge, would, perhaps, have been able to have touched the dark and chaotic mass of materials in these volumes, with the wand of genius, and to have given us from it, a work of deep interest and instruction.

An Address to the Cadets at West Point, June 20, 1827. *Delivered at the request of the Board of Visiters, and published by a resolution of the Board.* By the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Mississippi. New-York: J. Seymour.

Whoever has passed up the Hudson, by the sublime scenery of the gap, and the eagle eyrie of West Point, has contemplated a landscape, uniting as much grandeur and wildness of mountain view, as much splendor and beauty of river prospect, as happy grouping of passing sloops, schooners, water craft, and steam boats, along with villages, green fields, forests, precipices, mountains, clouds, beautifully inverted, and repainted in the waters of this noble stream, as can be found in one spot, perhaps any where on our globe. But as he comes abreast of the fortifications; as the remembrances of Washington and the revolution rush upon his mind, and call up anew the interesting events of that period, which occurred near this place; as he casts his eye up these ancient and enduring battlements of nature, and sees the white buildings, the green esplanade, the young cadets, in the severe and beautiful plainness of their military dress, standing in the attitude of soldiers by the guard houses, and the adjoining precipitous heights sleeping in the clouds, and takes into view the character of this noble institution, considering its nature and objects, so appropriately cradled among mountains, must be differently constituted from us, if his heart feels not, at the view, emotions of a higher class, than those created by the sublime of natural scenery.

This of West Point, is one of the few institutions in our country, which is so firmly fixed in the affections and confidence of the people, as to be little exposed to change of estimation, either from praise or censure. We deem it deserving of all the confidence, with which it is regarded. We have seen its *eleves* in the remotest points of our country. We have seen them on the upper Mississippi. We have seen them on the Missouri, the Arkansas, and Red river. We have followed them in their written travels to the Rocky Mountains, and the remotest points of the northern lakes. In the steam boat, on their travels, in the wilderness, in society, or alone, we have uniformly found them modest, gentlemanly, intelligent, and simple in their manners. We suspect, the pupils of none of our institutions carry in their minds, manners, and deportment,

a more manifest impress of the forming influence of their Alma Mater, than those of the Military Academy.

In the address before us, Mr. Reed, following distinguished and eloquent gentlemen, who have addressed the students on the same occasion in former years, and who have in some sense gleaned the mountain flowers of the place, has judiciously proposed to himself the more plain and unpretending, but, perhaps, the more useful task, of tracing the origin and progress of the institution; comparing it with its far famed prototype, the Polytechnic school of Paris, giving an exposition of the views and objects of France and the United States, in founding these schools; adverting generally to the state of science and the order of study at the present day, and particularly to the course of studies pursued at West Point; dwelling with truth and interest upon the barbarous features of war in former ages, and the mitigations of its desolating wrath, since the order of events has caused it to be rather a struggle of science and intellectual strength, than of brute force. These, especially the last, are the principal views of this practical and excellent address.

Many of our readers, in common with ourselves, will be instructed by the clear and exact history, here given of the origin and progress of the school. It commenced in 1802. Successive enactments of Congress, continued to develope its objects and resources. The first number of pupils contemplated was ten. A new act enlarging the means of the institution, in 1808, raised the number to 150. Another act of 1812, gave it its present character and organization. From that time, it has been constantly advancing in interest and character, and in the usefulness and services of its graduates. The advantages that have resulted from the profound acquaintance, acquired here with all the departments of knowledge, relating to engineering, have been incalculable, in carrying forward our great national improvements.

The object of the military schools in France, under the ancient monarchy, were simply to advance her martial character, and her plans of conquest and aggrandizement. Our school, with very different views, has availed itself of all the lights of the Polytechnic school of Paris. Of the commencement and progress of that school he gives us a sketch. The impression has been general in this country, that it was the foster child of Napoleon. It appears that it was created by an act of the constituent assembly of republican France in 1792. It received the name of the 'Central School of Public Works.' Under the care of M. Mongé, a profound mathematician and scholar, it became one of the grand elements of the conquering spirit of the republic. Hence issued the spirited and intelligent warriors, that drove the legions of their invading foes before them. It received its present name under the republic. In 1804 and 6, Napoleon completed its arrangements. endowed its professor-

ships, and prescribed its studies. That institution differs from ours in being more simply and entirely military in its objects and the course of its studies.

In our school, indeed, the external feature is that of a camp; the training severely military. The triple purpose of exciting the spirit of a soldier, of imparting the hardening habits of war and gymnastics, and of reining in youthful levity, has been found to be gained by this course. The object of the studies is, probably, more specific than in the other institutions of the country, and the pupils are imbued with the scientific principles of a thorough military education. The remark is as trite as it is true, that all the sciences are connected by a common bond. Nothing is taught, at least in our school, which has not a view to practical knowledge, and utility in any walk of life. Perhaps a more thorough course of mathematics is taught, and those branches of them, that relate to gunnery, fortifications, and engineering, more fully than might be thought expedient, except for those intended for the military profession. But in these days there is a strong predilection, sanctioned by the common current and fashion of opinion, in favor of the exact sciences. The grand object, however, here, is to teach the art of war only as a study, essentially connected with 'national security, the preservation of liberty, and the permanent rights and claims of humanity.'

He proceeds to state distinctly, the softenings which war has received, in the progress of humanity and time. Poisoned weapons and poisoned fountains, are every where interdicted by civilized people in a state of warfare. The cartel for the exchange of prisoners, is of recent origin. It is but a few centuries, since the captive Irish were sold by their English captors, in the markets of London and Venice. We have heard, both in history and song, of the slaughter of the Welsh bards, by one of the English Edwards. War is still a horrible business in the abstract; but it is a humane pastime, compared with its aspect in former ages, so strongly delineated by the orator in his extracts from the songs of the disciples of Odin. A happier era still, than the present, we may hope, is dawning upon the nations. A long and gloomy period, we fear, however, has to elapse, before the 'nations will learn war no more.' But we may surely hope, as light continues to be diffused more extensively among the people, as it is with them, at any time, and in all countries, to put an end to war, that they will hold back from lending their aid to the perpetuation of this horrid sport of kings, conquerors and demons. But wise legislators will predicate their plans of every sort, upon the existing state of things. Until the millennial days shall have actually revolved upon us, even a republic, as humane and pacific in its intentions as ours, must take care in peace to be always ready for war. Hence the importance of training, in this interesting fortification, a given number of young

men, thoroughly versed in all the sciences and habits that relate to war, so that each individual, in whatsoever part of our vast country he may be stationed, may serve as a nucleus, around which other students may assemble, to serve in their turn, as examples to others, when wars shall actually break out among us. We of America, cover half the surface of the globe. We have our free world of our own. We have our systems. They are at present harmonious; nor does there exist any power immediately likely to compete with us. We may not always be so happy. If there be any state maxim to be gleaned from the past, as an index to the future, it is, that in peace we ought to be prepared for war.

After a few incidental but important remarks, upon the aspect of things in the new Spanish American republics, the author approaches his close, by remarking upon the future prospects of this institution. The general aspect of the character of the age, is cheering to humanity. The barbarous lumber of the ancient schools is consigned to undisturbed dust and worms on the shelves. The metaphysicians of those days are banished even from the most orthodox of the catholic seminaries. The philosophy of theory and words now passes for nothing. Much of the religious disputation, which exercised the talents, excited the passions, and fed the booksellers of the past age, is now held cheap. Every thing tends to requiring demonstration, where it can be had. Instead of reasonings *a priori*, we now call for experiment. Mathematics settle and measure every thing, that is measurable by them. The age weighs every thing in the scales of utility. Chemistry, instead of dwelling in a concealed cell, and assisted in its operations by the supposed aid of evil spirits, searching to find the elixir of life, and the philosopher's stone, arrayed in the customary garb, walks into the brewery and the bakery, and dwells in the blacksmith's shop, and the manufacturer's bleachingmill. We are pleased with the sanguine views of the author, which lead him to hope with Condorcet, 'that mathematics may, at some future day, be applied to the theory of government and the moral sciences.' We think this discovery will be the harbinger of the self-tilling plow, and the immortality of the body, as at present organized, predicted by philosopher Godwin.

The closing address to the cadets is eloquent and impressive. We select the following in proof.

'You are about to leave this beautiful place, surrounded by a magnificent scenery, which should reflect its noble imagery in the mirror of your own minds. Mountains, peering above mountains, and, in the wild irregularity of nature, piercing the clouds, which, anon, rested upon their bosoms—Beautiful fields and cottages, where the art of man essays to subdue the luxuriance of nature—The majestic *Hudson*, whose banks have been the scene of so many exploits, of both savage and civilized man, struggling its way to the ocean, and laving the feet of mountains, which impend over it. *This stream*,—covered with the white canvass of commerce, and surmounted by the decaying monuments erected by

our fathers, for the defence of their country.—All those scenes and objects you are about to quit, perhaps for ever. The moment of freedom from academic restraints, may appear to you a moment full of joy; but believe me, in after life, you will look back upon those scenes with a lively enthusiasm, especially if misfortune should overtake you in the career of life. But, be assured, your country will every where meet you with approbation, and open to you the prospects of useful and honorable pursuits.'

An Oration, delivered at Oldtown, Ross County, Ohio, on the fifty-first anniversary of American Independence. By Dr. E. Deming.

We are entirely with the author in his views of the American Colonization Society. Without being very sanguine in our hopes of its ultimate success, we admire the character and aims of those who are at the head of it, and cordially approve the benevolent intentions in which it was framed. We have read no address which enters with heart and soul more thoroughly into the business, than this before us. We should be glad to speak of this, and of every thing that comes before us, in the language of unmixed praise. A great many productions of the kind issue from the press, that defy all stricture, and are utterly out of the reach of criticism. Efforts of this sort, in which talent and imagination, good feeling and even eloquence are mixed up with mock heroic, false sublime, and prose run mad in a perfect chaos, are the kind of works upon which just criticism ought to operate; for the gentleman who delivered this address is capable of doing better, and of doing well. In wishing to give something, like a synopsis of the address, we sought for the order of the author's thoughts. We were not able to discover, that the address would not read as well, to have begun at the close, and read to the commencement, or in the middle, and read to either point, as to have commenced where it did. It is surprising, that sensible men should not discover at once, that whatever is beautiful in art is only so, for being in its proper place. No man ever did, or could deliver a good address, either written or extemporaneous, unless it had order and arrangement, a beginning, a middle, and an end. Even in the ancient rumbling, turgid, mouthing, fustian fourth of July orations, there was generally a certain order and 'method in their madness.'

The address before us, as we remarked, wants order. Some of the verbs manifest an unnatural forgetfulness of the parent noun, to which they belong. It is furiously in the sonorous and thundering style of the gone-by fourth of July harrangues. A great many expressions, which would have been well, if used with moderation, and in their proper place, are crowded together, and out of place,

to make, as Sancho had it, better bread than can be made from wheat, and to make the address superfine. We would wish to see a reform in this region, in this respect, as thorough as has been wrought in the Atlantic country. It ought to begin with such men as the orator, that is to say, with men who have minds, talent, and powers to improve. Notwithstanding what we have said may seem harsh, we are well aware from what is before us, that the author is a gifted man. He only needs to have correct ideal models of taste and composition present to his mind, to acquit himself hereafter, in such an address, with credit. As it is, this is far from the common style of ranting, on such occasions. Amidst the fustian of the tempest and the hollow roar of the winds, the clearness and power of native intellect sometimes burst out, like the sun upon a cloud. We could easily extract sufficiently amusing specimens of the false sublime. It is far more pleasant to us, to make selections of a contrary character, such, for instance, as the following.

'Behold him severed from every thing he held dear, and which makes existence even tolerable. The relation of husband and wife, parents and children, dissolved. The associations of kindred and the felicities of home, are his no more. For him the morning brings no sweets, and the evening promises no rest. On him the sun shines with sickly rays, and the stars shoot malignant fires. For him the heavens distil no pleasant dews, and the skies wear no brightness—the fields wear no verdure—the flowers blossom in vain—in seed time and harvest he has no portion. The smiles of his consort and the welcome of his children, only serve to harrow up his soul.'

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'The most lofty mountains on our globe are composed of atoms. Chimborazo's towering height, is formed by the union of minute particles of matter. The largest rivers are made of small streams. No one, in beholding the source of the Mississippi, could form any idea of the majesty and grandeur of its termination—as it rolls on, it encreases in strength. In the same manner, moral and benevolent institutions, by the united energies of society, become permanent, lasting and beneficial.'

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'Her crowns will never crumble, for they are crowns of life. Her laurels will never fade, for they grow in an unpolluted clime. Her fires never go out—her incense ever burns—her temple doors, like the gates of day, have been open since the morning of time. Shall we join in procession with the millions who have knelt at her shrine? She never pressed more urgent claims—she never undertook a more glorious cause—it is the cause of humanity.'

An Oration, delivered before the Mansfield Lodge, No. 35, at Mansfield, Ohio, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 25, 1827. By Brother Henry B. Curtis. *Published at the request of the Lodge.* Mansfield: J. & J. H. Purdy.

The author of this oration comes forward with the common pleas of humility, shortness of time for preparation, wishes that the task had devolved upon some other person, &c. &c. These pleas are as common in such cases, as comments upon the weather in ordinary meetings, and like them, ought to be wholly laid aside by all, who can talk to better purpose. Humility is out of the case in accepting the appointment to such a task. Should the selected person refuse, there are not many places in our country so destitute of spouters, as not to furnish ten aspirants to fill his place. If the time of preparation were short, this may be good reason for refusing a copy for the press, but none for exacting any indulgence on the score of criticism. The production before us discovers, without needing any suggestions of the author to that effect, that it is the work of youth and inexperience, as an author. This circumstance, without any call for it on his part, always disposes us to view such an effort with indulgence. Making this abatement, it is obvious to remark, that this oration ranks far above the common harangues of this class. It begins with stating clearly, and even eloquently, the character of the anniversary, and of the patron saint of the society, and proceeds to give a history of the commencement and progress of masonry. We may add, that we have no where seen this history more succinctly and happily given, or bearing higher marks of probability, that such was the real origin and diffusion of the order. He very judiciously strikes out, with one stroke of his pen, the antediluvian annals, the pillars of Seth, and what may be called the fabulous ages of masonry, and though he thinks, that it existed in ancient Egypt, he commences its first authentic annals with the building of Solomon's temple. His account of the causes of its origin, and the circumstances of its transmission over the civilized world, is amusing, and has a grave air of probability. The narrative of Alexander's march upon Jerusalem with an intent to destroy it, his being met by the high priest clad with his pontifical robes, and his bowing reverently to the 'ineffable name' written on a plate of gold, on the breast of the priest, his desisting from his purpose, and leaving the city in peace, are circumstances, recorded by Josephus. The historical fact, in substance, is given by cotemporary historians. We never before saw the key, with which the orator unlocks this mystery. They were both masons. At least we are led to infer, that this is his opinion. The first grand lodge in England, was assembled by king Athelstane, at York, in 626. The first lodge in the United States was chartered at Boston in 1633.

From page 9 to the close, we think the effort to be of a high and respectable class. It is occupied in defining and eulogizing masonry. The praise seems to be given with discrimination and justice. The tendencies and results of masonry are happily, and, we believe, justly given in the following paragraph, which we quote, also, as a sample of the style and manner.

'If freemasonry has ever contributed to remove the accumulated evils of life—If it has ever curbed the vicious, and impressed the heart with the truths of morality and religion—If it has ever raised the head of the drooping widow, or wiped the tear from the orphan's eye—If it has ever relieved the distressed wanderer, when far from home and friends—If it has ever turned the drawn dagger, or stayed the arm of the assailant, or relieved the suffering captive;—Then indeed is it worthy of our admiration. Then, indeed, we need not wonder that it should have been so long cherished and supported. Nor should we wonder, that it hath resisted the united efforts of time and persecution. Are there not instances found on record, where such effects have been produced by masonry? Have you not read of them, not only in the history of foreign countries, but in your own? Nay more, have you not instances of all these effects of masonry now recorded in your own memories—your own bosoms? Yes, my brethren, we know that such is the object and design of our institution; and we are happy in knowing that such has been its effects. Far be it from masonry, even to wish to hold forth to the world, its good and beneficial qualities, from a principle of vainglory or ostentation. But we desire the good opinion of the christian world. We wish you to form your opinions of us, from correct views of the institution, and not from the inadvertent errors and imperfections of individuals. Remember that charity seeketh not the public gaze of the world; and kind actions are generally done without show or parade. Not so with our vices, they expose themselves at once, and we are apt to condemn from appearances. "The errors of mankind are inscribed on brass; their virtues we write in water." '

His apology for the secrecy of the society is felicitous. He very ingeniously illustrates the fact, that charges against this order, on account of the unworthiness of some of its members, lie with equal force against even christianity itself. There was a Judas among the twelve. Thence he adverts with allowable indignation to the recently published pamphlets, that purport to be a disclosure of its secrets. He would have been wanting in gallantry, to have closed so handsome an harangue, without framing an apology to the female part of his audience, for not admitting this better half of the species to participate in the society. As this is a kind of standing dish in masonic orations, we suggest, whether it were not better to have one general and well prepared apology, got up under the direction of the society, and to be used on every similar occasion. It would save trouble, and produce uniformity. The address closes by quoting the splendid lines that terminate Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.'

An English Grammar in familiar lectures, accompanied by a compendium; embracing a new systematic order of parsing, exercises in false syntax, a new system of punctuation, and a key to the exercises, designed for the use of private learners and schools. By SAMUEL KIRKHAM. Cincinnati: Wm. M. & O. Farnsworth, jun.

Language is the medium for expressing our thoughts and their various relations, by certain articulate sounds. The grammar of a language is designed to exhibit an analysis of its parts, and to explain its principles. It will be admitted by all philologists, that in writing a grammar, the language it is designed to explain ought to be considered as distinct in itself and entirely separate from any other language. We have long wished to see an English grammar written in this manner, showing the nature and developing the principles of our language without reference to any other. And we are free to declare it as our opinion, that after all the grammars, that have been published, such a work is yet a desideratum. That the first writers on English grammar made the Latin grammar their pattern, that they laboured most assiduously to render the English language in many points conformable with the Latin, and that the course thus pursued has had an injurious effect on all our grammars subsequently written, are facts that can not rationally be denied. The vain attempt to make English nouns and verbs answer in grammatical parsing, the purposes of similar parts of speech in Latin, has divested them in a great measure of their original simplicity, materially affected the form and manner of parsing our language, and accomplished no good object. How long this plan is to continue, and who will be instrumental in changing it for the better, are questions of some difficulty, which we shall leave for the present to the consideration of others.

We have been led to these remarks, not by way of finding fault with any grammar that has been recently published, but with a desire to invite the attention of some of our philological readers to a subject that we think deserving of investigation.

In expressing our opinion of Dr. Locke's grammar, as contained in a former number of this work, we took occasion to mention that of Mr. Kirkham, the title of which is at the head of this article. We had not at that time seen it, but have since given it a cursory perusal. If we comprehend the author's design, it was not so much to introduce new principles, as to render more easy and intelligible those which have been long established, and to furnish additional facilities to an accurate and thorough knowledge of our language. In this we think he has been successful. Though his treatise does not contain such an analysis of the English tongue as we have already expressed a desire to see, it seems to approximate nearer to it than any work of the kind that has preceded it.

We mean not to say that he has met our views in relation to what we have before stated concerning the cases of nouns, and the proper manner of representing verbs, but we think he has treated them and the other parts of speech with great ingenuity; and if we consider the design of his treatise, we may say, in a manner highly satisfactory.

It is to be expected that a modest, unassuming writer, on presenting himself before the public tribunal as an author, will as far as consistent with his plan, avail himself of the authority of such as have written well on the subject before him. Mr. Kirkham has accordingly followed Mr. Murray in the old beaten track of English writers on grammar, in the general principles of the science; endeavouring at the same time, to avoid whatever appeared to be erroneous or absurd in the writings of that author, and adopting an entirely new arrangement. The most useful matter contained in the treatise of Mr. Murray is embraced in this, but in the definitions and rules it is simplified and rendered much more intelligible. Though our author follows Mr. Murray in the general principles of his work, he has in numerous instances differed from him, pursuing a course that appears to be his own, and introducing some valuable improvements. Among these may be mentioned, some additional rules and explanatory notes in syntax, the arrangement of the parts of speech, the mode of explaining them, manner of parsing, manner of explaining some of the pronouns, and the use of a synopsis which presents the essentials of the science at one view, and is well calculated to afford assistance to learners.

In his arrangement of the parts of speech, Mr. Kirkham seems to have endeavoured to follow the order of nature, and we are not able to see how he could have done better. The noun and verb, as being the most important parts of speech, are first explained, and afterwards those which are considered in a secondary and subordinate character. By following this order, he has avoided the absurdity so common among authors, of defining the minor parts before their principals, of which they were designed to be the mere appendages; and has rationally prepared the way for conducting the learner by easy advances to a correct view of the science.

In his illustrations of the various subjects contained in his work, our author appears to have aimed, not at a flowery style, nor at the appearance of being learned, but at being understood. The clearness and perspicuity of his remarks, and their application to familiar objects, are well calculated to arrest the attention and aid the understanding of the pupil, and thereby to lessen the labor of the instructer. The principles of the science are simplified and rendered so perfectly easy of comprehension, we should think no ordinary mind having such help, could find them difficult. It is in this particular that the work appears to possess its chief merit,

and on this account it can not fail of being preferred to many others.

The plan of analysis pursued in this treatise, seems well illustrated, so far as the general plan of the work would admit, and the method of requiring the learner to explain every word he parses, by applying to it all its grammatical definitions and rules, renders the exercise of parsing not only useful in imparting a knowledge of the grammar, but also of the language itself.

By the help of the compendium or synopsis which is attached to the work, the learner is enabled to take at once a comprehensive view of the various parts of grammar; which assists his memory, enables him to understand what he parses, and with more facility to get the definitions and rules well fixed in his mind. We consider the syntax, in relation to its rules, explanations and references, together with the synopsis, as possessing superior advantages, and affording facilities not to be found in former publications. The learner is required to correct false syntax as he advances, and the work contains copious exercises for the purpose, together with a key; and it may, therefore, to a considerable extent, supply the place of Murray's three volumes.

We are gratified in seeing this work in the hands of the public, and we have no hesitation in believing, that among the instructers of our schools and academies it will be generally approved. We feel no hostility to Mr. Murray's grammar, nor have we any wish to undervalue its merits. At the time it was first introduced, it was far preferable to any other work of the kind then extant; and it has had a most unlimited circulation. But it has its errours and inconsistencies, and it is to be expected that other works, subsequently written, having fewer errours, and possessing valuable improvements, will in many instances be preferred to it. We consider Mr. Kirkham's grammar, and the one that has been published by Dr. Locke, to be of this description, and we sincerely wish they may have extensive patronage.

Our country furnishes ample proofs, that books, utterly undeserving of circulation, have nevertheless circulated extensively. But this can hardly be the case with school books, which pass so many intimate and daily inspections. If they are worthless, some eye will be sure to *spy out the nakedness of the land.* The extensive circulation of a school book, we consider, in these days, and under the existing circumstances of our schools, pretty good evidence of their utility and value. It gives us pleasure to remark in reference to the success of the amiable and modest author, whose work is before us, that we quote from the fifth edition.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our thanks to a 'SUBSCRIBER' for his obliging favor. We are entirely with him in reference to the excellence of the oration in question. Our limits prevent us from an extract of such length. It shall be made the subject of a critical notice. and of as ample extracts, as our sheets will consistently admit, in a future number.

'A DISTANT SUBSCRIBER' will perceive, that we have anticipated his request.

[The following notice is not according to the general tenor of the articles in our journal. We insert it, by request, because we wish to add our humble testimony in favor of both the societies, of which Dr. WILSON is thus generously constituted a life member; and because it gives us high satisfaction to record the pious munificence of the ladies of our city.—ED.]

[For the Western Monthly Review.]

ACTIVE GOODNESS.

The GLORIOUS PROTOTYPE of all benificence has fixed an indelible stigma upon every species of religious ostentation. We can not, however, suppose that by justly censuring vain show, he designed to eclipse the heavenly light of that 'City which is set on a hill and can not be hid.' His encomiums on the Widow's two mites, and the memorial given of Mary's profusion in a sacred cause, clearly evince the high estimation in which he held female liberality, and seem to furnish a divine warrant for that grateful acknowledgement which is hereby tendered to the LADIES of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, for the pious regard they have manifested in various ways to the interests of Zion, and particularly for the honor conferred upon their Pastor, by constituting him a member for life both of the American Bible and Tract Societies—two of the most unexceptionable institutions ever yet founded by christian liberality. In thus expending upwards of fifty dollars, these benevolent females have not sought a formal display of their Pastor's gratitude; yet he feels it would be a dereliction of duty not to commend these fruits of their faith in such a way as he hopes may 'provoke others to love and good works.'

J. L. WILSON.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1827.

The editor of this journal, having brought his 'History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley,' nearly to a close, with the exception of the important desideratum of a history of Ohio, respectfully solicits materials, which may exist in memory, or otherwise, from those, who may feel willing to furnish them. The recollections of the surviving first settlers, in longer, or shorter narratives, will be thankfully received; and in any form from articles the most unlabored to those so prepared, as to be inserted with the authority. No written history of this state, to his knowledge, yet exists, and he is not aware of any way, in which authentic materials can be obtained, except from the living chroniclers, who were at once witnesses and actors in the scenes, which they relate. If the present generation passes away, without furnishing them, an irreparable loss to our annals will be sustained.

He wishes information, when, where, and by whom the principal settlements in this state were commenced, and the events, that befel the settlements in the order of time. For written communications of this kind, of acknowledged authenticity, an adequate pecuniary compensation will be allowed, and the slightest favor thankfully acknowledged. Printers of papers in this state, who are disposed to aid in the effort to collect materials for its history, are respectfully requested to give this article an insertion.

NOTICES.

The Editor of this journal has been for a considerable time occupied in preparing for the press, a condensed GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF THE WESTERN STATES.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.—The work will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, of 550 pages each.

It will be handsomely printed on good paper, bound in boards, and delivered to subscribers at Six Dollars the set, making at least eleven hundred pages of letter press printing.

It is expected the work will be put to press by the first of September ensuing, and completed with the least possible delay.

Holders of subscription papers west of the mountains, are respectfully requested to return them as soon as convenient, to the Author, or to N. & G. Guilford, Book-sellers, Cincinnati.

Our patrons in the Atlantic country, who hold subscription papers, are respectfully requested to return them to Hillard, Gray & Co. Boston.

It is expected that a volume extracted from the diary and correspondence of the late Mrs. Risk will issue from the press early this autumn. It will be accompanied by a biographical notice of this pious and distinguished lady. From an attentive perusal of her numerous and voluminous manuscript writings, the editor is persuaded, that this will constitute a work of no common interest of its class. It will probably consist of one vol 8vo. of about 300 pages. Orders for the above work will be received by E. H. Flint.

George M.; or, 'Don't give up the ship,'—a story of the Mississippi, by the author of Francis Berrian, in one vol. 12mo. price 75 cents will be issued from the press in a few days. Orders for the above work will be received by E. H. Flint.

E. H. FLINT,

HAS OPENED A BOOK-STORE,

Corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets, south side of Upper Market,

CINCINNATI:

WHERE he has a general assortment of school books, geographies, atlasses, stationary, &c. His assortment at present is small, but comprises many interesting and valuable works, particularly upon the history and geography of the western country. He has many books, that were selected, to form part of a private library. He intends soon to import from Boston and Philadelphia, a complete assortment of books, stationary, engravings, &c. and to keep on hand all the new publications of interest. Having recently commenced the business of sending books to all the chief towns and villages in the valley of the Mississippi, he will be able to make up packages with neatness, and transmit them with safety and despatch, to any town in the western, and south western country. Being determined to devote himself to that business, and to make annual visits to those towns and villages, he solicits orders of this kind; for which he will charge very moderate commissions. He will, also, sell books at auction, if transmitted with that object. He will endeavor to merit confidence by punctuality and attention, and will thankfully acknowledge the smallest favor.

IN making the attempt to establish a LITERARY JOURNAL in the West, the Publishers hope to enlist the good wishes and patronage of the public in its favor as a west country production.

As the price of the work is extremely low—containing more matter, than is given, for the like sum, in any similar publication printed in the English language, it is hoped, that all those who feel disposed to patronize it, will exert themselves to obtain subscribers; and when convenient, to make payment in advance.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1827.

FLOWERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

In fitting up this magnificent universe, in which God has placed us, every thing seems to have been formed with a double reference to utility and beauty. In the arrangements of the Creator we can see no reason, *a priori*, why the predominant colors of vegetable nature should not have been crimson, or blue, instead of green. Every one has felt, indeed, that this last is the most pleasing color to the eye.—But every one has not looked beyond this fact to the actual wisdom, contrivance and benevolence of providence, in clothing nature with this cheerful and delightful color. Colors, in which light abounds, cause a painful contraction of the pupil of the eye, to exclude the redundant glare. Colors, in which shade is in excess, cause an expansion, equally painful, that a sufficient number of rays may be received, to give the picture in clear relief. Green is that color of nature, in which light and shade are neutralized in balancing proportions.—For instance, an exact mixture in equal proportions of white and black constitutes the delightful hue of green, on which the eye reposes with untiring satisfaction, and in viewing which, its nerves are neither strained with excess, or lack of rays; and for this reason, undoubtedly, it is that vegetable nature is clothed with green in preference to any other hue. Every time, then, in which we contemplate nature, when robed in the verdure of spring, we ought to look through the physical beauty of the spectacle, to the manifest and merciful regard of the All Good to our comfort and enjoyment, in the most delightful and perfect of all our senses, that of vision.

In the same manner it might have pleased the author of nature to have presented us the seeds and fruits of the various trees, shrubs and

plants on the naked stem, or from a cup of foliage, instead of flowers But, apparently, to relieve the monotony of beauty in the universal verdure, Providence has seen fit to cradle the infant seed and fruit in an ambrosial nest of flowers, where in a mysterious process of generation, found to be more analogous to the beginnings of animal existence, in the same proportion, as it is more intimately explored, the young seeds and fruits repose in pavilions more gorgeous, than those of monarchs, and breathing airs more aromatic, than those of 'Araby the blest.' Hence, too, as one of the benevolent intentions in the formation of flowers seems to be, to relieve the monotony of verdure to the eye, the forms, the hues, the meltings of one shade into another in flowers have that magnificent and infinite variety, which we discover in that kingdom. At the same time, that the eye might be more delighted in contemplating the splendor of blossoms, arrayed in a beauty, to which all the glory of Solomon might not be compared, they emit a perfume, so rich and exquisite, as to set at nought all the efforts of art and luxury to imitate it; and thus, by gratifying one sense, create delightful associations for increasing the enjoyment of the other.

In completing the processes of vegetable nature we discover that Providence has designed a gratification for every sense. The seeds of apples, oranges, figs, grapes, pomegranates, and all the delicious fruits, might have been matured, for ought that appears, in the sterile capsules of the cotton plant, or thistle, as well as in the centre of that nutritive and grateful pulp, where they attain their ultimate maturity. But beauty, utility and the means of comfortable and happy existence seem to be bound together in this our creation by an indissoluble chain.

The study of natural history, in this point of view, becomes to a rightly constituted mind not only a source of pleasure and instruction; but it originates admiring and adoring conceptions of the Author of nature and originates religious feeling. New proofs of wisdom and design develope at every step. God is found to be the same being in the hues and fragrance of a flower, as in the rich coloring of the clouds, the splendors of the firmament, and the ineffable grandeur of the starry heavens. We trace precisely the same wisdom, design and arrangement of means to an end in the minute, as in the vast of his works; and find, it is the impress of the same hand

> 'That gives its gilding to an insect's wing,
> And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.'

How often, while wandering in the deep flowering forests of the Mississippi valley, in Spring, have these sentiments forced themselves upon us. We have looked up at the prodigious alcove of verdure above, and the splendid variety of flowers around us. The wild bees, in their courses through the air, seemed, like the interminable wires of an immense Eolian harp, as they sped to their repast of nectar.—All the irrational tribes appeared by their various expressions of excited movement and joy, to enter as deeply into the beauty and grandeur of what was before them, as we did. Although there was but one visible rational worshipper, we could not but consider this scene of solitary grandeur and beauty, as a temple. We imagined unseen, and higher intelligences enjoying the spectacle with us, and united in the same delightful sentiments of admiration and worship.

But to return to more definite and common views of these flowering solitudes, as all, that have eyes and a heart are delighted with flowers, as the history of them has recently become to the better part of the species a study of general and increasing interest, without any other apology, than a wish to engage their attention to the natural history of our country, we shall take leave to describe some of the flowering trees, shrubs and plants, which in the proper season cause our forests, prairies, and shallow lakes to '*blossom like the rose.*' In doing this, we shall studiously avoid the technical delineations of botany, and shall attempt to describe, what we have seen in such terms, as, we hope, will be obvious, as well to those, who have not studied this science, as those, who have.

We commence with the Magnolia Grandiflora. Bartram and others, by overrating the beauty of this tree, have caused, that when strangers first behold it, their estimation of it falls too low. It has been described, as a very large tree. We have seen it in Florida, where Bartram saw it. We have seen it in its more congenial position for full developement, the rich alluvions of Louisiana; and we have never seen it compare with the sycamore, the cotton wood, or even the ash, in point of size. It is some times a tall tree; often graceful in form; but ordinarily a tree of fourth, or fifth rate, in point of comparative size in the forest, where it grows. Its bark is smooth, whitish, very thick, and something resembles that of the beech. The wood is soft, and for ought we know, useless. The leaves strongly resemble those of the orange tree, except in being larger, thicker, and having a hoary yellowish down upon the underside. The upper side has a perfect verdure, and a feel of smoothness, as if it was oiled. The flowers are large, of a pure white, nearest resembling the north-

ern pond-lily, *nymphea odorata*, though not so beautiful; and are, ordinarily, about twice the size. The fragrance is, indeed, powerful; but to us rather sickly and offensive. We have felt, and we have heard others complain of feeling a sensation of faintness, in going into a room, where the chimney place was filled with these flowers. The tree continues to put forth flowers in succession for two months, and seldom displays many at a time. We think, few have been in habits of examining flowering trees more attentively, than ourselves; and we contemplated this tree for years in the season of flowers. Instead of displaying, as has been represented, a cone of flowers, we have seldom seen a tree in flower, which did not require some attention and closeness of inspection to discover, where they were situated among the leaves. We have not been led to believe, that others possessed the sense of smell more acutely, than ourselves. In advancing from points, where these trees were not, to the pine forest, on the water courses of which they are abundant, we have been warned of our approach to them, by the sense of smell, at a distance of something more than half a mile; and we question, if any one ever perceived the fragrance much farther, except by the imagination. The magnolia is a striking tree, and an observer, who saw it for the first time, would remark it, as such. But we have been unable to conceive, whence the extravagant misconceptions, respecting the size, number, fragrance and beauty of its flowers had their origin.

We have remarked six, or seven varieties among the laurels of the magnolia tribe, some of which have smaller flowers, than those of the grandiflora, but much more delicate and agreeably fragrant. A beautiful evergreen of this class is covered in autumn with berries of an intense blackness, and we remarked them in great numbers about St. Francisville. The holly is a well known and beautiful tree of this class. But that one, which has struck us, as being the handsomest of the family, is the laurel Almond, *laurus Caroliniensis*. Its leaves strongly resemble those of the peach, and it preserves a most pleasing green through the winter. Its flowers yield a delicious perfume. It grows in families of ten, or fifteen trees in a cluster. Planters of taste in the valley of Red river, where it is common, select the place of their dwelling amidst a cluster of these trees.

Catalpa. We do not remember, that Bartram has described this tree. But it has much stronger claims to admiration, both for the beauty of its foliage, and the abundance and splendor of its flowers, than the Grandiflora. In the delicious and ambrosial aroma of its blossoms and in the strength of their odor and the extent of atmosphere, that they per-

fume, it excels, in our judgment, all other trees. The tree which approaches nearest to it, in this respect, is one common to the north and the south, to the Atlantic as well as the Mississippi country, though obtaining a much fuller developement in the latter region. We mean the flowering locust. Who of us can not recall the remembrances of the spring-time of life, and of the year, when inhaling the delicious fragrance of these flowers? The leaves of the Catalpa are much larger than those of the grandiflora, and for fragrance, gracefulness of form and foliage, and for the curious appearance of its long, dagger shaped, pendent seed capsules, two feet in length, we have seen no ornamental tree, which in our view equalled the Catalpa. Some have undertaken to say, that this is not a tree indigenous to the country. For our part, we have no question on the subject. On the waters near Cape Girardeau, we have seen Catalpas of great size, and evidently much older than the white settlements. We have seen them near the Chalk Banks, on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, bearing the marks of trees decaying with age. We perceived these trees, last year, growing, as ornamental trees, in the latitude of Boston. They will, probably, flower and mature there, in sheltered situations; but give little promise of the verdure and luxuriance, with which they flourish in the lower country of the Mississippi.

Bois d'arc: *Maclura Aurantica.* Bow-wood is a striking and beautiful tree, found on the upper courses of the Washita, the middle regions of Arkansas, and occasionally on the northern limits of Louisiana. It inhabits a very limited region, and we do not know, that it is native elsewhere. It has large and beautiful leaves, in form and appearance between those of the orange tree and Catalpa, and, taken all together, is a tree of extraordinary beauty. It bears a large fruit, of most inviting appearance, and resembling a very large orange. Tempting as it is in aspect, it is the apple of Sodom to the taste. Most people consider it the most splendid of all forest trees. We never saw it in the flowering season. There is a solitary tree, growing in a garden in St. Louis. It was there sheltered by a wall, and we do not know, if it would flourish in a situation so northern, without protection of that kind. We remember to have seen one beautiful tree growing near Natchitoches, apparently native there. It is said, there is no other within a distance of many miles. The wood is as yellow, as that of fustic, and yields a similar dye. It is hard, heavy, durable, and so elastic, as to receive its French name from the circumstance, that all the south western savages use it for bows. It is thought to be a wood more incorruptible than live oak, mulberry, or even cedar. We were

invited to visit the hulk of a steam boat, built above the raft on Red river, whose timbers were entirely of this wood.

China tree. This is a tree more cultivated in the southern regions of this valley, as an ornamental shade tree, than any other. It has fine, long, spiked leaves, eight or ten inches in length, set in corresponding pairs on each side of a stem two feet long. The verdure is of the most brilliant and deep in nature. In the flowering season, the top is one tuft of blossoms, in color and fragrance resembling the lilac, except that the tufts are larger. It holds in flower for a long time. It is a tree of the most rapid growth of any known in our country. These trees, planted out in a village, in a few years completely embower it, and from the intenseness of their verdure, they impart a delightful freshness to the landscape, in that sultry climate. After the leaves have fallen in autumn, the tree is still covered with a profusion of reddish berries of the size of haws, that give it the appearance, at a little distance, of remaining in flower. Robbins immigrate to this region in the latter part of winter, settle on these trees in great numbers, and feed on the berries. They possess an intoxicating, or narcotic quality; and the robbins, sitting on the trees in a state of stupefaction, may be killed with a stick. The bark is said to be a powerful vermifuge.

Dogwood: *Cornus Florida.* Redbud: *Cercis Canadensis.* These are both of an intermediate size, between shrubs and trees. The former has a beautiful, heart-shaped and crimped leaf, and an umbrella shaped top. It covers itself in spring with a profusion of brilliant white flowers, and in autumn with berries of a fine scarlet. The latter is the first shrub that is seen in blossom on the Ohio. The shrub is then a complete surface of blossoms, resembling those of the peach tree, and a stranger would take it, at that time, to be that tree. The shrubs are dispersed every where in the woods; and in descending the Ohio early in the spring, these masses of brilliant flowers contrast delightfully with the general brown of the forest. The first time that the voyager descends this river, the redbud imparts a charm to the landscape, that he will never forget. These two are at once the most common and the most beautiful shrubs in the Mississippi valley. The dog wood, especially, is found every where from Pittsburg to the Gulf of Mexico; and, seen through the forests, in blossom, is far more conspicuous, for its flowers, than the magnolia. It has been asserted that the dog wood belonged to the family of the quinquinas. Its bark is certainly a powerful restorative, in cases of the ague.

Pawpaw: *Annona triloba, Ficus Indicus.* This, in our view, is the

prince of wild fruit-bearing shrubs. The leaves are long, of a rich appearance, and green, considerably resembling the smaller leaves of tobacco. The stem is straight, white, and of unrivalled beauty. In fact, we have seen no cultivated shrub, so ornamental and graceful, as the pawpaw. The fruit closely resembles a cucumber, having, however, a more smooth and regular appearance. When ripe, it is of a rich yellow. There are generally from two to five in a cluster. A pawpaw shrub, hanging full of fruits, of a size and weight so disproportioned to the stem, and from under long and rich looking leaves of the same yellow with the ripened fruit, and of an African luxuriance of growth, is to us one of the richest spectacles, that we have ever contemplated, in the array of the woods. The fruit contains from two to six seeds, like those of the tamarind, except that they are double the size. The pulp of the fruit resembles egg custard, in consistence and appearance. It has the same creamy feeling in the mouth, and unites the taste of eggs, cream, sugar and spice. It is a natural custard, too luscious for the relish of most people. The fruit is nutricious, and a great resource to the savages. So many whimsical and unexpected tastes are compounded in it, that, it is said, a person of the most hypocondriac temperament, relaxes to a smile, when he tastes pawpaw for the first time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOVA PROGENIES ET AUREA SEC'LA REDEUNT.

Extracts from the Gazette of Oregon, mouth of Columbia, July 5, 1900.

Yesterday was the return of the proud era of our national independence, at the close of another century of glory and freedom. It was celebrated in this great city, with every demonstration of joy. We had orations, bonfires, ringing of bells, pealing of cannon, and by night, illuminations, fire works, songs, dances, high and yet temperate festivity, and on every side the aspect of cheerfulness and gaiety. We have yet heard of no disastrous accident to mar the remembrance of this spectacle. Our journal, for some days, will occupy some of its columns in recording the different celebrations of this jubilee, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to this city. Among the most pleasant parts of our fete, we noticed the united celebration by the Chinese and Japanese of our city and vicinity. Under a bower of prodigious

length, some thousands of them sat down together to a dinner, prepared after their own fashion, and eaten sitting, and with chop sticks, in remembrance of father-land. They seem domesticated, and exceedingly happy under our temperate sky, and on our fertile plains. In the present improved modes of crossing the calm sea between us and their populous native shores, it is scarcely seven days passage from the tyranny, ignorance and starvation of their crowded country, to the freedom and range of our great republic. Here the immigrants become freemen at once; and their children will become educated and intelligent freemen, fearing God, believers in the gospel, and as happy as it is fit, man should be in this state of discipline. Our great silk manufactories, our splendid porcelane establishments, the source of so much wealth and prosperity to this section of the country, owe their origin to these welcome strangers. To us it was a most delightful contemplation, considering them Columbians, to contrast their cheerful and yet strangely foreign countenance and air with that of our fresh and florid native citizens. Our heart swelled with satisfaction, in imagining the return of the rural portion of them to their neat habitations among the mulberry groves, that they have raised on the grass plains of the country.

We can not, perhaps, introduce in this place any remarks, more in accordance with the spirit and feelings excited in us by this occasion, than by giving a passing sketch, in a contrast of the present state of our country and the world, at the close of the nineteenth century, compared with the order of things at the commencement of it.

To begin with our city. At that time, the Oregon, then called the Columbia, was just discovered. It rolled its broad flood through the beautiful terrace plains on its upper waters, and the dark evergreen groves on its lower, without seeing a white inhabitant on its whole course. It was a river, charming as was the country, through which it moved, unknown to humanity and to song, and was the *Ultima Thule* of our globe. A few wretched, wandering, half starved savages, in intellect and enjoyment but a step beyond the brutes, roamed along the shores of the river, and knew no subsistence, but its salmon, and the wild roots of the plains. We now number the inhabitants west of our Rocky mountains by millions, the half being immigrants from China, Japan, and the islands of the sea. We have towns, villages, colleges, libraries, hospitals, charities, churches, legislative halls, orators, poets, and men of science. We have orchards, vineyards, and manufactories in the country. We see on every side abundance, peace, contentment, in short every thing that can cheer, sustain, and elevate the human

condition; every thing for improvement and enjoyment in this, our brief sojourn, and every thing that can gladden the heart, in better hopes beyond the grave.

This our brave city of palaces, dating back scarcely half a century, now contains a hundred thousand inhabitants, a hundred churches, and twice as many schools; and in intellect, literature, science and religion, in comforts and improvements, does not fear to institute a proud comparison with any other. In short, we look back to the interminable and snow-clad hills behind us, and the wide ocean before us, and the happy belt between constitutes our country, and we envy no other.

Our adjacent sister Spanish republics are keeping pace with us in many respects. At the commencement of the century, they were a couple of feeble, straggling missionary establishments, denominated St. Peter and St. Paul. They occupied, it is true, the lovliest country and climate in the world. But the wretched inhabitants were the slaves of slaves, the trammelled vassals of Spanish tyranny and superstition. It is now a great, populous and happy republic. All worships are tolerated alike. The arts and sciences, all that can enlighten and adorn the human condition, is as sedulously patronized with them, as with us; and the generous emulation between the two republics, in these respects, is equally honorable to both.

But to be a little more minute in these details of contrast. At that time, the hardy adventurers, Lewis and Clark, with incredible toil, endurance and intrepidity, brought a few hunters over the Rocky mountains, to the shores of our ocean. On foot, carrying nothing, but themselves, practised backwood's men, and subsisting on fare that would hardly sustain savages, they were twenty four months from the mouth of the Missouri to the time of their return. How different is the case now! Arrivals from that place by that river, the mountain canal, and our river, are often short of twenty days. We recently noticed the arrival of a lady in this city from New-York. It was an inland water excursion, not much exceeding six thousand miles. She came by the Hudson, the New-York canal, the lake, the Ohio canal, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the mountain canal, and the Columbia. She was opulent, whimsical, nervous, fancied herself sick, and took the whim of this trip for change of scenery and air. She had her state-room and her servants to herself, all the way; and did not rise from her couch during the passage. We are happy to learn, that the effect of the excursion has been favorable to her spirits. She strengthens

upon the sea breeze of the Pacific, and already attends balls, parties, and the theatre.

At the commencement of this century, history bears melancholy testimony, that there was no such thing as union, peace and good feeling among the various religous denominations. A vast deal of clean paper was blotted and ink shed, in religious disputes, because the disputants were prohibited by the laws and public opinion, from shedding blood. And what were the points about which they disputed? Why generally matters of this sort—Whether contingency be a substance or an accident? Whether the third heaven be in latitude 39° 2' 3", or 39° 50'? Whether prescience makes man a machine, or a free agent? Whether a man can be compressed with all the omnipotence of destiny; and yet have perfect freedom of action? And a great deal about kai, and logos, and ouneka, and a thousand other points of equal importance, of which these are fair specimens. Every one has heard of the grand meeting of representatives of all the Christian churches in the world, which recently assembled in the venerable city of the birth place of our Redeemer. All our readers will be delighted to hear, that it broke up, after a long session of solemn enquiry, and reciprocation of every affectionate and Christian office, by recommending, as the motto and formula of all Christians under heaven these words: *Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to men.* Our heart swells with pleasure as we record, that in China, containing nearly half the associated population of the globe, a thousand churches of the Redeemer are already founded, on each one of which this sublime motto is inscribed.

At that time, there was but one canal of any importance in our vast republic. They are now too common even in our state, to be named as matters of curiosity. Canals and rail roads are every where substituted on our leading routes, for the ancient modes of travel and transport. A package transmitted from Boston to this city, now costs less freight, and sustains less risk and damage, than would formerly have been incurred in its transport from the northern to the southern extremity of one of the states. At that time we numbered seven millions of inhabitants. We now number a hundred millions. At that time our people and our councils were divided by party; and we made a dead lift at the conquest of Canada, to no purpose. Now we are all as one man, and we can—But we are both too strong, and too proud to boast. We need only say, that the most earnest patriot could not wish to see us more courted by the nations than we are.

At that time, a balloon ascended from a city, with a man, and

sometimes a lady with him, and the whole city greeted them with acclamations, until the shouts would no longer reach them in the heights. They moved a few leagues at the sport of the winds, and generally landed in a forest or a quagmire. Now the balloon is managed and directed, as easily in the air, as a skiff is in the water. We transport our distant mails by them, and a trip from this city to Canton, in a balloon, excites no more notice than the departure of a steam boat.

We have not room even for the most meagre catalogue of improvements during that period in chemistry. So much minuteness of detail is neither in our power, nor our purpose. Our best bread, it is true, is still made from wheat. But agriculture has discovered an infinite number of new eatables, and an acre supports more men now, than ten did then. We make sugar from vinegar, alcohol from dish water, and butter from turnips. We laugh at the fools of two centuries ago, who thought that Satan only could aid to the transmuting secret of turning lead to gold. Every one possesses it now, and even ladies have discovered certain machines, that are standing examples of perpetual motion. We have 6,000 new extracts; 40,000 new kinds of pills. We advertise 5,000 patent medicines. There is no disease to which man is subject, but what some one advertises that he has a certain and sovereign remedy for it; and to be immortal on the earth, it should only seem necessary, that a man should have money and faith, to buy, and take about 200 kinds of patent medicines, to defy all maladies, and the grisly king, and live forever in this world.

At that time there were a great many colleges and books, and a number of writers, who considered that they knew a thing or two. But we need not lose ourselves in the boundless field of comparison of the present state of literature with the order of things, that then prevailed. We trust our readers will ask no more conclusive proof of the infinite advance of the present, than in the comparison of this our poor journal, with any thing of the kind which that age could boast.

At that time they used to think, that a miserable thick skull of a demagogue, as soon as he could in any way get notoriety in the papers, was a concern of more importance than a million quiet, unaspiring people in the humble privacy of domestic life. We have got over that folly, and we hope forever. The editors of newspapers used then to lead the people by the nose; and when they had got up a party, used to chatter like black birds, and abuse one another and the people, like blackguards. The people became, fifty years ago, too 'dacent,' as Paddy says, to allow themselves to be treated in that way; and these editors are now obliged to be very careful about telling fibs, and are

compelled by public opinion, to show good manners, and keep the peace.

But after all, the records of the increase of comfort, and advancement in knowledge, morals, health, and easy and abundant subsistence, in private life, are a thousand times more interesting to the real friends of humanity, than all the heartless annals of power, politics and ambition. Instead of being allowed to sell his wife, or administer moderate and wholesome correction to her, as the law then allowed the husband, instead of quoting her from the bible, *as the weaker vessel*, she can now carry as much press of sail, as he can. She has learned algebra, chemistry, natural philosophy, metaphysics, ærostation, verse-making, and man-governing; and this may be considered as the age of the empire of petticoats and the better half of the species. Corsets and false curls, and everlastings, are thrown to the fire, and affectation to the winds. The easy folds and the graceful drapery of Grecian costume have returned upon us; and, by so doing, they have gained still more in appearance, than they have in health and comfort. They no longer strive to look bold, but they have come over us by the semblance of humility and docility. In short, they have gymnasticised and callisthenized, and managed, what with verses and pretty ways, and thrumming instruments, and warbling songs, after the fashion of the nightingale, and by seeming to be humble and good, until, aided by the downright muscle and physical power, which they have gained by running and wrestling, and leaping, and climbing, they have carried the point, that for the next century they shall legislate, decide the causes, and fight the battles, allowing the men to lie upon their oars, and to be put upon a probation of good behaviour, in which, *if they come forth as gold*, they may be allowed to take governing, turn about, every other century.

On the ground of morals, our improvements are still more unquestionable. The very boys in the streets scout a miser, as he passes. A profane man is not admitted into good society. A liar gets no credit for the second lie. The people turn up their noses at a babbler. The moment a lady, howsoever fair and genteel, begins to prate scandal at a tea-table, the whole party rise up, shake their clothes, and fly, as if from the contagion of the plague. It is so long since we have seen such a monster as a drunkard, that we only recal our disgust at this vice, by reading accounts of it in the last century.

Our world in truth, seems to be getting to be a place worth living in; and a father may fairly rejoice, all things considered, when it is officially announced to him by the proper female officer, that a child

is born to him. Of all improvements, appertaining to our physical existence, those of medicine are most important. They reach the whole species, and run out to the remotest capillaries of society. These improvements have been as great, and as unquestionable, as in any other department of science. Men are now taught to evade a thousand diseases by prevention, temperance, diet and regimen. They feed so much better and easier, and have desires so much more regulated, and are so much more contented, the ladies dress with so much more taste, and are so much more witty, amiable, and captivating, and men have so much less care, since the trouble of governing is taken off their shoulders, and it sits so perfectly easy on those of the ladies, that neither the one nor the other grow old, as formerly. We refer to one of the well known favorites of our city, Miss Sprightly, who, at forty, has a brow of eighteen, without care or wrinkle on it, and the most invidious wit, has not thought of applying to her the opprobrious term, 'old maid.' It is certain, too, that the physicians have fairly got down some diseases, and have stopped some of the holes in the great sieve of mortality. The self-tilling plow of philosopher Godwin has long ago managed very well in our fields. But, we confess, we are discouraged, by perceiving that men still continue to die, notwithstanding there are people, who advertise that they can cure every disease. We begin to despair of seeing them become immortal in this world. We have some vile pains in our bones, and a wretched dyspepsia, that we have been twenty years curing, and that is not yet cured, that are continually preaching to us, amidst the blandishments and motives to live, which our fair city offers, *memento mori*.

We wish from time to time to resume these contrasts, as great improvements continue to be announced. But lest even the recitation of our causes for pride and joy should become tedious, we close with an extract from the minutes of 'the immortalizing society of physicians' of our city. The learned man, who records the case, has given it in language, which seemed to us, rather too learned and technical, and we have ventured for the benefit of the common reader, to 'do it' into our own simpler and humbler words.

Record of an experiment upon Miss Emily Evergreen of the city of Oregon, aged 75 years, to grind her over, and produce rejuvenescence by transfusion of youthful blood into her veins. By the incorporated board of 'immortalizing physicians' of Oregon.

Case. Miss Emily appeared before the board on the sixth of May last. She was splendidly dressed, with a high turban, a long pale face, that had once been pretty, but was now marked with the fading

touches of care, and scored with the wrinkles of age and anxiety.—She shewed pretty teeth, when she smiled, but there were but a few of nature's ivories among them. Art and opulence, in all their present finish and resources, had exhausted their means, to retain for her that freshness, that had, sixty years before, been the toast of the young gentlemen, and the theme of the sonnets, sighs and songs of poets.—From a deep investigation of her case, it appeared, that she had broken a number of hearts; had alternately played prude and coquette, and had suffered in her latter days severely, by two or three unsuccessful affairs of the heart. As it was, Miss Emily had a pretty languish, and appeared in decay, shorn of something of her primitive brightness. In fine, she seemed to us like a fine, ancient Damask rose, that had been dried, and preserved in a lady's album. She was seated in state in a chair, canopied with crimson Damask curtains, which threw a fine rich light upon her pale face, which became, in truth, something paler, in view of the operating physician, who approached her, bowing respectfully, with his right hand upon his left breast. In his left was a lancet, and a peach blossom-alabaster goblet, containing the youthful blood of rejuvenescence, that was to be transfused into her veins. Before her was a large mirror, curtained with yellow satin.

The physician made her a low bow, of extreme grace, to which she replied, by half rising, and an equally graceful curt'sy. He then set forth, in a suitable speech, the wonderful recent discoveries in the healing art, and among others, the ultimate success of long continued efforts, to produce, rejuvenescene by transfusion. The goblet was displayed; and he vouched, that the contents were the mingled blood, from the veins of a young man, as beautiful as Apollo, and a girl of eighteen, as fair as Venus, both voluntarily offering the rich purple from the redundance of their veins, and too proud, if she would receive it into her's, for their sake. She held up her arm with Spartan firmness for the operation. The vein was opened, and the transfusion performed by the beautiful and improved French complication of instruments for that purpose. She sustained the operation with a fortitude, which would have honored a martyr. A pint was transfused. An august and scientific joy diffused itself through the breasts of this learned body, as they manifested this proud triumph of art over nature. In proportion, as the transfusion advanced, the fairness and the freshness of rejuvenescence commenced above the brows. The wrinkles disappeared, one by one, and the smoothness spread over her polished forehead. The upper lip become as beautifully florid and pouting, as at eighteen. The artificial teeth from the upper jaw

dropped out, and were instantly replaced by fair, even and white natural ones. Her high turban was lifted gradually from her head, and a mass of false hair and curls fell with it to the floor; and her head was forthwith covered with abundant tresses of glossy and youthful luxuriance. The head and the forhead, including the upper lip, and the face to the cheek bones, evinced the complete success of the operation.

At this most interesting point of transformation, the operator bowed again, and stated, that from experience they had learned it would be dangerous to pursue the transfusion any farther at that sitting. He helped her with infinite grace and ceremony from her chair, and drew the curtain from before the mirror. It was a spectacle of unequalled interest, to contemplate the mixed emotions, with which Miss Evergreen saw the upper part of her face that of a Hebe, and the lower part aged 75 years, and rendered a good twenty five older by the contrast. Miss Emily is known to be the pink of ceremony and composed demeanor. She could hardly have acted more oddly, under the influence of the exhilarating gas. She eagerly requested the operator, to renew the experiment the moment, he thought it would be safe—assured him, that she would keep house, to that time, that she might not take cold, and modestly covering her cheeks and the lower part of her face, to conceal her blushes, she withdrew.

We can only add, that there is an inexpressible anxiety, in our city, to learn the result of the next transfusion.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN MANNERS.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

In respect to the lesser morals, all savages in this region are hospitable. Even the enemy, whom they would have sought, and slain, far from their cabins, who presents himself fearlessly there, claims, and receives their hospitality. They accord to the cabin hearth the inviolability of an asylum, and the honors and the sanctity of an altar. A great number of instances are on record, of savages of hostile tribes, obnoxious to the most deadly revenge of particular warriors, presenting themselves on a sudden before those warriors, and opening their offered bosoms to the knife. This undaunted heroism often disarms not only the purpose of revenge, but with deep savage admiration,

excites more generous feelings, and brings about a reconciliation, and permanent peace between the contending tribes. That part of our character, which they are the last to understand, and least prone to admire, is, that when our people have received in their villages a lavish and gratuitous hospitality, they, when returning the visit, should find, that with us strangers are lodged in taverns.

We have by no means the same plenary faith in that tenacious remembrance of kindnesses, which historians have almost universally ascribed to them, as a trait nobly distinguishing them from other races. We entertain very little reliance upon the constancy of their friendship. We consider them treacherous and fickle in the extreme; easily swayed from the views and purposes of yesterday, and constantly disposed to pay their court to the divinity of good fortune, and always ready to side with the strongest. Were we in their power, and fortune, in reference to us, changing, we should make no calculations for the morrow, upon their views and purposes towards us to day.

They are well known for their voraciousness of appetite. They endure hunger and thirst, as they do suffering, pain and death, with astonishing patience and constancy. When they kill a deer, a bear, or a buffalo, after a long abstinence, they will devour an enormous quantity of the flesh. Their devoted and fatal attachment to ardent spirits is matter of melancholy notoriety. In all their councils, talks and conferences with the officers of our government, from lake Erie to the Rocky mountains, their first and last request is whiskey. The feelings of honor and shame can be reached in an Indian bosom upon every other point, but this. Declaim, as we may, against the use of it, paint the ill effects of it as strongly, as we choose, speak with as much contempt as we may, of drunkards, their best and bravest still clamor for whiskey.

All words would be thrown away, in attempting to pourtray in just colors the effects of general drunkenness upon such a race. It is, indeed the heaviest curse, which their intercourse with the whites has entailed upon them. Every obligation of duty, as philanthropists and Christians, imposes upon us every effort to prevent the complete and final extirpation of this ill-fated race; the inevitable consequence of their being allowed free access to the liquid poison of whiskey. We have elsewhere adverted to the stern and rigorous prohibitions of our government, and the apparent fidelity, with which those prohibitions are carried into effect. And yet in some way, or other, wherever Americans have access, Indians have whiskey. It is understood, that

the laws of the state governments and the general government are not exactly in coincidence and concert, upon the subject of interdicting spirits to the Indians. This state of things ought not to exist.—It is a fact of common notoriety, that in the states, they find much less difficulty in procuring whiskey, than in the territories. The duties of the states imperiously bind them to frame laws, and to see them executed, in unison with the severest interdictions of the general government, and to unite with that, to prevent these unhappy beings from exercising their suicide propensities.

It has been inferred, because they make it a point, not to express astonishment, or curiosity, in view of our improvements, and arts, that they are destitute of the feeling of curiosity; and because they seem to hold them in contempt and disdain, that they have no passions analogous to the cupidity, vanity, or pride of the whites. They are, unquestionably, among the proudest beings in the world. No people can generate the emphatic and characteristic sneer of pride, quicker or more strongly on their countenances. It is their very pride, that induces them, to affect this indifference; for that it is affected, we have had numberless opportunities to discover. It is with them not only pride, but calculation, to hold in seeming contempt things, which, they are aware, they can not obtain, and possess.

As regards their vanity, and that part of the species, upon which it is supposed to operate with most force, we have not often had the fortune, to contemplate a young squaw at her toilette. But from the studied arrangement of her calico jacket, from the glaring circles of vermillion on her plump and circular face, from the artificial manner, in which her hair of intense black is clubbed in a roll of the thickness of a man's wrist, from the long time, which it takes her to complete these arrangements, from the manner, in which she minces, and ambles, and plays off her prettiest airs, after she has put on all her charms, we should clearly infer, that dress and personal ornament occupy the same portion of her thoughts, that they do of the fashionable woman of civilized society.

A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough going beau in the world. Bond street and Broadway furnish no subjects, that will undergo as much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress. We are confident, that we have observed such a character constantly occupied with his paints, and his pocket glass three full hours, laying on his colors, and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of ir-

resistible charms is in his eye. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms, generally jewels in their ears, and often in their noses; and nothing is more common, than to see a thin, circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from their nose, a little below their upper lip. Nothing shows more clearly the influence of fashion. This ornament, so painfully inconvenient, as it evidently is to them, and so horribly ugly and disfiguring, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste.— Painted porcupine quills are twisted in their hair. Tails of animals hang from their hair behind, or from the point, where they were originally appended to the animal. A necklace of bear's, or alligator's teeth, or claws of the bald eagle hangs loosely down, and an interior and smaller circle of large red beads, or, in default of them, a rosary of red hawthorns surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated, cylindrical pieces of silver, or brass, that emit a simultaneous tinkle, as the person walks. If to all this, he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red over the customary calico shirt of the gaudiest colors, that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers an uniform and full sound, and apparently considers his person, with as much complacency, as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau. But every reader, competent to judge, will admit its fidelity, as far as it goes, to the description of a young Indian warrior over the whole Mississippi valley, when prepared to take part in a public dance.

Strange, as it may seem, to our Atlantic readers, the sight of such an Indian is almost as rare a spectacle in this city, as in Philadelphia, or Boston. But so many faithful prints of Indian figure and costume have recently been presented to the public, that most of those who have not seen the living subject, have definite views of the general outlines of Indian appearance. The males almost universally wear leggins in two distinct pieces, like the legs of pantaloons, fitted very tight from the loins to the ancles; generally of smoke-tanned deerskin, and seamed with tassels, or leather fringe; sometimes of blue cloth.— Those, who inhabit the regions beyond the range of the buffalo, wear a blanket, thrown loosely over their shoulders, and those, who live in the region of that animal, wear its dressed skin in the same way.— Their moccasins are ornamented with extreme care with different colored porcupine quills, arranged in lines and compartments. But in the sultry months they are often seen with no other dress, than a piece

of blue cloth, in the language of the country, 'strouding,' passed between the thighs, and brought round the loins. In regions contiguous to the whites, they have generally a calico shirt of the finest colors, and they are particularly attached to a long calico dress, resembling a morning gown.

The women wear a calico jacket, leggins not much unlike those of the men, and whenever they can afford it, a blue broad cloth petticoat made full and bunching out, as if swelled with a hoop. We do not remember to have seen Indians, either male, or female, affect any other colors, than red or blue. The thick, heavy, black tresses of their hair are parted from the centre of the forehead, and the crown, and skewered with a quill, or a thorn, in a large club behind.

They have various dances, to which they seem extravagantly attached, and which often have, as did the dances of old time, a religious character. The aged council chiefs drum with invariable gravity of countenance, and the young warriors dance with great vehemence, pounding their feet upon the ground, like the pestles of a powdermill. They pursue their vocation with a vigor, which causes the perspiration to pour from their bodies. Toward the close, they wag their heads, and make a kind of half whirl on their centre, cut a number of powerful and high flourishes, and then pause, shake their heads, clap their hand to their mouth, and emit a kind of scream, broken into small, jerky fragments of sound, by passing their hand by a rapid motion across their lips. This is the most characteristic of all Indian noises. It seems easy to imitate, and yet we have heard Americans personate every part of an Indian dance with better and closer mimicry, than this. They have the war, the feast, the scalp, and the dog dance; and perhaps others, and tunes, corresponding to the different purposes of these dances. In our ear, these tunes are exceedingly monotonous and uniform, running only through three, or four notes, and constantly recurring to the same strain. The last note of this strain to us is terrible, when heard, as we have often heard it by night, ringing through the woods. The song, like the dance, breaks off by that broken yell, which they make by the rapid motion of their hand over their mouths. In most of the tribes the women take no part in the song. We remember only to have heard the women of the Sacs and Foxes join in the song; and they did it, by chiming in a couple, or three sharp notes, with a strong nasal twang at the last part of the tune.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE WESTERN PEOPLE.

An experiment is making in this vast country, which must ultimately contain so many millions of people, on the broadest scale on which it has ever been made, whether religion, as a national distinction of character, can be maintained without any legislative aid, or even recognition by the government. If there be any reference to religion, in any of the constitutions and enactments, in the western country, beyond the simple, occasional granting of a distinct incorporation, it manifests itself in a guarded jealousy of the interference of any religious feeling, or influence with the tenor of legislation. In most of the constitutions, ministers of the gospel are expressly interdicted from any office of profit or trust, in the gift of the people. In none of the enactments are there any provisions for the support of any form of worship whatever. But if it be inferred from this, that religion occupies little or no place in the thoughts of the people, that there are no forms of worship, and few ministers of the gospel, no inference can be wider from the fact. It is the settled political maxim of the west, that religion is a concern entirely between the conscience and God, and ought to be left solely to His guardianship and care. The people are generally averse to binding themselves by any previous legal obligation to a pastor for services stipulated to be performed. It is the general impression, that he ought to derive his support from voluntary contributions, after services performed, and uninfluenced by any antecedent contract or understanding. There are many towns and villages, where other modes prevail; but such is the general standing feeling of the west.

Hence, except among the catholics, there are very few settled pastors, in the sense in which that phrase is understood in New-England, and the Atlantic cities. Most of the ministers, that are in some sense permanent, discharge pastoral duties not only in their individual societies, but in a wide district about them. The range of duties, the emolument, the estimation, and in fact the whole condition of a western pastor, are widely different from an Atlantic minister. In each case, there are peculiar immunities, pleasures and inconveniencies, growing out of the differences of condition. We do not undertake to balance the advantages in favor of either. It has been a hundred times represented, and in every form of intelligence, in the eastern religious pub-

lications, that there were few preachers in the country, and that whole wide districts had no religious instruction, or forms of worship whatever. We believe, from a survey, certainly very general, and, we trust, faithful, that there are as many preachers, in proportion to the people, as there are in the Atlantic country. A circulating phalanx of methodists, baptists and Cumberland presbyterians, of Atlantic missionaries, and of young eleves of the catholic theological seminaries, from the redundant mass of unoccupied ministers, both in the protestant and catholic countries, pervades this great valley with its numerous detachments, from Pittsburg, the mountains, the lakes, and the Missouri, to the Gulf of Mexico. They all pursue the interests of their several denominations in their own way, and generally in profound peace.

It is true, a serious mind can not fail to observe, with regret, the want of the permanent and regular moral influence of settled religious institutions. The regular 'church going bell,' to our ear such a delightful peal on the Sabbath, is not heard with the recurrence of that day, and there is something of tranquil sobriety, of elevated and just notions of morals, the influence of which is so immediately felt in a country, where regular worship prevails, that, in the more unsettled districts of this country, is felt as a painful privation. But if we except Arkansas and Louisiana, there is every where else an abundance of some kind of preaching. The village papers on all sides contain printed notices, and written ones are affixed to the public places, notifying what are called 'meetings.' A traveller in a clerical dress does not fail to be asked at the public houses, where he stops, if he is a preacher, and if he wishes to notify a meeting.

There are stationary preachers in the towns, particularly in Ohio. But in the rural congregations through the western country beyond Ohio, it is seldom that a minister is stationary for more than a few months. A ministry of a year in one place, may be considered beyond the common duration. Nine tenths of the religious instruction of the country is given by people, who itinerate, and who are, with very few exceptions, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, men of great zeal and sanctity. These earnest men, who have little to expect from pecuniary support, and less from the prescribed reverence and influence, which can only appertain to a stated ministry, find, at once, that every thing depends upon the cultivation of popular talents. Zeal for the great cause, mixed, perhaps, imperceptibly, with a spice of earthly ambition, and the latent emulation and pride of our natures, and other motives, which unconsciously influence, more or less, the

most sincere and the most disinterested, the desire of distinction among their cotemporaries and their brethren, and a reaching struggle for the fascination of popularity, goad them on to study all the means and arts of winning the people. Travelling from month to month through dark forests, with such ample time and range for deep thought, as they amble slowly on horseback along their peregrinations, the men naturally acquire a pensive and romantic turn of thought and expression, as we think, favorable to eloquence. Hence the preaching is of a highly popular cast, and its first aim is to excite the feelings. Hence, too, excitements, or in religious parlance 'awakenings,' are common in all this region. Living remote, and consigned the greater part of the time, to the musing loneliness of their condition in the forests, or the prairie; when they congregate on these exciting occasions, society itself is to them a novelty, and an excitement. The people are naturally more sensitive and enthusiastic, than in the older countries. A man of rude, boisterous, but native eloquence, rises among these children of the forest and simple nature, with his voice pitched upon the tones, and his utterance filled with that awful theme, to which every string of the human heart every where responds, and while the woods echo his vehement declamations, his audience is alternately dissolved in tears, awed to profound feeling, or falling in spasms. This country opens a boundless theatre for strong, earnest and unlettered eloquence, and the preacher seldom has extensive influence, or usefulness, who does not possess some touch of this character.

These excitements have been prevalent, within the two past years, in the middle western states; chiefly in Tennessee, and for the most part under the ministry of the Cumberland presbyterians. Sometimes it influences a settlement or a town; and sometimes, as there, spreads over a state. The people assemble, as to an imposing spectacle. They pour from their woods, to hear the new preacher, whose fame has travelled before him. The preaching has a scenic effect. It is a theme of earnest discussion, reviewing, comparison, and intense interest.

POETICAL.

THE INDIAN MAID'S DEATH SONG.

The valiant Dacota has gone to the chase,
The pride of my heart, and the hope of his race;
His arrows are sharp, and his eye it is true,
And swift is the march of his birchen canoe;
But suns shall vanish, and seasons wane,
E'er the hunter shall clasp his Winona again!

Away, ye false hearted, who smile to destroy;
Whose hearts plan deceit, while your lips utter joy:
Winona is true to the vow, she has paid,
And none, but the hunter, shall win the dark maid.
I sing my death dirge; for the grave I prepare,
And soon shall my true lover follow me there.

His heart is so true, that in death he shall not
Forget the sad scene of this blood sprinkled spot;
But swift, as the feet of the light-bounding doe,
He'll fly through the current of darkness below,
To join his Winona in regions of truth,
Where love blooms eternal with beauty and youth.

Stern sire, and false hearted kindred, adieu!
I sing my death song, and my courage is true;
Tis painful to die—but the pride of my race
Forbids me to pause betwixt pain and disgrace:—
The rocks they are sharp, and the precipice high;
See, see! how a maiden can teach ye to die!

Vandalia, September, 1827. ORLANDO.

THE BEECH WOODS.

Grove, rearing thy green head above the smoke
And morning mists, I bend me to thy shade,
And court thy shelter from the ceaseless hum,
And wearying bustle of the dusty town,
To taste thy coolness, privacy and peace.
What string invisible, sweet beechen wood,
Know'st thou to harp, that here my morning dreams
Of youth, my young imaginings return
In all the freshness of their rain-bow hues?
My earliest love was for the dark green woods.
From stinted wishes, cares and toils at home,
The master's frown at school, the bitter scorn
Of dark ey'd maid belov'd, that vanquish'd me
In the proud struggles of the dawning mind;
From all the sad presages of the years
To come, the cypress-woven destiny,
Which my young eye, prophetic, ken'd from far;
From emulation's early fires; from pride,
And hope just op'ning in the bud, and nipp'd
By early frost, I bounded to the woods.
The stillness reach'd my heart. The cooling shade
Soon taught my throbbing pulses rest
'Twas, as the grove return'd my youthful love,
And fondly clasp'd me in maternal arms,
And on her mossy pillow laid my head.
E'en there my youthful palaces of hope
All rose amidst the trees. My fairy scenes
Of love and joy were all beneath the shade.
Words can not paint the visionary thoughts,
That rose, spontaneous, as reclin'd, I laid
To list the birds, that struck their solemn notes,
Unfrequent, aw'd, and as a temple hymn,
With turtle's moan at close; and saw the flowers
Bend with the humble bee, as from their cup
It busy, drew ambrosia, bearing home
The yellow plunder on its loaded thighs,
And trac'd it by its organ tones through air,
Sailing from sight, like a dark, fading point.
These voices from the spirit of the groves

With gentle whisperings inspir'd within
A holy calm and thoughts of love and peace.
And since, in forest wanderings of years,
Whene'er my course led through the beechen woods,
The Mantuan's 'spreading beech' to memory sprung,
Like youthful play mate dear. When from the bed
Of pain arising, my first feeble steps
Still led me to the groves; and, always kind,
Ye never taunted, slander'd me, deceiv'd
Mock'd at my sorrows; proudly shrunk away
From the embraces of your druid son.
As mad'ning wrath arose within my breast,
And counsel'd deep revenge for cruel wrongs.
In the still air reposing, your green heads
Still read to me, how ye had gently bent
Before the storms of centuries, unharm'd.
Sweet beechen woods, ye soon will richly tint
With autumn's gold and purple; ye would warn
Your votary to mellow into age,
And doff, resigned, the flaunty thoughts of youth,
Its flowing tresses, and its unscath'd brow,
E'en as your falling leaves plash in the stream.
Accept, ye beechen woods, my filial thanks
For parents' love vouchsaf'd at morn and noon.
Oh! grant me shelter in your shade in age.
Learn me to dwell in mem'ry, 'neath your boughs
On the companions of my morning down
Of whom but few still walk above the soil.
Sweet is the mem'ry of their kindnesses.
The thought of each by distance, time, or death
Is render'd holy. Teach me patiently to wait,
Till my time come. Oh! teach me, beechen woods,
As Spring will clothe your boughs again with leaves,
I too shall spring immortal from the dust.

REVIEW.

The History of Kentucky, exhibiting an account of the Modern Discovery, Settlement, Progressive Improvement, Civil and Military Transactions, and the present state of the country. In two volumes. By H. MARSHALL. Frankfort: Geo. S. Robinson. 1824.

It is a singular fact, that as far as our knowledge extends, the most ample and complete history of any single state in our union, is this of Kentucky before us. The first volume, as we learn from the preface to this edition, and as most of the reading people of the west remember, appeared nearly twelve years ago. The present work is the second edition of the first volume, enlarged to 500 pages, revised, and as is obvious to the slightest inspection, greatly improved; and accompanied with a second volume, bringing the history down to the memorable battle of Tippecanoe.

The history of no one of the western states is more interesting, than that of Kentucky. This state disputes with Tennessee the question of antiquity and priority of settlement. She has impressed her spirit, character and name upon the population, institutions, dialect, views and feelings of the whole country of 'the west.' The Indians of all this vast region, quite to the Rocky Mountains, denominate white men by the name Wacheenee, meaning Virginia, which they know only by her descendants in Kentucky. The French of the lower country still denominate all the people, that come from the upper country, Kentucks. It is only necessary to have been as widely acquainted as we have been, with all the states and territories of this vast reach of country, to have seen by how many claims this state stands exalted, as a common mother among them. Various circumstances have concurred, to produce this influence—her rapid settlement—the extreme fertility of her soil—the salubriousness of her climate—the spirited and enterprizing character of her people—the circumstance that many of her first settlers were opulent, and men of distinguished family and name—that her young men were generally of higher standing, and more education, than most of the immigrants to the other states. These circumstances, aided by many accidental concurring causes, account for the influence of this state over all this valley. She was the first state,

too, that began to send produce extensively down the river. Flat boats, as having been first known in New-Orleans, as descending from this state, are now universally designated by the term 'Kentucky flats.' It is only recently, that the common people in the lower country began to understand, that all the upper country was not called Kentucky.

But the circumstance, which has most of all contributed to found this empire of opinion, is her distinct and peculiar character. It is not necessary to explain, whence this character arose. Probably, most of the original causes of national character are inexplicable. We have no idea of attempting in this place any solution of them, as they refer to the nationality of this state. Every one, conversant with the west, well knows what that nationality is—that its most obvious features are a buoyancy, a confidence, self-complacency, and daring, a perfect command, at all times and places, and under all circumstances, of at least all, that the person knows—a hardihood—a spirit, finely denominated in the phrase of the country, a 'pushing' spirit, which every competitor with a Kentucky lawyer, merchant, doctor, or candidate for election, or office, well knows, fears, tries to imitate, and attempts to ridicule. It leads the young physician to find no difficulty in the most untried, unknown, and important case, when surrounded by a listening audience. It leads the young attorney, when making his debut in a new place, to start on a scale of the utmost grandeur, to use the most vehement gesticulation, and to garnish his harangue with fragments from Shakspeare, scraps of poetry, and fine shreds and patches of speeches from Burke down to Phillips, and from the first published collection of lessons in reading and speaking down to the last—terminating a sublime tempest of eloquence, for the most part, with the 'wreck of matter and the crush of worlds'—to the astounding and amazement of his antagonist, less gifted with confidence and the 'gab,' and to the gaping attention, the profound homage, and the long remembrance of the jury, and persuasion of the audience, if not of the justice of his cause, at least of his rising promise and the extent of his talents and powers. This spirit, when accompanied with learning, talent, mind and application, of course, carries every thing before it. Of the multitude of aspirants for professional employment, for place, and office, from this state, no inconsiderable number commence on the first scale, and ultimately build on the last.

Every one knows, that even in common life, the volatile self confidence, and reckless disposition to vaunt Kentucky and self, and support the claims by a fight, for any cause and for no cause, and to commence

the brawl by the cry, hurrah for old Kentucky! is the standing jest of the western country, and matter of common parlance from Pittsburg to Havanna. There is a general feeling, that every where, and in all walks, Kentuckians are privileged characters, and that their mental and muscular powers and pretensions are in general keeping. They have more enthusiasm at home than any other people in our country, not excepting even the French. When this predominant trait takes the right direction, it renders them an interesting and amiable people. When Kentucky enthusiasm and vivacity are tempered by good sense, restrained by moderation, and guided by good feeling, no composition of elements can form a more delightful union of character. But we find ourselves digressing.

A well written history of such a people must be interesting. The writer of the work before us—we know him only by his book—we should think, in many respects, an individual emblem of the nationality of his state. He is romantic, pushing, confident—in no doubt upon any subject, and discusses every topic, as if his whole heart was in every discussion. The style is unlike any thing, in the form of history, with which we have ever met before, and if we were to give a glossary of all his new, strange and out of the way words, apparently coined for the occasion, it would form neither a brief, nor unamusing collection. It is manifest to the most cursory reader, that he wants the calm and dispassionate mind. which is one of the most essential requisites of a historian. No one can charge him with the tameness of lukewarm feeling upon any subject. Whenever parties are described, it is obvious, which one he espouses, and for that party he is rather the earnest lawyer, who has taken a retaining fee, than the calm and impartial historian. The style is sometimes pithy and laconic. At other times the most whimsical, common-place colloquy is introduced. The book, as regards the style, may be designated, as the northern professor is said to have defined lightning in a philosophical lecture—'bald, zigzag, and flash.' The arrangement of the materials is essentially defective, and whenever a topic of discussion occurs, which falls in with the author's views, he leaves the thread of his proper discourse, and pursues this new thought to the end of the chapter. He is, we are told, a near relative of him, who has written the most pithy, close, logical, and dispassionate history, that has yet appeared in our country. There is considerable of the family talent and power visible in the work before us. But few of the other attributes of that historian have been transmitted to this. There are, however, redeeming qualities of spirit and eloquence, and occasional scintillations of genius spread

over the mass of strong thought in the work, which render it on the whole, in our view, far more respectable than the common estimation of it, which has gone abroad. Every one must allow, that there is a most laborious and apparently faithful collection and compilation of facts; and the attentive reader rises from it, we think, with as clear a view of the rise and progress of this state, as he can gather from any existing history of either of the other states. We are of opinion, that from these two volumes, one might be compiled, with slight alteration of the arrangement, and expurgation of style, which might be considered a classical history of Kentucky.

We are not prepared to say, whether he is fortunate or unfortunate, in the circumstance, of which we are now to speak. We suspect there has never been a history, from the records of the 'pillars of Seth' down to this time, into the main body of which, we entered through such a magnificent portico as this, which Mr. Rafinesque has raised in front of this history of Kentucky. Indeed, it was unnecessary to inform us, that the grand and prodigious article, entitled 'Clio,' could not have been written by any other, than a most erudite doctor, who had taken all the degrees, and was A. M., Ph. D. Prof. of Transylvania University, member of the Kentucky Institute, and fifteen other scientific and literary societies, in the United States and Europe; and that he was 'nunquam otiosus.' O ter et quaterque felices doctores! If we possessed a hundred thousandth part of the powers of this astonishing man, instead of our incessant toil, and still looking on our children with anxiety, lest we should finally carry off but one unequivocal pretension to literary character, its proverbial poverty, we would not call the king our uncle. We much fear, that with this exulting confidence in the possession of a power to multiply gold at will, like the wicked Israelites, 'we should eat, and drink, and rise up to play,' in the pure fullness and joyousness of such a talent. We would record in our case another sort of literary success, than that of Sir Walter Scott and Chateaubriand. But we detain our reader from this splendid morceau.

In Mr. Rafinesque's article 'Clio,' prefixed to the history of Kentucky, we have the materials for the history of a world, during a period, we should suppose, of at least 500,000 years, or in fact, as he tells us, an indefinite number of ages. We should presume, his materials must have been at least that length of time elaborating, to have produced the recorded results. The documents for the physical part of this history, 'are to be found every where in the bowels of the earth, its rocks and strata, with the remains of organized bodies imbedded therein, which are now considered the medals of nature.' He

ought to have added, that these medals were stamped with characters, that no historian could read, or interpret, but in one way.

'In order to ascertain the filiation, migrations and annals of the American nations, all the sources have been consulted from which plausible or certain information might be derived. The evidences which they afford, stand in the following order:—1, Features and complexions of nations; 2, their languages; 3, their monuments; 4, their religions; 5, their manners; 6, their histories; and 7, their traditions.' p. 11.

This unparalleled history is divided into chapters and periods.

Period 1. 'The general inundation'—for which he quotes the scriptures in Genesis. There are no data, by which to ascertain the number of years included in this period. We assume the duration in round numbers at 40.000 years, in which there could be materials for no history but that of 'fishes;' for the 'briny ocean' entirely covered Kentucky, and the present scite of Lexington is 5000 feet under water. The Oregon and Mexican mountains are just peeping out of water, and as yet only spread surface enough for a pair of small clothes. The grand cosmogonical laboratory is, however, briskly at work, like a blacksmith's forge, and has elaborated, before the end of the chapter, a 'heap' of stones, fossils, and earths, with tough and jaw-cracking names, and the following sea-animals, fishes, shells, polyps, &c.: '*Terebratula, gonotrema, orthocera, encrinites, pentrimites, turbinotites, astrea, millepera, cyclorites, mastrema, favosites, &c.*'

Period 2. Emersion of mountains, including, we suppose, 60,000 years; in which the submerged mountains are in a hard travail, and towards the close of the chapter, are safely delivered of black, laurel, pine, log and gellico mountains. In Kentucky parlance, there is a 'heap of back-water' yet in the vallies. Vegetation begins.

Period 3, including 70,000 years. Some table lands uplifted. Indiana begins to get breath, and throw up the water of submersion. Towards the latter part of the next chapter, Adam, Ad-mo, or Adimo, and Eve, or Evah, appear on the scene. There are now primitive, crystalized mountains, from 10 to 30,000 feet above the actual ocean; besides volcanoes, &c.

Period 5. The flood of Noah, Nuh, Menu, or Nahu. Kentucky clear out of water!! Vegetation increases. Animals multiply. Earthquakes are frequent.

Period 6. Peleg's flood. Volcanic eruptions and awful earthquakes. Soil gets firm and solid. Rains less heavy. Mammoths and Megalonyxes very common; get in the habit of roaming. A violent bloody murrain prevalent among them. Die in great numbers. Bones now found at Big-bone, &c.

We now come upon the second part of 'Clio,' and cry, 'courage, we are out of the wood, sirs.' We here open the page, that is full of the busy exploits of men. The first cradle of mankind was called Eden, or Ima. The second cradle of mankind has received many names; Theba, Tibet, Menu, Iram, Tanus, &c.

'Noah, the second parent, monarch and legislator of mankind, was known to all the ancient nations under many consimilar names: He is the Nuh of the Persians; Menuh of the Hindoux; Ta-nauh of the Scythians; Ni-nuh of the Assyrians; U-ra-nuh of the Celts; Pe-non of the Chinese; Me non of the Armenians; Ac-mon of the Atlantes; Me-nu of the Egyptians; Oa nes of the Chaldeans; Noch or Cox of the Mexicans; Noch or Moch of the Chiapans, &c.

'The three sons of Noah were also known by many ancient nations under peculiar names.

'The principal nations of the eastern continent which have contributed to people North America and Kentucky, were the Atalans and Cutans, who came easterly through the Atlantic ocean; the Iztacans and Oghuzians, who came westerly through the Pacific ocean.' p. 18, 19.

But we trust this is a sufficient sample. There are a number more chapters of this magnificent 'Clio.' To those of our readers, who may not peruse the history before us, it will be matter of curiosity, to read the heads of the following chapters; and from the preceding extracts, he can imagine how they are filled up. They will stand, as landmarks, to future historians, who may wish to carry out the details of which Mr. Rafinesque has given the outline.

'Chap. II.—The Atalans and Cutans. Chap. III.—History of the Iztacans. Chap. IV.—History of the Oghuzians. Chap. V.—History of Kentucky, &c.'

All we need add, by way of explanation, is that these chapters give the origin, filiation, wars, &c. of some 3 or 400 American and other nations, with names, the bare sight of which would throw a stammerer into spasms; names formidable and unpronounceable; and which, we presume, for the most part, never had an existence, except in the sublime imagination of the professor. Poets, ancient and modern, in view of these splendid conceptions, ought to hide their diminished heads, and world-makers lie by, and sharpen their implements of manufacture for future operations. What an illimitable outline for future history! The learned gentleman might give us an abridged history of 500 folios upon the Xicalaniatl or Miztecatl, and describe to us all the circumstances of a race, on a bet, between a megalonyx and a mammoth, which took place 100.000 years ago. How tiny are the conceptions of a novelist, compared with these? World making is certainly a noble business, and man an animal of most wonderful and exquisite thinking. We should not have blotted paper, however, with this analysis of Clio, if there were not hundreds of volumes writing,

and written, by profound professors, if not so extravagant as this, with very little more to go upon than Mr. Rafinesque has. We do not believe there is another man living, capable of settling the question, formerly proposod to the school-men: '*Utrum chimera, bombinans in vacuuo. possit comedere secundas intentiones?* to wit—whether a chimera, bellowing in vaccuum, can eat up second intentions!

It is positively painful, to descend from this wholesale and magnificent concern of earthquakes, volcanoes, worlds and nations, during a half a million years, to the individual history of Kentucky, for a period of only half a century. Every reader must feel something as we do in the case; and we beg leave to suggest, that for the credit and advantage of both parties, in future editions of this work, it will be best for them to unlash, and let each one steer his own craft. It is too palpably bathos, and anti-climax, to come down from 'Clio' to a state history; and it seems so partial a distribution of space, that such a history, for forty years, should occupy two large volumes, and that a world, and 300 nations, for 500,000 years, should have but 31 pages allotted it, that all notions of justice, equal rights and comparison, revolt at such a distribution.

It has been reported, that McBride carved his name on a tree, at the mouth of Kentucky river, in 1754. But we have no certain accounts, that Kentucky was explored, before the year 1767. In that year, it was visited by John Finley. In 1769 Daniel Boone, the patriarch of Kentucky, followed the steps of Finley, and arrived in the country. In 1773 surveyors visited the country about the falls of the Ohio, and were somewhat particular in exploring the region about the falls, on the Kentucky side of the river. In 1774 the first permanent cabin was built in the country by James Harrod, at Harrodsburg This may be assumed as the parent town, and this era as the first settlement of Kentucky. In 1775 colonel Henderson arrived at Boonesborough, and made a great many purchases of lands from the Indians, which were finally annulled by the state. From its fertility, and being the range of immense droves of wild animals, it was a consequent resort for the Indians, as a most productive hunting ground. It was claimed by all the tribes, and seemed to belong to none. Hence it was natural, that conflicting tribes should come to blows on this neutral ground. From the frequent battles that occurred here, and from its deep forests, it was called in the Indian dialects, 'the dark and bloody ground.'

The second chapter is occupied in biographical sketches of the first settlers of the state. Mr. Marshall has a whimsical and peculiar

way of writing biography. Some of these sketches are made, as we think, with considerable spirit and felicity. The very name of Daniel Boone is a romance of itself. A Nimrod by instinct and physical character, his home was in the range of woods; his beau ideal the chase, and forests full of buffaloes, bears, and deer. More expert at their own arts, than the Indians themselves, to fight them, and foil them, gives scope to the exulting consciousness of the exercise of his own appropriate and peculiar powers. He fights them in numerous woods and ambushes. His companions fall about him. He is one of those peculiar persons whom destiny seems to have charmed against balls. When by daring, or stratagem, or good fortune, he comes off safe from a desperate conflict, it affords him a delightful theme to recount to his listening companions around the cabin fire, or as feasting on the smoking buffalo hump, on a winter evening, his fine descriptions and his hair-breadth escapes. At length he is taken. But the savages have too much reverence for such a grand 'medicine' of a man as Boone, to kill him. He assumes such an air of entire satisfaction along with them, and they are so naturally delighted with such a mighty hunter, and such a free and fortunate spirit, that they are charmed, and deceived into a confidence that he is really at home with them, and would not escape if he could. It is probable, too, that his seeming satisfaction is not altogether affected. The Indian way of life is the way of his heart. It is almost one thing to him, so that he wanders in the woods with expert hunters, whether he takes his diversion with the whites, or the Indians. They are lulled into such confidence, as to allow him almost his own range. He seizes his opportunity, and in escaping, undergoes such incredible hardships, and privations, and dangers, as nothing would render credible, but the most indubitable evidence, that they have been actually so endured.

Boone thought little of titles and courts of record. Fences, butts, and bounds, and partition lines, and all the barbarous terms, invented by the spirit of *Meum and Tuum*, the paltry letts and hindrances of civilization, were terms of unhappy omen in his ear. He finds himself circumvented by those, who had thought with more respect of these things; and in his age, he fled from landholders and lawsuits in Kentucky to the banks of the Missouri. Here, on a river with a course of something more than a thousand leagues, all through wilderness, an ample and a pleasant range was opened to his imagination. We saw him on those banks. With thin grey hair, a high forehead, a keen eye, a cheerful expression, a singularly bold conformation of countenance and breast, and a sharp and commanding voice, and with a creed

for the future, embracing not many articles beyond his red rival hunters, he appeared to us the same Daniel Boone, if we may use the expression, jerked and dried to high preservation, that we had figured, as the wanderer in woods, and the slayer of bears and Indians. He could no longer well descry the wild turkey on the trees, but his eye still kindled at the hunter's tale, and he remarked, that the population on that part of the Missouri was becoming too dense, and the farms too near each other, for comfortable range, and that he never wished to reside in a place, where he could not fall trees enough into his yard to keep up his winter fire. Dim, as was his eye, with age, it would not have been difficult, we apprehend, to have obtained him, as a volunteer on a hunting expedition over the Rocky mountains. No man ever exemplified more strongly the 'ruling passion strong in death.'

Biographical notices are also given of James Harrod, the family of McAfee, Benjamin Logan, Capt. Thomas Bartlett, James Douglass, John Floyd, Simon Kenton, alias Butler and William Whitley. These persons are all celebrated in various ways, in the annals of the first settlement of the state. The notices of them in this chapter are sufficiently characteristic and amusing, and it has as fair a claim as any in the work, to be considered handsome writing.

In 1775 Boonesborough and Harrodsburg were places of general rendezvous for the numerous immigrants, that were making their way to this region. The daughters of colonel Boone were the first females seen in the country, and Mrs. Denton, Mrs. McGary, and Mrs. Hagan the first married females, who followed their husbands thither.

About this time commences the dismal and monotonous narrative, so invariably appended to all our commencing settlements, of Indian wars; of a continued series of murders, making captives, destroying women and children, in short the same kind of scenes, that we recently contemplated in our view of Haywood's history of Tennessee. The siege and defence of Boonesborough and Logan's fort are related with spirit and effect. Those traits of prowess, intrepidity and fortitude, which such situations have so often developed, were displayed here even by the females. Many deaths occurred, on both sides. As we have read so often elsewhere, in our early history, the men tilled, and harvested under arms, and as foraging in the face of a foe. Towards the close of the chapter, p. 55 and seq. we have an interesting narrative of the capture of Boone along with 27 others, the principal settlers of the country, from the salt works at Blue Licks, where they were making salt. They were carried by the Indians to old Chillicothe, a famous Indian town. In the following March, Boone and ten of

the other prisoners were carried to Detroit. The ten were delivered over to the British commander. But nothing would induce them to part with Boone. He was carried back to Chillicothe, where the Indians were now meditating a formidable expedition against Boonesborough. Boone had affected to be so much broken in to his lot, that the Indians, accustomed, as they are, to practice deception themselves, were deceived. He was allowed to take his own range, with so little restraint, that finally, in the language of the west, 'he cleared himself.' He performed a journey of 160 miles through one unbroken forest, crossing many considerable rivers, beside the Ohio, in five days, during which he took but one meal, which he had contrived to secrete, when he escaped. He arrived in season to forewarn Boonesborough of the approaching expedition. That place was soon after invested by a great force of Indians, commanded by Capt. Duquesne and eleven other Frenchmen. They marched upon the place under British colors. This formidable force made use of every exertion and stratagem to gain the place without effect. The defence, by the little garrison, was most gallant. Two men were killed, and four wounded in the fort. On the part of the assailants, 37 were killed and many wounded. After they were gone, 125 pounds of leaden bullets were gathered up around the pallisades.

The fourth chapter continues the history, during the war of the revolution, and is chiefly occupied with the interesting and successful expedition of the gallant captain Clarke against the French settlements of Kaskaskias and Vincennes, then held by the British government, of which expeditions, as they make a part of the well known history of our country, it is unnecessary to speak here. Towards the close of this chapter, is given the narrative of the escape of Butler, which, as it is at once a fair specimen of the author's writing, and in itself an interesting narrative, we shall take leave to transcribe.

'Butler made a tour to the northern part of the country, and in the same year was made prisoner by the Indians. They soon after painted him black, and informed him, that at Chillicothe, where they were going, he should be burned. Nor were they willing to permit him to pass the interim, without adding to his mental pains, those of the body. Not more to torture him than to amuse themselves, they mounted him on an unbroken and unbridled horse; tied his hands behind his body, and his feet under the animal; and then let him loose to run through the bushes.

'This he did, capering, and prancing, through the worst thickets, thereby to discharge his load, but in vain. There is no means of checking the horse, or of guarding the body, or face, or eyes, from the brush. This rends the clothes, and almost tears the flesh from the bones—to the very great amusement of the savages, and to the equal danger of the rider's life.

'The horse at length worries himself, becomes gentle, and rejoins the cavalcade; which now approaches within a mile of Chillicothe; the Indians halt, dismount their prisoner, and prepare the stake. At this, they kept him tied, and standing, for nearly twenty-four hours; with what sensations can better be imagined, than expressed. From the stake, however, he was not released by fire; but taken by the Indians, to run the gauntlet. At this place, there were assembled, five or six hundred Indians, of all ages, sexes and conditions. These were armed with switches, sticks, and every kind of hand-weapon, known to savages; and formed into rows, reaching to the council house; distant nearly one mile. Butler was now told, that he was to run between these files to the drum; which was beaten at the council-house door; and that if he could get into the council-house, he should be cleared; but that he was to expect a blow from each Indian, as he passed. Next, he was placed between these ranks, and put into motion, by an order and a blow. In a little time, he broke through one of the files, before he received many blows, and continued running for the council-house door; which he had nearly gained, when he was knocked down by a warrior, with a club. Here he was severely beaten, and again taken into custody.

'In this distressed and miserable condition, when life had become burthensome, and death would have been relief, was he marched, from town to town; often threatened to be burned at the stake; and frequently compelled to run the gauntlet.

'On one of these occasions, he broke the rank, determined, at the risk of his life, to make his escape, and had actually gained a considerable advantage of his foot pursuers, when he was met by some Indians coming to town on horseback, and compelled to surrender.

'At thirteen towns, he ran the gauntlet, and was certain to have been burned at the Lower Sandusky. But an accident suspends his progress, and seems to change his destiny.

'At the Upper Sandusky, resided Simon Girty, who had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the frontiers of Pennsylvania; and in very bad humor. Hearing that there was a white prisoner in town, he sought him, fell upon him, threw him on the ground; and to colour his violence, accused him of stealing the Indians' horses. Butler, recognizing Girty, made himself known. They had been comrades and friends; Girty is astonished to find him in such a situation, relents, raises him from the ground, offers him his hand, and promises to save him from further injury, and to obtain his release from captivity.

'The horrors of his mind now yielded to the cheering prospects of hope and better fortune; and the little life which yet languished in his bruised and emaciated body, became an object of his solicitude.

'A council was called, the case stated, and Girty's influence obtained a decree of liberation, in his favor. Girty now took him to his house, bestowed on him the rights of hospitality, washed his wounds, and dressed him in a new suit of clothes.

'For five days, he was at liberty, and felt himself recovering, both strength and spirits. But such is the instability of a disorganized democracy, and the spirit of ferocity in uncivilized man, that the chiefs of several neighboring towns, hearing that the white prisoner was set free, now became dissatisfied; and repairing to Sandusky, demanded another council. This was accordingly held,

and the former decree in favour of Butler, notwithstanding all Girty's exertions, promptly reversed; he once more reduced to the condition of a prisoner, and his former sentence of death renewed against him. Girty was now compelled to give him up, and he was marched away to Lower Sandusky, to be burned. At this place, he met with Peter Drewyear, Indian Agent from Detroit. Drewyear, from motives of humanity, interceded with the council, and obtained permission to take Butler with him, on his return home. At Detroit, he was given up to the British governor, and paroled, with orders to appear at nine o'clock each day, when the drum beat for parade.

'This partial freedom was solaced with joy, by meeting with Jesse Coffer, Nathaniel Bullock, and others from Kentucky; who had been taken prisoners by the Indians, and found safety for their lives at a British garrison.

'In some short time, Butler, and the two men just named, found means of escape, and in 1779 returned to Kentucky, after a march of thirty days through the woods.'

The next chapter commences with the year 1779. The war still raged along the Atlantic, extending its bloody ravages even into the woods of Kentucky. In May of this year, was passed in Virginia, to whom the country belonged, the famous land law for disposing of the wild lands in this region, which, together with the subsequent enactments of that state, and of Kentucky, after she became herself a state, opened that bottomless gulf of litigation, that has been such a scourge to the state. Towards the close of the chapter, a narrative is given of the unsuccessful expedition of colonel Bowman.

The sixth chapter relates the steady progress of the state in population, and with the exception of one or two attacks of the Indians, does not narrate any events of particular magnitude or interest. The seventh chapter opens with the year 1782, and gives a spirited account of a fiercely contested action between captain Estill, with 25 men, and the Indians with an equal number. Estill sent a detachment from his force, to attack the Indians in the rear. It was unfortunate, either from want of courage, or conduct. The Indians rushed upon the force, thus weakened, and overcame them. Captain Estill and eight men were killed, four wounded, and nine made prisoners. The circumstance of this being a drawn battle, and terminating unfortunately, has given it a melancholy permanence in the memory of the people. The remainder of the chapter is chiefly occupied with the events of the Indian war.

In the next chapter, in 1783, the glad tidings of peace were proclaimed in the dark vallies of Kentucky. The people hoped a respite from savage hostilities; but unhappily were disappointed in their hopes. The British still held important posts within our ceded territorial limits; and the tomahawk still had a fatal activity along the

frontiers. In fact, from this period, the catalogue of assaults, murders and burnings, becomes more dreary than before. But we perceive our article extending under our hands, and find ourselves compelled to give little more than a meagre abstract of the remaining contents of the first volume, with which we shall close.

We shall find the history before us, henceforward, chiefly occupied in the discussion of the state politics of Kentucky, and the bearing of the treaty of peace upon the west, and the British, French and Spanish intrigues with the western people, subsequent to that event. Here the strong feelings of the historian are continually disclosing themselves. In touching upon the negotiations of Paris, in the peace of 1783, he has a fine passing hit at Dr. Franklin, whom he finds any thing, rather than an honest and sensible negotiator. In speaking under this head, of Thomas Paine, he introduces an amusing anecdote, which has also the advantage of truth to recommend it. We will take leave, therefore, to relate it.

Virginia, it seems, claimed the western country by the terms 'west and south west.' Paine contended, that Virginia had no right to the country, and only twisted these words round it, like the spiral of a cork screw. A certain Galloway carried Paine's doctrine upon the subject to the falls of Ohio. Nobody was disturbed with the book there. At Lexington it was otherwise. Several people commenced chopping upon their neighbor's lands, held under Virginia grants, to the great disturbance of the latter.

'A justice of the peace was applied to, for a warrant to arrest this zealous propagator of civil and political heresy. Some law was deemed necessary, to justify the proposed measure. Fortunately, there was an old Virginia law, which imposed a fine *in tobacco*, at the discretion of the court, upon the 'propagators of false news, to the disturbance of the good people of the colony.' This was believed to be sufficient—the justice issued his warrant against Mr. Galloway—and the sheriff brought him up, for examination. The facts were proved upon him; both as to his assertions, in relation to the Virginia title, which he had said 'was no better than an oak leaf,' and as to the effect they had produced on the minds of sundry persons; who had been much disturbed. He was now regarded as a culprit, and ordered to give bail for his appearance at the next court. This he did: and the court, not being distant, he appeared. The subject had taken wind, and was soon blown up into a matter of much interest: Whence a great concourse of people attended. The accused was arraigned—the witnesses examined—and the law produced. The fellow could make but little defence; for he had not even the book of his master; which contained the doctrine he had been preaching. He looked convicted; and the court fined him, *one thousand pounds of tobacco*—which at that time, it was impossible for him to pay. There was no such quantity of the article to be had. The alternative was to go to jail. He appeared panic struck—detected in propagating *false news*, he

stood as a public culprit, not devoid of shame—and although not to be hanged, he saw the prison as his home, until the tobacco could be raised, or imported. He knew not what to do—his adherents left him—his distress was agonizing. At length it was intimated to him, that if he would leave the country, it would do as well as to go to jail; and that the fine would not be exacted. He caught at the offer, and was permitted to depart. He instantly left the court, mentally ejaculating, without doubt, curses against Tom Paine and Tobacco, even more bitter than that deleterious weed itself.'

We now find the residence and character of general Wilkinson, in Kentucky, to make an important part of the subsequent annals. Of this gentleman, Mr. Marshall draws a dark portrait. He considers him to have been improperly implicated in the Spanish intrigues, which had for their object, to seduce the Kentuckians from their allegiance to the general government, and induce them to set up for themselves, as an independent state, in commercial relations with Louisiana. He gives, in full detail, the origin and progress of the purpose of the Kentuckians to separate from Virginia and to form themselves into an independent state. Virginia seems always to have been magnanimous upon the subject, and to have had none of the feelings of a stepmother towards her young children settled in the woods. There appears always to have been, in this region, a leaven of dissatisfaction with the slow processes of law and constitutional enactment. and a disposition to obtain their wishes by summary process. There was, from the beginning, a strong party here, for separating from Virginia, at their own time, and in their own way. The historian manifests a strong, and evidently correct feeling, in expressing a decided preference for waiting for a constitutional separation from the parent state. After various conventions, and ineffectual resolutions, sometimes failing with Virginia, sometimes with Congress, and sometimes among themselves, the separation was finally effected, and Kentucky was admitted into the union of the states in 1792. In this volume are given details of the unsuccessful campaigns of generals Scott and Harmar; and the disastrous defeat of St. Clair. An expedition against the Indians, undertaken by general Wilkinson, as an independent concern, was somewhat more fortunate.

It is unnecessary for us to attempt the most summary outline of these historical events. Most of those, that succeeded the peace of 1783, are well known parts of our general history. The details are often given with spirit and eloquence, and there are flashes of brilliant thought, from time to time, across this broken and cloudy mass of political struggle and discord. Every reader must feel his want of that clear and lucid order, that spreads such a charm over

such portions of history. There is a vast chaos of historical elements, and political information. Mr. Marshall has collected, but not arranged it. It is still 'void and without form.'

Having brought down the history before us, to the admission of Kentucky into the union, and given us an abstract of the constitution of the new state, in the last chapter of the first volume, he dwells upon the local situation of Kentucky and the character of her people, &c. There is certainly originality, and amusement in this history. Just at the close of this large volume, we find a dissertation, almost as wonderful as that which commences it. We find, where we should last have expected to find it, in the history of Kentucky, a final adjustment of the grand question between Calvinism and Arminianism—a question upon which a ship load of paper has been blotted, and the solution of which seems not to have been reserved for synods and councils, and eighteen centuries, but for the account of the origin of a vigorous young settlement in the backwoods. To find such a decision in such a place, creates almost as pleasant a surprize, as for a money-digger to find a chest of money in the woods. The whole of this dissertation is extremely amusing. We recommend it to doctors, who are disposed to get at loggerheads upon this question, to read this chapter. In the thousands of volumes, that have been occupied with this dispute, for so many centuries, there have not been, probably, ten new ideas developed upon the subject. And yet each doctor has attacked the dispute with a fresh and juvenile ardor, and seems to imagine, when he arrives at his conclusion, that he has the only claim to cry 'Eureka!' and to shout victory. In truth, we do not discover, but that the historian has talked quite as conclusively upon the matter as St. Austin, or Origen, the Jansenists, Calvinists or Arminians, Edwards or West; and if a subject, utterly beyond the ken of human faculties, should be considered a discussion of interest, for a thousand years to come, we do not believe that this 'high argument' will ever be more satisfactorily settled, than here in the history of Kentucky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hope Leslie; or, Early times in the Massachusetts. By the author of Redwood. 2 volumes. Published by White, Gallaher and White. New-York. 1827.

The work before us is understood to be written by one of our fair countrywomen.

Miss Sedgwick has already honored herself and our literature by a number of respectable publications, among which, Redwood is the most conspicuous. Belief in the intellectual superiority of man over the fairer and better portion of our species, is rapidly giving way, before the irrefragable evidence of such writings, as those of Madame de Genlis, Madame de Stael, Miss Hannah Moore, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Barbauld, Elizabeth Smith, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans, and a long catalogue of great names, the bare enumeration of which would go near to occupying our entire article.

May we not add in our own country, the names of Miss Hannah Adams, Mrs. Haile, of New-Hampshire, and last, though by no means least, that of the fair authoress of Redwood and Hope Leslie? Notwithstanding the truth of our foregoing remark, we occasionally hear gentlemen, finely dressed, and very competent to dancing, and all matters connected with the discipline of the heels, endeavoring to enliven their vapid conversation with attempts at poor wit, upon 'bluestockingism.' With them this is a term of reproach, affixed to any thing like intelligence among ladies. To us, observations of this character always seem clear evidence of envious feeling, and as a conscious acknowledgement of the poor garnishing of the inner man, as far as themselves are concerned. They wisely draw a fair comparison with 'bluestocking ladies,' who might be able to note their woful lack of matter in the upper story. In most societies, these poor attempts of witlings, upon this subject, are received, as they should be. The grand cause of the admission of the equality of the ladies, in point of intellect with the gentlemen, is steadily advancing in our country. As a proof of this, we advert to an address, which we saw in a late North Carolina paper, that was delivered by a young lady, at one of the recent meetings of the Caraway branch of the Manumission society of that state.

This order of things, should it go on, will be productive of great good in the end. Gentlemen may look forward to being relieved from the wear and tear of brain, and the heavy burden of managing the

other half of the race, of which they have complained so long and so much. Novel-writing now occupies a high stand in the literature of our language, and includes within its range, the productions of every variety of talent. Mrs. Radcliff, who knew to thrill the deepest feelings of the heart with pity or terror, who knew, to evoke from darkness the terrific phantoms of the tomb, until she made each particular hair stand erect, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' has aided powerfully in producing the charm, that surrounds romances.—Miss Edgeworth, who is so perfectly versed in sketching men and manners, has 'caught the living manners, as they rise,' and interwoven with them fictions, that interest and amuse, and that have always in view some grand point of morals. The 'great unknown,' now no longer unknown, has impressed, more than any other writer living, his mode of thought, his style and manner of painting, upon the age, and this is the effect of his novels. The authoress of the pages before us, has also chosen this beaten road to fame, rendered so brilliant by a multitude of burning and shining lights, besides the talented writers already named. She appears to move onward, with a becoming modesty; and if her track is not distinguished by the splendor, which belongs to some among her predecessors and cotemporaries, it will at least lead no one astray. From the favorable reception, which was given to Redwood, by the public, and we may add, that so far as our own knowledge extends, the same feeling appears to exist, with regard to Hope Leslie, we should judge Miss Sedgwick to be a favorite, particularly, in the region to which she belongs. At present, the aim of all, who write for the imagination, is to produce an effect. The author cares not what established rules he violates, in making his book, if, by so doing, he can create a sensation in his readers. This mania does not seem to have touched our authoress. Her story presents a regular account of well regulated people, who figure only in still life. We think she has done wisely, in thus treating the single-minded, stern, religious, and noble character of our puritan ancestors. The qualities required to make good rulers and citizens of the new colony 'planted in New-England,' were incompatible with those, which are essential in a modern hero of romance. The puritan character, under other circumstances, has furnished ample materials for fine writing. So many powerful minds have taken up this subject, and exhibited it in all its lights and shadows, that to attempt to say any thing new upon it is a hopeless undertaking. Our authoress was probably aware of this, and has confined herself within the limits allowed by the most rigid, while describing most of the personages; and allowed her fancy to expatiate only in the unexplored regions of the savage mind.

We can not allow ourselves room for an entire abstract of this story. But we will proceed to furnishing our readers, with what we intend they shall have. The scene is laid, as would be inferred from the title-page, in New England, during the first periods of the advancement of the colony. The prominent characters are, Hope Leslie, the heroine, Everell Fletcher, the hero, and Magawisca, an Indian girl of the Pequod nation. The remaining personages are subordinate characters, whose assistance is necessary to manage the plot. This is simple, as we think all plots should be. Mr. Fletcher, the father of the hero, is a firm puritan. He has a cousin, called Alice Fletcher; and they have loved each other from childhood. Mr. Fletcher requests his uncle's permission to marry Alice. He is told by his uncle, that his consent and his daughter's inheritance, are at his service, if he will renounce his puritan principles. This Mr. Fletcher can not do. Alice is immediately compelled, by her father, to marry a Mr. Leslie. Mr. Fletcher marries a ward of his friend, Mr. Winthrop, and after some years, emigrates with him to the new colony, of which Mr. Winthrop is appointed governor. After spending some time in Boston, Mr. Fletcher removes to Springfield, on Connecticut river, where our hero comes forward, for the first time, as a fine boy of fourteen. Magawisca is an inmate of the family, and is described by Mrs. Fletcher, as having the look and bearing, which would be given to the possessor of the blendid characters of the lofty Judith and gracious Esther. Meanwhile, Mrs. Leslie becomes a widow, and sets sail from England, for Boston. She dies on the passage, and bequeaths her little daughters, Faith and Hope, to the care of Mr. Fletcher. He is compelled to go to Boston, to take charge of the children. Soon after his arrival there he sends Faith to his wife. His return with Hope is delayed for several months. At the expiration of that time, his family are notified of his approach. On the afternoon of a beautiful May day, as his wife and children are all assembled in front of the house, straining their eyes in the direction, from which the beloved one is to come, a small party of Indians, headed by Mononotto, the father of Magawisca, rush upon them, and massacre all, but Everell Fletcher and Faith Leslie. The former is saved by Mononotto, that he may sacrifice him to the manes of his eldest son, who was killed by the whites, because he would not betray his father. The life of the latter is preserved, at the intercession of Oneco, the brother of Magawisca, who had also been an inmate of Mr. Fletcher's. The Indians escape with their captives, into the woods. Mr. Fletcher, with Hope, reaches his desolate habitation an hour after the dreadful event has taken place. The Indians con-

tinue their retreat, undiscovered by the party in search of them. Magawisca makes several unsuccessful attempts to free Everell. The Indians at length arrive at the spot, where Everell's death is to take place.

Magawisca is confined, that she may not interrupt the proceedings. But she escapes from confinement; scales the sacrifice rock, where it had been thought inaccessible; springs into the midst of the warriors, in time to receive upon her arm, a stroke from her father, intended to have severed Everell's head from his body. Magawisca having purchased Everell's life with the loss of her arm, he is permitted to escape. We are not told precisely, how Everell finds his way home; but we find that he spent the two succeeding years there with Hope. He is then sent to England. After the lapse of some years, Mr. Fletcher removes to Boston, and takes up his abode with his friend, governor Winthrop. Hope has now become a young lady, and equals, in beauty, the creation of a poet's fancy, or a bright morning in April, a moonlight night, or any other better comparison, which may occur to the mind of our reader. Shortly after the removal to Boston, a ship brings thither also Mr. Everell Fletcher, predisposed to love our heroine. The plot now thickens so much, from the introduction of new personages, and new movements, that we shall refer our reader to the book itself, for every thing beyond the most bare outline. We hope, by so doing, that we shall open a source of pleasure to them, as well as relieve ourselves from some trouble. Miss Downing, a niece of governor Winthrop's, and Hope's chosen friend, is deeply smitten with our hero, from having passed some time with him, at her father's house in England. It seems, that in those days, the marriages of the young people of the colony, instead of being a matter dependent upon the two individuals and their immediate connexions, was a concern belonging to the rulers, who considered it their duty, to provide for the continuance of the existing institutions, by connecting a maiden, who did not believe in witchcraft, and who was inclined, in most cases, to judge for herself, with a thorough-going believer. Their young men they managed in the same way. In accordance with this plan, Miss Downing, who was, in the phrase of the day, a gracious and Godly maiden, was, by becoming Everell's wife, to curb his inclination to wander from the narrow path laid down by our forefathers. The rulers willed it, and Hope, having discovered her friend's feeling upon the subject, willed it. The poor young man, although, as we hope, our readers have imagined before this, really loving Hope, was precipated into an engagement with Miss Downing. Hope ascertains,

immediately after this engagement, that she had loved Everell herself, without knowing it. All the parties remain in this situation long enough for Magawisca to bring Faith Leslie to Boston, where Hope has a secret meeting at night with her sister. She finds her married to Oneco, and vainly endeavors to dissuade her from remaining with her Indian friends. As they are upon the point of separating, Sir Philip Gardiner comes upon them with armed men, and takes possession of Magawisca and Faith, at the same time that Oneco makes off with our heroine, intending to keep her as a hostage. Hope escapes from him before morning; reaches home, and has a severe fit of illness. On her recovery, she makes use of all her influence, to obtain Magawisca's discharge from prison, where she awaits the termination of her trial for sundry offences. Hope and Everell, finding all other attempts useless, effect her escape themselves. Oneco visits the governor's in disguise, and recovers his wife. Miss Downing reads the hearts of Hope and Everell, and withdraws to England, leaving behind her a transfer of her claim upon our hero to Hope. We need not tell the winding up.

There is in these pages much writing, which, according to the prevailing taste of our country, is handsome. Some of the descriptions are highly wrought. We make some extracts, that we consider fair specimens of the general writing, to be found in the work.

'It was one of the most beautiful afternoons at the close of the month of May. The lagging spring had at last come forth in all her power; her 'work of gladness' was finished, and forests, fields, and meadows, were bright with renovated life. The full Connecticut swept triumphantly on, as if still exulting in its release from the fetters of winter. Every gushing rill had the spring-note of joy. The meadows were, for the first time, enriched with patches of English grain, which the new settlers had sown, scantily, by way of experiment, prudently occupying the greatest portion of the rich mould with the native Indian corn. This product of our soil is beautiful in all its progress, from the moment when, as now, it studded the meadow with hillocks, shooting its bright-pointed spear from its mother earth, to its maturity, when the long golden ear bursts from the rustling leaf.

'The grounds about Mrs. Fletcher's house had been prepared with the neatness of English taste; and a rich bed of clover that overspread the lawn immediately before the portico, already rewarded the industry of the cultivators.—Over this delicate carpet, the domestic fowls, the first civilized inhabitants of the country, of their tribe, were now treading, picking their food here and there, like dainty little epicures.

'The scene had also its minstrels; the birds, those ministers and worshippers of nature, were on the wing, filling the air with melody; while, like diligent little housewifes, they ransacked forest and field for materials for their housekeeping.

'A mother, encircled by healthful sporting children, is always a beautiful spectacle—a spectacle that appeals to nature in every human breast. Mrs.

Fletcher, in obedience to matrimonial duty, or, it may be, from some lingering of female vanity, had, on this occasion, attired herself with extraordinary care. What woman does not wish to look handsome?—in the eyes of her husband.'

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'Scarcely had she uttered these words, when suddenly, as if the earth had opened on them, three Indian warriors darted from the forest and pealed on the air their horrible yells.

'"My father! my father!" burst from the lips of Magawisca and Oneco.

'Faith Leslie sprang towards the Indian boy, and clung fast to him—and the children clustered about their mother—she instinctively caught her infant, and held it close within her arms, as if their ineffectual shelter were a rampart.

'Magawisca uttered a cry of agony, and springing forward with her arms uplifted, as if deprecating his approach, she sunk down at her father's feet, and clasping her hands, "save them—save them," she cried, "the mother—the children—oh they are all good—take vengeance on your enemies—but spare—spare our friends—our benefactors—I bleed when they are struck—oh command them to stop!" she screamed, looking to the companions of her father, who, unchecked by her cries, were pressing on to their deadly work.

'Mononotto was silent and motionless, his eye glanced wildly from Magawisca to Oneco. Magawisca replied to the glance of fire—"yes, they have sheltered us—they have spread the wing of love over us—save them—save them—oh it will be too late," she cried, springing from her father, whose silence and fixedness showed that if his better nature rebelled against the work of revenge, there was no relenting of purpose. Magawisca darted before the Indian who was advancing towards Mrs. Fletcher, with an uplifted hatchet. "You shall hew me to pieces, ere you touch her," she said, and planted herself as a shield before her benefactress.

'The warrior's obdurate heart, untouched by the sight of the helpless mother and her little ones, was thrilled by the courage of the heroic girl—he paused and grimly smiled on her, when his companion, crying, "hasten, the dogs will be on us!" levelled a deadly blow at Mrs. Fletcher—but his uplifted arm was penetrated by a musket shot, and the hatchet fell harmless to the floor.

'"Courage, mother!" cried Everell, reloading the piece—but neither courage nor celerity could avail—the second Indian sprang upon him, threw him on the floor, wrested his musket from him, and brandishing his tomahawk over his head, he would have aimed the fatal stroke, when a cry from Mononotto arrested his arm.

'Everell extricated himself from his grasp, and one hope flashing into his mind, he seized a bugle-horn which hung beside the door, and winded it. This was the conventional signal of alarm—and he sent forth a blast—long and loud—a death-cry.'

Master Craddock, the tutor of Hope, is a faint copy of our old favorite, Dominie Sampson. Magawisca is the Rebecca of the piece, or to use an expression of Lord Byron's, 'an incarnation of all the virtues.' From our knowledge of her race, we should have looked in any place for such a character, rather than in an Indian wigwam. This authoress has fallen into the error, so apparent in the works of Cooper and

all the American novelists, that have any thing to do with Indians. They dress a figure in the Indian costume; give it a copper skin; make it use extravagantly figurative language; and introduce it with the interjection, ugh! as a natural savage. As a young, brave and heroic warrior, he has thoughts, and performs actions, that can be looked for from those only, who have superadded to the beneficence of nature towards them, the delicacy of feeling, and refinement of civilized life.

The old warrior is this character, mellowed into age. Magawisca is the first genuine Indian angel, that we have met with; and we must give our authoress credit, for having manufactured the savage material into a new shape. This angel, as she stands, is a very pretty fancy; but no more like a squaw, than the croaking of a sand-hill crane is like the sweet, clear and full note of the redbird. Dealers in fiction have privileges; but they ought to have for foundation, some slight resemblance to nature.

We have sometimes figured to ourselves, one of these red men, with his shaggy black hair, high cheek bones, deep set and cunning eye, his dirty blanket around him, and seated according to his fashion, taking up and opening, with hands fresh from the operation of pulling to pieces a land tarrapin, roasted in its shell, for his dinner, the leaves of some one of our novels, which contains an Indian hero. We have supposed him endowed with the power of comprehending its contents, and then observed his look of wonder and incredulity, as he reads how the accomplished savage made his grand speeches, and occasionally looked sentimental, until, loosing all patience with such misrepresentation, he closes the book with the much used, and in its proper place, emphatic, ugh!

There seems to us to be a want of piquancy in this work, which is not entirely atoned for by the good feeling, that pervades it. The parties prosecute their affairs too much, as though they were automata. They have not the free, natural movement of voluntary action. From this air of restraint, we are led to believe, that the authoress thought it her duty to write a novel, and that, governed by this feeling, she set herself to the task; made her outline, and then proceeded to fill it up systematically. The expression of spontaneous feeling, in her characters, is not only repressed, but there is infused into her style an elaborate manner, which, in a measure, destroys, with us, the effect of her many good thoughts.

An Address on the necessity and importance of Female Education; delivered in the Baptist Church in Zanesville, on the 24th of March, 1825, at the close of an examination of the Female Academy, held in that place by the Rev. George C. Sedwick, Pastor of that Church. By the Rev. Dr. Joseph Doddridge. Zanesville, Ohio: Samuel J. Cox. 1825.

We have seen few addresses of this sort, which manifested more traits of a practised writer, than this one before us. In the structure of his sentences, in the arrangement of the intermediate members, and the disposal of phrases and attributes, there is a double reference to euphony and perspicuity, which, carried out to its utmost extent, and uniformly preserved, is one of the most important requisites of fine writing. We notice some marks of haste and inattention—such, for example, as the following, 'used with greater facility and more ease.' The latter member is wholly superfluous, being as perfect a synonime of the former, as can be imagined. We could notice other verbal inaccuracies of the same character. With these slight exceptions, the matter and the manner of this performance are respectable.

The address commences with a survey of the condition of women in different nations and ages. He finds, that in all the oriental countries, and among the nations of antiquity, and he adds afterwards, among the savages of our wilderness, and he might have inferred generally among ignorant and barbarous people, polygamy was practised. Even the 'chosen' Jews were not free from this vestige of barbarism. Vassalage and degradation of the female character were the natural consequence. This species of injustice naturally leads to another. The males in these countries could not but be aware, that an indignant perception of this kind of wrong, on the part of the women, would naturally operate, as a temptation, to retaliate the injury by improprieties of their own. Hence the jealousy, which, in the oriental countries, where polygamy is practised, induced the males to shut their females from view, and lay them under such an interdict, as to render it indecorous, in the society of males, even to speak of them. But when he says, that in the seraglio and the harem, 'no books, no sprightly songs, no instruments of muic, cheer' their seclusion, he is manifestly under a mistake. We know of no harems, but those of the Mahometans; and we know from Madame Wortley Montague and a hundred other writers, that the wretched girls, that are selected, and

purchased for these seclusions, are carefully trained to music and dancing, and all the arts of voluptuousness. We do not believe, that intellectual discipline makes a part of this training. But these detestable abodes, undoubtedly, resound with the lute, and the harp, and the dance, and the song, whenever the lordly owner chooses to dissipate his ennui in them.

He justly remarks, that women owe infinite gratitude to the gospel and its Divine Author, as their deliverer from this imprisonment, degradation, vassalage, and corporeal and intellectual bondage. Wherever Christianity has prevailed, women have been rescued from inferiority, and placed, in every respect, on a footing of equality with the other half of the species. Women, either from gratitude and a perception of this obligation, or from their greater sensibility to the influence and power of religion, or from the union of both, have been, in all countries, and in all ages of the church, the most numerous and efficient patrons of the cause of Christianity, in every form. The present records of the church, and of all the charities, bear the same honorable testimony to this fact, with the epistles of Paul and the other apostles and evangelists.

As women naturally exercise such an immense influence upon men, manners, opinions, patriotism, and even religion, it is obvious, of what importance it is to the well-being of society, that they should be so trained, as to exercise the high moral influence, which they possess in all civilized countries, to a salutary end. Children are imbued in the maternal arms, or on the maternal knee, with that fundamental instruction, and those pervading sentiments, which will be likely to have a paramount influence upon the character through life. It is not deemed extravagant to say, that this half of the species has far more effect in moulding mind and manners, than the other. They, too, in sickness, in sorrow, in the last agonies, in the mournful duties that follow, with an untiring faithfulness, and an unshrinking heroism, are universally 'the Christian sisters of charity.' He proceeds to a brief sketch of that education, which, he conceives, is most suitable, to train them for their condition, and their high duties in society.

In regard to the fine arts, he lays less stress upon the importance of their instruction in music, than we do. In this age of show, frivolity and superficial instruction, it is almost the only part of ornamental education, upon which we do not think too much stress is laid. The tranquilizing and the moral influence of music has been said, sung, felt and acknowledged in all ages and countries, and has a visible power upon the most savage ear, and even upon the irrational creation. We

consider the cultivation of musical taste, in some sense, as a moral discipline, and as directly tending to cherish devotional feelings. Apart from its soothing and tranquilizing tendency, we consider it as universally favorable to high thought and good feeling. Too much time, no doubt, may be bestowed upon this branch of instruction, to the exclusion of more important pursuits. But when we consider, that the severe application, necessary to become a proficient in music, is certainly favorable to industry and perseverance; when we consider how many hours of leisure, which would probably be otherwise lost, it innocently soothes, and cheers; when we reflect, what a power it will give over the feelings and affections of a husband, to be able to relieve his weariness, and beguile his retirement, and render home the place of his amusement; we have not regretted to see music so assiduously cultivated as it is at present, as a part of female education.

Whether they should learn languages, other than their own, he does not say, nor whether he is in favor of the old maxim, which in our young days, we used to see wrought by the ladies of the last age, in their samplers, that 'one tongue was enough for one woman.' He fairly intimates, that they have a natural facility at learning languages; for he asserts gravely, as we believe, and not as some would infer, ironically, 'that their organs of speech are more flexible, more at command, and used with greater facility *and more ease*, than those of men!' All will agree with him in the importance of their learning their own language, thoroughly, and grammatically. He commends the learning to write a good hand, or calligraphy, in which females used to be so deficient, that it came to be thought a natural defect.

He can not inculcate the importance of geography and history too strongly. To know, and to feel the grandeur of the natural universe, and to understand the motives and passions, that have ruled the moral world, are attainments of high import to the discipline of the female mind. We think well, too, of a certain degree of attention, which may be usefully bestowed upon natural and moral philosophy, and common mathematics. But we very much question, whether that smattering of the higher mathematics, metaphysics and chemistry, which it is now so much the fashion to teach in the higher female schools, is of much real utility. We consider it quite as important to the female, as the male mind, that every thing should be learned, thoroughly, and to the bottom. Superficial acquirements, we hold to be not only unfavorable to mental developement, but calculated to inspire vanity and flippancy. We would say to ladies, as to men, 'drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring!' Much is said about the utility of

chemical acquirements to many of the necessary branches of domestic female manipulation. Such as cookery, making bread, beer, wine, soap, &c. We, for our part, have not a single doubt, that the study of an approved cook-book, and the diligent and docile observation of a wise and experienced house-keeper, will go much further, to train a young married lady to become a good managing house-wife, than the meagre smattering of chemistry, generally acquired at a course of lectures; and we firmly believe, that her husband will neither be edified, or amused with her flippancy in the terms of that science. We think otherwise of botany. We would have ladies study it, by all means, as a study, at once pleasing, elegant and useful; and calculated to throw over creation the delightful coloring of poetry; and as tending to create admiring and adoring views of God, as manifested in his beautiful works. He would have ladies cultivate that deep sympathy with noble and disinterested actions, the hope of which is one motive to lead the hero, the patriot, and the martyr, greatly to think, and nobly to die; persuaded that solemn and grateful remembrances of him, will swell the female bosom, whenever it receives the record, in the generations to come.

Lastly, he recommends to their attention the study of what he calls sacred theology, or as we should think it more properly termed, the scriptures, particularly the gospel. For, after all that can be hoped from the utmost finish of accomplishment, or the highest attainments of knowledge, and the most sparkling brilliancy of wit, and the most striking powers of display, the cultivation of good feelings, self-restraint, moderation, meekness and duty, and a persevering purpose, to render home the abode of peace and love, is a thousand times more important to domestic happiness, than all the former united. The wife, who has thoroughly studied and imbibed the spirit of the sermon on the mount, will render the home of her husband pleasant, as far as human agency can do it.

We ought not to close our abstract of this excellent address, without giving a specimen of the author's manner. With that view, we quote the pious and eloquent paragraph, which follows.

'I now refer you to living examples within your own knowledge, of the destructive results of vice and folly, and the blessed fruits of faith and piety to God, as they manifest themselves in this world. You have seen old age, loaded with the public remembrance of the sins of youth and middle age. How dishonorable the gray hairs of these veterans in wickedness! They are objects of the hatred and contempt both of the old and young, and they descend to their graves without being followed by a single tear or sigh of regret. Again, you have seen the aged, who are beloved by all ages and ranks of people. The guides of youth.

The oracles of middle age. The good example to all. Even their hoary heads are respectable. Even their wrinkles are beautiful. And why are they so honored, beloved and respected? Because they have filled up the measure of their long lives with good deeds. They have been pious towards God. Benevolent to mankind; and to the poor, they have been the good Samaritans. And old as they may be, when they shall descend to the silent tomb, every heart within the circle of their acquaintance, will honour their memory with a tribute of regret and affection, and sweet will be their names in the mouths of men, long after they shall have paid the debt of nature, and gone to rest.'

A Masonic Oration, delivered June 1827, *by* Wm. S. Fulton, *published by order of Florence Lodge No.* 14.

To those, who might be disposed to insinuate, that we had unworthy motives, in thus often bringing masonic discourses before the public eye, we can only say, that they know as little of our views in the case, as we care for their estimate of us. We call the attention of our readers to the address before us, at the request of a subscriber, and because from its amenity, and calmness, and the air of good faith and good feeling, running through it, we think, it would gratify our readers to peruse it entire. We regret, that our limits forbid our giving it so. In reading it entire, they would read an unambitious address, in which there was nothing swolen, incongruous, or revolting to good taste—but the whole in keeping with all its parts, and possessing that delightful attribute of a good, plain, and unpretending harangue, which there is no single term in our language to designate, but which the French mark by the term 'onction;' a certain sweetness and tenderness of manner, tending to soothe the mind of the hearer, and impress it with good feeling.

The scope of the address throughout is a eulogy of masonry, and in eulogizing that order, he eulogizes human nature. Why should we not join our testimony to his? We have never seen harm of this society. We know of no one, who has. We have seen good of it, that we shall not cease to remember. Nay more; we have felt, in reference to this order kindnesses, unsolicited, unsought, unexpected, which we may neither relate, nor forget. The avowed object of the society is to do good, to protect, and relieve the widow, the orphan, and the distressed; and to dry up tears. When we cease to wish well, and to laud in our humble measure a society with such avowed objects, and as far, as we have been able to discover, acting in conformity to its profes-

sion, *may our right hand forget its cunning.* We shall occupy the remainder of this article more usefully, than by any further remarks, in giving extracts from the oration.

'The Masonic institution would be universally respected, was it not, for the difficulty which is produced, on account of the secluded and secret manner, in which our Masonic labors are performed. So long as we shut out an inquisitive world from a knowledge of Free Masonry; doubts and uncertainty, will continue to hang over us. Our assurances, will not in all cases, be taken for truth. Bad men will misrepresent us; and many good ones will be deceived. This then, would seem to create a powerful inducement, to dispense with concealment. But this must not be. If the secrets of Masonry were once entrusted to the free and indiscriminate abuse, of a corrupt and licentious world; this wonderful institution which has withstood so long the shocks, of oppression, would soon begin to moulder and decay; and in a short time, the masonic temple would present before us, nothing but a mortifying mass of ruins. Nor would the destruction of our pillars of strength, be of the least benefit to mankind. A full developement of the secrets of masonry, would only serve to gratify the excited curiosity of such, as take no interest in our fate. The distinguishing marks by which masons recognize each other would be thereby destroyed—the bonds which bind us together, would be dissolved, and we, who glory so much, in our security, against *want* and *misery*; and in the pleasure of having so many, who feel for us a *brotherly regard*, would be thrown again upon the world's cold charity, was it not, that we are bound to aid, to assist and to vindicate, each other—was it not, that the masonic tie, affords a protection to our wives and daughters; was it not that our characters and our property are perfectly secure in the hands of a worthy brother. If borne down by poverty, he will minister relief, and if surrounded by foes he will fly to our aid. Was it not that we are forceably admonished, "to love our neighbours, as ourselves" and taught to feel the necessity of doing unto others, as we would they should do unto us," we might cheerfully surrender our masonic rights; and be willing to lay violent hands, upon those sacred obligations, from which we derive so large a stock of human happiness. But so long as Masonry affords us such high consolations, so long as we derive from it, so many invaluable benefits—so long as it teaches us so many useful lessons, and surrounds us with so many incentives to a virtuous life, we never can dissolve our connection with the order—nor can it be wondered at, that we cherish for it, the strongest affection.

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'The principles of masonry are illustrated and explained by the most striking examples, and appropriate devices. Indeed, a masonic Lodge affords a most excellent school of instruction. In it, the brotherhood are engaged, in the practice of the most useful and important lessons of life. They are impressed, with the necessity of system, order and regularity, in all their pursuits, and are instructed in such principles, as ought to govern them, on entering into the social state. The equality and good will which prevails in lodge teaches us, to know, that "all men are created equal," that our safety and satisfaction in life, is derived from a mutual willingness and obligation to aid and assist each other, and that merit alone, constitutes the just ground of distinction between man and man. By it, we are convinced that power, to be lawfully exercised,

must be fairly and voluntarily delegated, and that laws to be binding, must be enacted by the authority of those for whom they are made. The levelling power of masonry, instead of lessening, greatly increases our respect for those who are entrusted with offices, and it has demonstrated, that men from the most exalted, to the humblest stations in life, have derived a heartfelt satisfaction, and have found it to be highly necessary, to meet together, and associate with one another, as brothers. The rewards of the just, and the punishment of the wicked are historically and practically taught, and the temple which we rear, for the reception of a brother, is constructed in such a manner, as to impress him with the beauties of *faith, hope and charity:* and to admonish him, of the solidity and strength of that union, which is cemented together by virtue and benevolence and founded upon justice and truth. The use of the senses, and the advantages of the arts and sciences, are also called into requisition; and the mechanical tools, are especially necessary, in our Masonic labors. These are all designed to enforce and represent, various truths; *moral, political and religious*; and being lively and sensible images, are calculated to make a deep and lasting impression, upon the heart, and fasten themselves upon the memory.

'The light of masonry would have long since ceased to shine, had it not been for the eternal and immutable light, which it derives from the holy Bible. When surrounding that sacred altar, we never can forget the book, which is constantly before us. The same beacon light, by which the christian is guided in pursuing his voyage to the haven of everlasting happiness, directs also, the mason's course "on life's troublous ocean." "In the beginning, God said, let there be light, and there was light." The sublimity of this awful fiat of the Almighty must have struck every mason, with a peculiar force. We behold, daily, the world passing from light to darkness, and from darkness to light—but the illumination and the gloom are made gradually to succeed each other, and by its frequency, the sublimity of the change is lost upon our senses. We can imagine it is true; an instantaneous change, from darkness to light; and can form some adequate idea of the awful spectacle of a world emerging from darkness. But the mason is made especially to feel, the abject state of *wretchedness, ignorance and darkness*, by which he is surrounded in this sublunary sphere; and is solemnly impressed with the glorious and intense brightness, which shines throughout the kingdom of the most High! And I must say, the heart of that man is callous indeed, who is not struck with the sublimity of "that Hieroglyphic bright, which none but craftsmen ever saw," and who feels no sensation at the mention of that name, which fills the good with hope, and the guilty with fear and trembling. It is not the light of day, which the mason beholds in the masonic temple. It is the light of religion, of virtue and of truth—the light of nature, science and philosophy—the light of justice, temperance, prudence and fortitude—the light of mercy, benevolence and charity. These are the lights which illuminate the masonic sanctuary. It is the influence which they have, upon the life and conduct of a true mason, which gives dignity and distinction to his character, and calls for the respect of his fellow men. Thus he is led to delight in his masonic duties—to cherish the warmest affection for the brotherhood—to lock up in his heart the invaluable secrets of the order; and to hold the masonic institution in the highest veneration. It is thus, that the blessings of masonry have descended from generation to generation, pure and undefiled;

and it is thus, that our society still exists, in the full enjoyment of all its capabilities, of mitigating and assuaging the sorrows and afflictions "of this vale of tears."'

* * * *

'A man named William Morgan, a citizen of the state of New-York, is said to have been cruelly murdered; his tongue and his heart, it is said, were torn from his body, and given to the vultures of the air; as a punishment, for his having *pretended* to divulge the secrets of masonry. The charge is a serious one—It has been met with corresponding seriousness; and has been most industriously and faithfully investigated. The fate of Morgan has not been ascertained. But to the honor of the state of New-York, the Grand Lodge of that state has disclaimed all knowledge whatever of the affair. There are, moreover, strong grounds for believing, that Morgan is not dead. It is believed that the whole story is a fabrication, got up for the purpose of speculation. And that Morgan, being about to publish his work, has *concealed himself*, and circulated this report to excite public sympathy and curiosity: thereby to enhance the value of his publication, and produce a rapid sale. None of the circumstances, as they have been reported, have been established; and many suspected persons have been acquitted and discharged. But if the dreadful deed has really been perpetrated, we most sincerely deplore it; not more as masons than as men. Masons are like other men:—There may be some among them, who could be guilty of engaging in such a sanguinary transaction. But *as a society*, we are pledged to respect and maintain the laws of our country, and we will *ever be found* prompt and ready to see them executed. It is hoped, therefore, so soon as reason resumes her empire, that the momentary excitement, which has been produced in New-York, will subside, and that no odious stigma will any longer attach itself to the masonic escutcheon.'

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'Masonry claims to be considered only as the hand maid of christianity. She boasts that none of her duties or obligations are in the least degree incompatible with the strictest principles of the church of Christ, and that at the same time, her blessings are alike extended to the worshipper of every creed, who acknowledges the existence of God. And although there are many of our order, who are "covered with a multitude of sins," yet we deem it not impious to be found in the act of humbly supplicating for pardon and forgiveness; and pleading for mercy, at the throne of Grace.

'And now, my Brethren, let me conclude by hoping that masons every where may make themselves worthy of their calling, that we who are assembled here, may never violate our masonic obligations, and that our conduct through life may be such as to elevate the masonic institution. Let us repair to the feast of brotherly love. Let us spend this day in doing honor to our patron saint; and in a proper observance of those masonic duties, which have every where excited the admiration of the great and good.'

An Address, delivered before the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, at a Quarterly Meeting, held on Saturday, the first day of September, at the Court House in Cincinnati. By J. C. Short, President. 1827.

This address commences, by noticing the number, influence and effect of the various societies for specific purposes, that constitute one of the most striking features of the age. The immense power of mental combinations of this sort, is one of the discoveries of the times. Societies can remove mountains, and achieve seeming impossibilities. Associations for the advancement of science, literature, and the great interests of humanity, spring up about us on every side. From these the orator selects, as objects of his partiality, the 'Abolition Society;' and he adverts to our 'Colonization Society,' as performing a subordinate part in the same great plan of benevolence. He touches, in passing, upon the ideal beauty of Mr. Owen's 'Social System,'—a magnificent scheme, which, if men were angels, and religion a part of it, we should consider not only beautiful in theory, but practicable in fact.

The next paragraph touches upon the agricultural associations of our country. He can not laud them too much. If one half the zeal, energy, and expense, that blots so many gazettes with low and coarse abuse, setting the community by the ears, for the sole gain, and the paltry purposes of a few demagogues and office-seekers, were bestowed upon the advancement of agriculture; if the people were half as ambitious, to improve and beautify their fields, as they are to settle the nation; and half as angry with thistles, thorns, and poor fences, as they are with their political opponents, who, probably, wish just as well to the country, as themselves—we should have more productive fields, less complaints of poverty, more ability to be charitable and munificent, and abundantly more good feeling. We should have less occasion to blush at the estimate which foreigners form of us, from reading our journals. We should have more public decency, and we dare affirm, the nation would prosper quite as much.

In the next paragraph, we are informed of a singular fact in this book-making age—that there has as yet appeared no western system of agriculture, predicating its instructions and rules upon the circumstances of our peculiar soil and climate. He might have added, that with the exception of the society, which he addressed, and one or two other incipient associations, existing rather in prospect than in

fact, we have no efficient agricultural societies, no publications exclusively devoted to the objects of agriculture; and very few of the recent improvements of this most important of all studies. From Pittsburg to New-Orleans, the son plows and improves as his father did before him, and the great mass of the farmers are as stationary in theory, as they are in practice. Nine in ten of them believe, at this moment, that book-farming is the mere, useless, visionary dreaming of men that know nothing about practical agriculture.

We would tell them, that England is the garden of Europe, simply because almost every acre of the ground is cultivated scientifically, and on principles, which have been brought to the test of the most rigid and exact experiment. We would tell them, that New-England, of whose soil and climate they are accustomed to think, as consigned by Providence to sterility and inclemency, is the garden of the United States, only because the industrious and calculating people do not throw away their efforts in the exertion of mere brute strength—but bring mind, and plan, and system, and experience, to bear upon their naturally hard and thankless soil. On every side the passing traveller sees verdure, and grass, and orchards, in the small and frequent enclosures of imperishable rock, and remarks fertility won from the opposition of the elements and nature. After an absence of ten years, on our return to that country, we were struck with this proud and noble triumph, conspicuous over the whole region.

Every journalist, who records an authentic agricultural experiment, is a benefactor to his country, and has quite as much reason to look back with satisfaction upon that record, as if he had filled the same extent of his columns with political denunciation and abuse. For ourselves, if we ever had any touch of enthusiasm, it was in our fondness for agriculture. If we had been heathens, we are sure that the priests of Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus, would have been pennyless with all the aids of our worship. Our offerings would have been left at the shrine of the beneficent Ceres. The plow would have been the emblem of our worship. The real benefactors of mankind, as St. Pierre so beautifully said, are those, who cause two blades of wheat to mature where only one did before. The fields—the fields ought to be the morning and the evening theme of Americans, that love their country. To fertilize, improve, and beautify his fields, ought to be the prime temporal object of every owner of the substantial soil. All national aggrandizement, power, and wealth, may be traced to agriculture, as its ultimate source. Commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of the movement of this main spring. Here is not only the sup-

port of kings, the strength and resource of the country, the foundation of commerce, the origin and supply of manufactures—but here, in this primeval pursuit, is peace, and health, and contentment, and the study of nature, in the ever open and unpolluted page, fresh from the impress of its great Author, always ready to breathe 'its still song' into the plowman's and the reaper's heart. We consider agriculture, as every way subsidiary, not only to abundance, industry, comfort and health, but to good morals and ultimately even to religion; and that every one who promotes agriculture, collaterally aids these high ends. All our own day-dreamings of repose from toil, have had their scene laid in the fields. We have read books of agriculture from our youth, as others have read novels and poetry; and, though we may never obtain the undisputed fee simple of more than 'six feet by two' of the earth, our thoughts will always expatiate in the fields. We shall always say and sing, 'Speed the plow.' We shall always regard the American farmer, stripped to his employment, and tilling his grounds, as belonging to the first order of nobility among us. We shall always wish him bountiful harvests, good beer, the moderate use of cider, and, if he will rear it himself, of the generous juice of the grape; but none of the pernicious gladness of whiskey; and we shall inly invoke upon his labors the blessing of God, and say of him, 'peace be within thy walls.'

The burden of this eloquent address, turns upon the following points. The utility of agricultural publications, adapted to the soil and climate of the west. Discussions that point out the origin, the use, and importance of manure, elsewhere the prime object of farmers, and here only disturbing them by its annoying and useless accumulation round their stables. The cultivation of maize, in every sense the grand staple of our great valley. The necessity of thinking about some other provision for fencing, than the slovenly, expensive, and 'hand to mouth' expedient of rails. The prime importance of the subject of hedges, and the different species of trees and shrubs, that offer, as promising subjects for experiment to form them; and what we consider by far the most important individual topic of the address, recommending the cultivation of the beautiful white mulberry, and rearing the silk worm. We shall always have, in this country, a rustic abundance of maize, flour, meats, and the common bounties of the earth. But we shall also be always poor, as regards circulating medium, until such societies are sufficiently strong and in earnest, to introduce some such great national manufacture, which can be transported without expense; which can occupy all our industry, without any fear of ever overstocking the market. The man, or body of men, who should be efficient in intro-

ducing the general pursuit of making silk into the western country, in our view, would merit a statue, and we should consider the general introduction of this kind of industry among us, as more than an equivalent for the discovery of golden mines.

The cultivation of the vine seems to be next in importance among the objects recommended to the fostering care of the society. We conceive these two great branches of agriculture to be particularly called for by the soil, climate, position and facilities of our country. The orator touches, too, in passing, upon the neglect that has been, until very recently, manifested, in regard to the quality and choice of our fruits. No country can be more favorable to the richest abundance of all the fruits of the temperate climates. It is matter of regret, when the best can be raised as easily, and as cheaply, as the worst, that we should not have the former.

He closes by an appeal, equally honorable to his head and his heart, for an united effort against the evils of intoxication. Such an appeal can never be out of place—and it seems naturally to belong to this subject—for the country of the grape and of wines, is not the country of drunkards; and the most common plea for ardent spirits among us is, that they are necessary to sustain the labors of the field. Drunkards are murderers of fathers and mothers, and wives and children; and they are disgusting nuisances to the eye and the ear, and every sense; the pests of society, and, as regards themselves, mad and abandoned suicides. To attempt to reclaim them, and arrest the gigantic mischief of drunkenness, is the cause of God and man, and our country. Whosoever shall be in any way instrumental in diminishing the use and the evils of the brutalizing liquid poison of ardent spirits, would raise, in all good minds, a monument '*ære perennius.*'

In one of the middle paragraphs, the orator disclaims the jurisdiction and cognizance of criticism, as exercised upon agricultural publications. Why so? Farmers, real farmers, write with plainness and simplicity, and the true design of just and legitimate criticism, is to bring all writing back to these standards of truth and nature. Cold must be the heart of that critic, and he has not our heart, who would sneer at the real and unaffected offering of the knowledge and experience of a farmer. Criticism has a function in the fields of literature, exactly analogous to that of an enlightened farmer in his fields; and agriculture will never suffer from the exercise of just criticism. But the eloquent author of this spirited address, reminds us of pastors, whom we have seen manifesting no small pride, in the

eloquence of their declamation against pride; and those author's who 'condemn the love of fame, for which they write.'

If we quoted any part of this address, we should feel ourselves bound to quote it all. Notwithstanding the moderate tone of its pretensions, it has evidently a high aim, and is clearly an ambitious performance. Every one sees in it the production of a scholar. It is manifest, from the very structure of his sentences, that he has not only read the old Roman, Columella, but old Romans, who treated on other subjects than agriculture—and he has read them to profit. We regret to add a single remark, by way of subtraction. No person can regard mere verbal criticism with more contempt, than ourselves. A fondness for it is the invariable index and measure of a microscopic mind, that will never rise above the reach of a school boy's. Still we can not but regard such words as '*pejoration*, *desiderated*, *disforested*,' and some others, as blemishes in this performance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our correspondent, who enquires of us, why we have not reviewed the 'Prairie,' we answer, that many of our readers have already divined the reason. We have attempted the fabrication of a similar article ourselves. To change the allusion—We wot of the old proverb, that 'they who live in glass houses, should not be the first to throw stones.' Those of our patrons, who remember our former opinion, recollect, that we feel respectfully toward Mr. Cooper. We consider his choice of a subject, in that book, an error of judgment. A person much less conversant with Kentucky dialect than we are, will perceive, that there is scarcely a touch of Kentucky idiom, or character, in the book. Of all natural scenery, one would think, a prairie the most easy to imagine, without having seen it. Yet no one can present a graphic image of the distinguishing features of a prairie, until he has viewed it himself. The more extent and uniformity there are in the general outline, the more difficult it is to hit the discriminating strokes of the pencil. These conceptions in this book had not been pictures, painted upon the retina of his mind's eye, and it is no marvel, that he was not able to transfer them to paper by description. We shall read him with pleasure only, when he selects scenery and subjects, with which he is familiarly conversant.

Our readers, we can not doubt, have already discovered, that our first aim is to bring to view western literature, and to select our sub-

jects chiefly from our own great division of the country. We would not wish to be often found poaching on the hunting grounds of the Atlantic Nimrods. Our own forests, at present, are abundant in game. When we think, that a little variety is necessary for the plain and healthy diet of our backwood's friends, we shall take leave to shoot occasionally, on the other side of the mountains. We shall be grateful for advice; but not having the better judgment of our correspondent always at hand, we shall be obliged, in the selection of our subjects, to use our own discretion.

We have received Mr. Eckstein's astronomical instruments, the moveable Planisphere, and the Heliocentric and Geocentric planetariums, and the little work, translated from the French of Mdle. Ginot Desrois, explaining their use. On the planisphere the external circle marks the hours of the day and night; and the inner one the visible horizon. The principal constellations are very strikingly delineated upon it. The Heliocentric planetarium represents the position of the planets in our solar system. The degrees of the great circle and the twelve signs of the Zodiac, are graduated upon the external periphery. Each sign is divided into its proper number of degrees, by silk threads, drawn from the centre, in the form of radii.

The Geocentric planetarium, by similar arrangements, represents the apparent situation of the different planets, as seen from the earth. Both of these instruments are fitted up with concentric moveable cards, revolving about a common centre. There are other useful appurtenances to them, that we have not space to describe. All the astronomical problems, that can be solved on plane, circular surfaces, are rendered easy of solution by them, and all the common astronomical phenomena elucidated. They are intended, as cheaper substitutes, for an orrery, and we should think them eminently adapted to fulfil this intention. Every astronomical course of instruction ought to be aided by an orrery, or contrivances of this sort, to supply the want of one. We hope the public will remunerate him for this effort in favor of useful learning.

We take leave, in this place, to express the gratification we have experienced, in contemplating the two striking groups of wax figures in the possession of Mr. Eckstein. They represent 'The raising of Lazarus,' and 'The Widow's Son.' Without assuming any thing like connoiseurship, to which we have no pretensions, we may be permitted to say, that it is impossible to view these groups, without being transported to the time and the scene of these miracles, and being deeply impressed with the powers of the artist, in representing them. The

character, assigned by all ages of the church, to each one of the figures, is so distinctly visible, in the countenance and attitude of the personages, that even an intelligent child, well read in the history of the New Testament, immediately selects our Lord, and distinguishes the different apostles. The whole scene has a greater seeming of *vraisemblance*, from being in miniature. These figures were the labor of the father of Mr. Eckstein, and occupied, in the preparing, nearly two years. They have been viewed with admiration, we are told, by accomplished artists and travellers in Europe, and ought to be seen by all persons of taste among us.

We return our thanks to our friend at Vandalia, Ill. He will see what use we have made of his favor.

'Lines to a Mocking Bird,' by our friend and correspondent at Alexandria, D. C., were received too late for insertion in this number. They will appear in our next. We solicit further articles from the same hand.

CONTEMPLATED WORKS.

The editor of the *Western Review*, will put his 'Geography and History of the Western States,' to press early in next month, and hopes to issue the work by the last of January. There is a desideratum in the manuscript, and it is an article touching the first settlement and history of Ohio. He respectfully solicits materials for such a history, which may exist in memory or otherwise, from those who may feel willing to furnish them. The recollections of the surviving first settlers, in longer or shorter narratives, will be thankfully received; and in any form from articles the most unlabored, to those so prepared, as to be inserted with the authority. No written history of this state, to his knowledge, yet exists; and he is not aware of any way, in which authentic materials can be obtained, except from the living chroniclers, who were at once witnesses and actors in the scenes which they relate. If the present generation passes away, without furnishing them, an irreparable loss to our annals will be sustained.

He wishes information, when, where, and by whom the principal settlements in this state were commenced, and the events that befel the settlements in the order of time. For written communications of this kind, of acknowledged authenticity, an adequate pecuniary compensation will be allowed, and the slightest favor thankfully acknowledged. Printers of papers in this state, who are disposed to aid in the effort to collect materials for its history, are respectfully requested to give this article an insertion.

'George Mason, the Young Backwood's Man; *or*, *Don't Give Up the Ship*,' a story of the Mississippi. By the author of 'Francis Berrian.'

It is expected that a volume extracted from the diary and correspondence of the late Mrs. Risk, will issue from the press the present autumn. It will be accompanied by a biographical notice of this pious and distinguished lady. From an attentive perusal of her numerous and voluminous manuscript writings, the editor is persuaded, that this will constitute a work of no common interest of its class. It will probably consist of one volume, 8vo. of about 300 pages. Orders for the above works, will be received by E. H. Flint.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

The Natchez. By Chateaubriand. 3 volumes. Price $6,25.

The National Reader. By Rev. John Pierpont. Boston.

History of Louisiana. By Francis Xavier Martin, Judge of the Supreme Court of that State. New-Orleans.

Scott's Life of Napoleon. 3 vols. 8vo. Carey, Lea & Carey, Philadelphia.

A New Century of Inventions, being designs and descriptions of one hundred machines, relating to arts, manufactures and domestic life. By James White. Quarto. Price $13. Carey, Lea & Carey, Philadelphia.

E. H. FLINT,

HAS OPENED A BOOK-STORE,

Corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets, south side of Upper Market,

CINCINNATI:

WHERE he has a general assortment of school books, geographies, atlasses, stationary, &c. His assortment at present is small, but comprises many interesting and valuable works, particularly upon the history and geography of the western country. He has many books, that were selected, to form part of a private library. He intends soon to import from Boston and Philadelphia, a complete assortment of books, stationary, engravings, &c. and to keep on hand all the new publications of interest. Having recently commenced the business of sending books to all the chief towns and villages in the valley of the Mississippi, he will be able to make up packages with neatness, and transmit them with safety and despatch, to any town in the western, and south western country. Being determined to devote himself to that business, and to make annual visits to those towns and villages, he solicits orders of this kind; for which he will charge very moderate commissions. He will, also, sell books at auction, if transmitted with that object. He will endeavor to merit confidence by punctuality and attention, and will thankfully acknowledge the smallest favor.

IN making the attempt to establish a LITERARY JOURNAL in the West, the Publishers hope to enlist the good wishes and patronage of the public in its favor, as a west country production.

As the price of the work is extremely low—containing more matter than is given for the like sum, in any similar publication printed in the English language—it is hoped that all those who feel disposed to patronize it, will exert themselves to obtain subscribers; and when convenient, to make payment in advance.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1827.

Extracts from the Journal of a Voyage from Alexandria, Red river, Louisiana, to New York, by way of New Orleans and the gulf of Mexico.

April 27, 1826, parted from my friends on an expected absence of eight months. It has been high summer at this place, since the middle of March. Fire-flies were visible, the third of February. Trees were in full leaf, about the middle of February. Figs, at the time of my departure, about the size of rifle bullets. Gourd-seed maize as high as the waist. Mandan corn nearly fit for roasting. Musquitoes troublesome. Spring arrayed in her most flaunty garb. The mists of the morning dispersing before the sun, and resting on the summits of the forests. Just the kind of morning and season, to cheer an invalid through the painful business of parting. Passage taken on board the steam boat Superior; so called, it may be, *ut lucus*, &c. from her being a very inferior boat. The banks of Red river at this time full to the brim; and the sweeping current, of the hue of blood, rolls past shores, for some distance below Alexandria, parallel, straight, and charmingly verdant. Wooded banks just below the village exclude my friends from my view.

Towards night we [illegible] by, at Choctaw landing, to take in a hundred bales of cotto. Not far below this, the river inundates its banks. Wherever ground is visible above the water, it is literally covered with alligators, at which the passengers are continually firing from the boat, as it passes them, with rifles.

Pass Avoyelles, where the bluff banks of the prairie come in to the river, above the overflow. This is the commencement of an extensive prairie, which spreads back three or four leagues, constituting the parish of Avoyelles. It is a French settlement of people of simple and primitive manners. who live principally by raising

cattle. They occupy a wide grass plain, a country of Arcadian beauty of scenery. The inhabitants seem to be much in the same stage of improvement, as existed in France, when their ancestors immigrated to this country. They have learned to love *un proces*, a law suit, and whiskey, from the Americans. Below this place, at this time, the country is all one wide overflow, exhibiting the curious appearance of water, from six to ten feet deep, among the forest trees of the most brilliant verdure. As we approach within fifty miles of the mouth of the river, there is generally a fringe of water-willows on the bank, and directly back of them a regular growth of pecan trees—*juglans Illinoinensis*. The country is overflowed so much of the season, that although they possess a beautiful foliage, their growth is stinted, and their tops level and umbrella-shaped, like fruit trees; and in many points of view they have the aspect of trees growing near the summits of mountains. Alligators traversing the river, like logs. Immense numbers of sea-fowls, of all descriptions, in the air, and in the water about us.

Second day of our trip, arrive at the mouth of Red river,—a distance from Alexandria, by the river, of 150 miles. Regular amusement and pursuit of the greater part of the passengers, on all the lower waters of the Mississippi, playing cards. Conversation chiefly turns upon cotton, negroes, law suits, and duels. Our passengers, at this time, quiet and respectable people. As soon as we arrive in the Mississippi, the immense valley of which spreads north and south, and the upper waters of which are not yet free from ice, we perceive, that this wide and deep volume of waters from the north, brings down with it a chill and northern atmosphere. Those, who had thrown off their coats, or had worn morning gowns, from the heat on Red river, here resume their winter dress. Soon after we arrive in this river, we have a slight thunder storm; and after it a gale, which raises such waves, that our boat lies by on account of them. It is the first time, when I have been in a steam boat, where this necessity has occurred. The first twenty miles below Red river is chiefly wilderness along the Mississippi. Some distance above Point Coupé, the levee commences on the west side of the river. On the east side, the hills come in near the river, until we are below Baton Rouge. Thence the country assumes, especially at this season, that lovely aspect of fertility, softness of landscape, high improvement, and novel and rare productions, which every stranger admires, the first time he descends this river. The rice fields show their green above the water that has been let in upon them. The cotton at this time is generally a foot in height. The cane shows, as of large fields of broom corn. The orange trees, killed by the frosts of 1822, have thrown up whole clusters from the roots of the dead trees. The large live oaks, spreading, like prodigious umbrellas, form a most striking and imposing feature in the landscape, all the way hence to New Orleans.

Palmetto, or latanier, peet, and long moss, add an aspect of novelty to the view in the eye of strangers. A little distance back of the levee, on each side of the river, the aspect is as of a continued village. Most of the recently built American houses are large, massive and magnificent, and together with the sugar houses, which resemble northern cotton factories, are chiefly built of brick. The French habitations are more generally of wood,—neat, highly painted, surrounded with rural buildings, fitted up with piazzas, and constructed to court, and catch the breeze. If they show less magnificence and opulence than the American houses, they seem more cheerful, romantic, and, if I may so say, *en famille*. The inhabitants seem to be extremely affectionate and domestic in their habits. The husbands are seen smoking in their piazzas, with their wives and children about them.

The Superior is a very inferior boat in point of swiftness. Every steam boat sweeps by us, as if we were anchored on the water.—We arrive in New Orleans the last day of April. Two years, since I have visited the city. Can perceive that it has extended considerably, especially towards the upper Fauxbourg. The harbor, at this time, makes a noble show of flat boats, steam boats and ships. We land back of a tier of steam boats, four in depth. Streets, as usual, barricaded with cotton bales. Although extremely warm, there is still the appearance of great business and bustle. Musquitoes in swarms. During my stay of two days in the city, I sleep in that part of it, adjoining the swamp. I apprehend, no place can furnish so full a serenade of nocturnal music from swamp and water reptiles, as New Orleans. Every puddle had its little orchestra, prodigal with harmony. An immense band of big bull frogs, *Rana boans*, played the bassoon in the swamp. The depth, number and variety of the cries of these animals united the ludicrous and the terrible. After I had retired for the night, and was listening to this swamp music, I discovered a fissure in my musquito curtain; and soon had sensible demonstration that the musquitoes had the advantage of priority of discovery, and claimed the premises, in virtue of that right. There could be no rest, until a black girl came, expelled the invaders, and mended the rent.

May 1st. Engaged my passage to New York, in the large, new ship Azelia, captain Wibray, to sail the next day. She sailed, according to engagement, an hour before sunset. Our ship, together with another bound to Havre in France, is to be towed to the Balize by the steam boat Hercules. We have between thirty and forty cabin passengers. The French ship is crowded with passengers, chiefly planters, crossing the Atlantic, to spend the summer in social enjoyments, or in procuring the education of their children. Husbands and wives, and the various relations and connexions of families, are parting from each other, and an ocean, with its storms, its uncertainty, and the immensity of its distance, is

about to separate them. Although I have gone through this bitterness for myself, I am never unaffected with the view of its effects upon others. The national difference of character between the French and Americans is here strikingly delineated. The French are earnest, palpable, unrestrained in the expression of their feelings. Their grief and affection are manifested by tears, exclamations, vehement gestures and embraces. The same kind of separation is taking place among the American passengers; but the manifestation of their grief and affection is silent, stern, and as if they were ashamed to allow its visible expression.

A bell is rung, and all but the passengers are compelled to hurry on shore. The ships occupy the outer side of four or five tiers. They drop off from them, and separate, so as to allow the steam boat to come between them. She grapples to each ship; and the ease with which she takes off two large vessels is compared, by a wag, to that of a cat lugging her kittens. I never remember to have seen a more beautiful evening. The city, lighted up by the crimson splendors of a Louisiana spring sunset, throwing its glorious coloring on the flat boats, the steam boats, the river, and the front streets of the city, gay with all the flauntiness of Spanish and French modes of building, shows like a prismoramic view.—The friends of the embarked, the spectators on shore and on the yards of the vessels about us, cheer us, and their salutation is returned with huzzas, and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies on board. The ships and the steam boat fire a parting gun in succession. The engine in the steam boat is put in motion. The steam is raised by dry, pitch pine wood, which throws up two cylindrical columns of black smoke, rising with a quick spiral motion, which, when expelled to a certain height, flies off horizontally, retaining its form and its spiral motion to a great distance. Nothing can be more picturesque than the path of a steam boat, thus moving over the water, and throwing her long lines of smoke behind her. I scarcely remember to have remarked a more impressive spectacle. The sky and the river were of a rich purple, and the latter beautifully marked with the image of the smoke. The noise of the city grows fainter on our ear, as we move off. The steam boat has a much lower deck, than either of the ships, she carries. She is manned with French negroes and mulattoes. The fires in the furnaces, urged to the utmost with the blaze of dry pine, seen by the dimness of twilight, and tended by these dusky beings, remind us of the dismal images of the lower regions.

As soon as we are quite out in the stream, the passengers on the French ship, who have priests on board, are discovered at their devotions. The apparent devoutness of the passengers and sailors, the deep intonation of the priests, chaunting their ritual, and the whole worship rendered impressive by the recent solemnities of parting, give great interest to the scene. Even the reeking blacks

about the furnaces, in the steam boat, join in the devotions. During the fading of twilight, we still hear them singing the evening service to the Virgin. Pass the battle field of the eighth of January, and the pleasant plantations on the coast below the city, in the dark. The weather is extremely sultry. We have no musquito nets, and the musquitoes assail us in countless swarms. We can count upon nothing this night, but sleep militant.

At morning light we are twenty miles from the Balize. That singular view opens upon us, with the dispersion of the morning mists, which is presented by all the considerable rivers of Louisiana, near their entrance into the gulf. It is a wide savanna marsh, almost boundless to vision, covered with high cane grass, in appearance not unlike the sedge of the sea marshes at the north. When the south wind blows for a length of time, the water is driven in among this grass from one to three feet deep. The forest continually diverges from the river, as we approach the sea. When we arrive at the Balize, the distant skirts of the woods are dimly discernible in the horizon, and seem diminished to shrubs. All the interval shows only the river and this high grass. There are a few small houses at this place, occupied by fishermen and pilots. One would deem the whole establishment, which shows only a few feet of marsh mud above the water, in danger of submersion every hour.

At eight the illimitable sea is stretched out before us; always, and to all people, a heart-stirring spectacle; how much more so to a man, who has spent years in the silence, seclusion and limited views of the western interior forests! I was reared near the shores of the sounding sea. Many of the hours of my boyhood were nurtured in its chill and healthful waters. From my earliest remembrance, the view of it has always been associated with the images of immensity, eternity, and the intellectual and immortal existences, at once so ephemeral and daring, who have learned to traverse this trackless abyss in a frail bark, the sport of the winds and the waves. We greet the first view of the sea with a general cheer. The French ship arrays all its passengers on deck to take leave of us. The countenances of all on that ship and ours indicate, by their bilious tinge, the place of our late residence, and our objects in flying away from miasma, fever and musquitoes, to seek health and the cool breezes of the north.

We have a breeze from the north favorable for passing the Balize. We unlash from the tow boat, which still continues to conduct the French ship. They take their direction for crossing the Atlantic, and we take another, under a strong breeze. In a few minutes we are many miles apart. From the motionless stillness of our ship on the river, we are at once tumbling on a rough sea. But a few minutes required, to spread general sea-sickness among so many passengers, from a sultry and bilious climate. It is sport

to the tars, to see so many long countenances and sallow visages. They remark, as they come among us, in allusion to the appearances at an evening meeting, a solemn meeting this! I continue on deck long enough to remark, that we are out of sight of land, before we are out of the gray and turbid waters of the Mississippi. I remain above, until we come to the parting line, which marks the last struggles of that mighty river with the genius of the seas. It may never have impressed another; but to me it was a spectacle of no common interest, sick as I was, to mark the dark and cerulean hue of a distant line, as far as the eye could reach, bounding between the ashen colored waters of the river, and the transparent waters of the gulf. I have wandered many years on the shores of that stream. I have left on its waters what is most dear to me. I here part from the last vestige associated with my friends, and enter on the blue of the gulf, which by contrast deepens even to the hue of blackness.

Few of us recover from sea-sickness the first day. Mine somewhat abated second day at night. In the evening speak a large ship, and pass near her, both vessels scudding under full sail. The ceremonial of hailing, and the appearance of the passing ships by moonlight, furnish an imposing spectacle. Third day of our voyage, wind lulls to a dead calm. Air sultry and oppressive. Six or eight water spouts visible in different quarters of the sky. Their form strikes me, as resembling the shape of an hour glass. The upper bulb touches the sky, and the lower one the sea. The dark mist, of which they seem composed, appears to have a quick, spiral movement. Sometimes the two parts appear to separate at the insect division, between the upper and lower bulbs. In this case the lower part soon vanishes. But as soon as the spiral forms in the centre, with a dark line and a swift motion, we instantly discover the water, foaming white, and whirling under the spout. The sailors express apprehensions of them, and wish to steer in an opposite direction. Shortly after, we have a thunder shower. Effect of thunder on the sea inexpressibly grand. Clouds soon pass away, and the sky becomes clear. Not a breath of air is felt and the sails only flap from the slight motion of the ship. The sky has that bright and mild azure, that every one has admired in the tropics. The white clouds seem suspended in the etherial brilliance of the firmament, which is a mild tinge of softened Prussian blue. A spirit of unchangeable repose seems diffused over sky and sea. It appears incredible, that this treacherous aspect of nature should exist in the very central region of hurricanes. We move, indeed, by the current of the gulf stream. But, though the motion is considerable, it is no where perceptible, but at the bow. The sea has become a perfect mirror, and we sit on the ship, as if she were imbedded in the earth. We can see no land from deck; but the spires of Havanna are distinctly visible from our top mast.

As regards our interior, we have a spacious and handsome cabin, and our fare is sumptuous. Perfectly recovered from sea-sickness, and fancy a permanent residence in this mild climate and pure air would be delightful, if all our friends were with us.

All voyagers have remarked, that the waters of the Mexican gulf are distinguished for their transparency. To look into them downwards, is almost the same as to look upwards. The wreaths of clouds seem suspended in the depths, as in the firmament. Have never read, nor entertained any conception of the effect of light upon bodies descending in these calm and transparent waters. The parings from our vegetables, as they are thrown overboard, become, as they sink, wreaths of pearls. A leaden bullet beautifully exemplified this effect of the sun's rays. Its first descent shows the whiteness of pearl. Still deeper, it presents prismatic colors; and it descends from sight in the flaming brilliance of a diamond. We do not tire, in gazing upon the dolphins and small fishes darting and playing in the depths. All words would be thrown away, in attempting to paint the inexpressible brilliance of the dolphins, as they mount, or sink in the water. We throw our hooks to them, and two of these beautiful fishes are soon taken. The well known changes in the color of their bodies, in the different stages of their expiring struggles, contemplated with eager curiosity by our passengers. To me, their strong expressions of agony take from any pleasure this spectacle might otherwise give me.

If I were a poet, my first subjects for verses should be the immense inverted cones of light, which the sunbeams form in this motionless and transparent water. They seem to be huge pavilions of green, purple and gold, terminating, at immense depths, by an apex, crowned with a globular gem. By night it should be the pathway of the vessel, as it moves through the phosphorescent waves, lighting up its track as with flames, and throwing up, in every sparkling bubble, the most brilliant diamond. In this still, dry and bland atmosphere, I spend the first hours of the night, in watching this beautiful spectacle, as seen by moonlight. This would be the scene, and the place, and the air, for the visionary to meditate his romance, or lovers to exchange vows.

Second day of this calm, some gay boys, passengers for Mr. Patridge's school at Middletown, take two or three sparrows, that rest upon the shrouds of the vessel. One of them is of a beautiful species unknown to me. A sea-fowl, of a class also unknown to me, rests upon the spars, and is taken. It astonishes me, at this distance from land, to notice the numbers and incessant motion of those sea-swallows, commonly called by sailors 'mother Cary's chickens.' An uncommonly large West India turtle passes our stern, apparently making towards Cuba. He swims thirty feet below the surface. His head is thrust out to its utmost length, and seems on the look out. Though one would think him a poor struc-

ture for motion, he plies his four legs very busily, and paws along with no inconsiderable swiftness. At that depth the light renders him, in appearance, partly of pearl and partly prismatic. No oriental prince was ever finer. Our epicures utter backward prayers in regard to his progress.

We have every thing, that we could wish, and we are all on friendly and good terms. The passengers resort to all the customary methods for killing time, by day and by night, such as playing cards, reading, walking the deck, telling stories, &c. We furnish ourselves with much broad mirth from a mock trial of some of the passengers, against whom it was alleged, that they had violated the rules of the cabin by smoking cigars in it. The trial conducted with great form of lawyers, judge, execution, &c. A young married lady, generally confined below with ague, and our only female passenger, comes on deck, to witness the solemnities of this trial. But with all our expedients to while away the time, in this languid and bland atmosphere, passengers complain of ennui, and ask for any thing, rather than the continuance of this calm.

Amused by a visit of a boat from a Yankee schooner, visible behind us. As the boat approaches us, we arm ourselves, as though apprehending a visit from pirates. She is from the state of Maine, and has such a luggage of cotton on deck, that she seems, at a distance, a floating raft of cotton. Our southern passengers amuse themselves with their Yankee dialect, and apparent simplicity. They purchase whiskey, and are asked, if it drinks as well as New England rum? They answer, that when their hands first came to the southern country, they did not like it; but that they found by experience, that it made them a darn'd sight more frisky than 'white eye,' as they called New England rum. They were asked, if they thought such a little vessel as theirs, so loaded with cotton, could stand a gale? 'I wish to the Lord,' answered the captain, 'we could get a gale. We have been fifteen days drudging along from Mobile. We swim like a duck, and should float a-top, when your boat would go down.'

Sixth day in the morning, we have no longer to complain of a calm. We are struck by a gale, that they call a norther. Long lines of brassy clouds pass over the sun, as though chasing each other on a race. The sea at first looks dark, and seems to require some minutes, before it can be lashed up to a fury. The gale is directly against the gulf stream, and blows a hurricane. Its noise in the shrouds is like the continued roar of thunder. Surf breaks on the deck. Passengers fearful, that every gust will throw the ship on her beam ends. We plow up and down the billows, apparently often making an angle of forty-five degrees with them, and as if the bow were about to pitch into the abyss. Every thing chained on deck, and made fast in the cabin. Pale faces and renewed sea-sickness. Gloomy spectacle, as the darkness of night

settles upon us, and the gale increasing. Some of the passengers thrown from their birth. I hold steadily fast to mine. No supper provided, and the passengers seem disposed to make themselves as quiet as possible, in their births. I am exhausted at once by excessive sea-sickness, and the incessant jerking, occasioned by the constant pitching of the ship. I feel as if I should die, by dislocation of my bones, if not of sea-sickness. Among my orisons I never forget *Semel si starem tellure optata, &c.*

Gale continues three days, and I am aware, that the measure of time is the succession of ideas. It seems to be an age. During the whole continuance, I take neither sleep nor food, and experience that indifference as to existence, which has at least one salutary effect. It excludes fear.

On the second day of the storm I make an effort, and get on deck. What a spectacle! How should I enjoy it, were I not sick! How little have poets been able to paint this sublime spectacle! Seeing is, according to the proverb, *the naked fact.* As far as the eye can reach, there seems a combat of mountain billows, dark and cerulean upon their declivities, curling, foaming and white upon their summits,—and it is mountain tumbling upon mountain. Well did the ancients personify this element in its wrath, as an angry and devouring divinity. What a speck seems a ship, plowing its solitary way among the mountains! How certainly would any one, but a sailor, deem that it must be swallowed up in the waves! Am impressed with hearing the cries of the sailors, as performing their duty at mast head, during the midnight darkness. Sometimes they swing in one direction, and then in another. But they hold fast to their ropes, and perform their duty. What miracles cannot courage, habit and discipline accomplish! We sometimes inquire, what will become of the little schooner behind us? Attempt to walk on deck, and am thrown to the floor. Another passenger severely lamed, in making the same attempt. Find myself, from the faintness of extreme sea-sickness, compelled to relinquish this grand spectacle, and retire to my birth.

We enter the Atlantic, and the gale abates. Sea still rolls in mountains. Laid on a mattrass in the companion-way, whence I can contemplate the illimitable prospect of the waves. As the sea gradually calms, the black fish and porpoises play about us. This is, also, an exciting spectacle. These huge, fat and frolicksome fishes, contrary to the general impression of landsmen, are remarkably fine shaped, sleek, and powerful in their movements. They have the appearance of being engaged in a race. As far as we can see, behind us, and before us, they are moving from east to west, and nearly in a right line. In some instances, there are battalions in close order, moving in parallel lines. In other instances, they advance in pairs. Every few rods of their course, they dart from the water, taking a prodigious leap, variously estimated from

ten to twenty feet. For two leagues the sea is in foam with this spirit-stirring sport. The earth is not only full of life, but so, also, is *this great and wide sea, in which are innumerable small and great beasts.*

We have a uniform wind for three days. A lottery made, and the prize predicated upon the chances of three days, in one of which, it is supposed, we shall arrive at New York. Our passengers are from Missouri, Louisiana, Mexico, France, Great Britain, and New England. Of course our voyage has not suffered, for want of variety of character.

Twelfth day, see Cape Hatteras with a telescope. We have seldom less than five, or six sails in view, during our voyage. Fifteenth day, towards sunset, green summits of Neversink hills visible in the verge of the horizon. Sixteenth, at midnight, fire for a pilot. In the morning, the beautiful bay and city open a panorama before us. Green corn, cucumbers, &c. were our vegetables, when we departed from New Orleans. Here they have not finished planting. The verdure is not so deep as that of Louisiana, but it has an aspect associated in my mind with health and vigor; and the cool and invigorating breeze tells, that we are no longer in the languid atmosphere of the tropics. At nine, a Jersey steam boat, carrying passengers to the city to worship, for it is Sunday morning, takes us in tow. At ten we gladly spring on shore, and I once more tread *optato gremio telluris.*

FLOWERING SHRUBS AND PLANTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

Persimon, *Diospyros Virginiana*, is not much distinguished on account of its flowers, which are white, and not unlike those of dogwood; and so hidden under the leaves, as to be discovered with difficulty. But a tree, in other respects so interesting, and about which, though common in the regions where it flourishes, so little is known, merits a brief description. From the body of this tree, which resembles that of the mazzard-cherry, when pierced, exudes a copious amount of a gum, not unlike gum-Arabic in appearance. The leaves somewhat resemble those of the wild black cherry. The fruit is of the size of a common horse plum, though we have seen them much larger. When green, it is astonishingly astringent. It is only ripened by the frost of winter. There are varieties in its size, from low shrubs to very tall trees of considerable size. When the small, deep blue persimon is thoroughly ripened by the frost, it is even

sweeter than the fig, and is almost a pulp of concreted sugar. We have, now and then, found it in that state; and it is then to us a delicious fruit. It is, under any circumstances, when thoroughly ripe, as we judge, a pleasanter fruit than dates. If we had to obtain this fruit from beyond the seas, we have no doubt, that the kinds would be discriminated, and the best of them cultivated. The Chickasaw plum is common from 34° to the gulf of Mexico.—Prairie plums are abundant in the prairies of Illinois and Missouri. In blossom they have the same appearance and fragrance with the common cultivated plums. The general hue of the fruit is reddish, and the flavor tart. Some of them, especially the yellow Osage plum, are among the most delicious fruits, we have ever tasted.

Crab-apple. *Pyrus coronaria.* In the middle regions of the valley, on prairies of a particular description, there are extensive tracts covered with an impenetrable mat of crab-apple shrubs. The form, color and fragrance of the blossoms, are precisely those of the cultivated apple tree. When the southern breeze comes over a large tract of these shrubs, in full blossom, it is charged with a concentrated fragrance, almost too strong to be grateful. They are useful, as stocks, in which the cultivated apple or pear tree may be budded, or engrafted.

Althea grows in great beauty in all parts of the valley. The brilliance and variety of the flowers are too well known to need description. In Louisiana they begin to flower in April, and continue flowering until December.

Were we to be particular, we should swell this catalogue beyond our intention. In the season of flowers, our eyes and our sense of fragrance point out to us multitudes of flowering trees and shrubs, of exquisite odor and beauty, some of which are, as far as we know, nondescripts; which we have not time to describe. We may name what is called meadow pink, or honey-suckle,—a shrub, which fringes brooks and creeks, in the pine woods, giving them a compact border, covered with tufts of trumpet shaped flowers of peach blow hue, and most exquisite fragrance, which, when intermingled with the odor of wild blackberry and the yellow jessamine, fill the air with a perfume, at once incomparably more delicious and strong than that of the magnolia. When the acacia, the dogwood, and these shrubs and vines are in flower together, in the month of March, in the pine woods of Louisiana, the solitary wanderer in these beautiful and delicious solitudes realizes, that 'many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

There is a beautiful creeper, which we have not seen noticed by any traveller, or described by any botanist, and which, indeed, we have not often seen ourselves, and then only on the margin of the Mississippi, between New Madrid and the mouth of the Arkan-

sas. Its vine and foliage somewhat resemble those of supplejack. We never noted it climbing trees, more than ten feet in height. The flowers were long and richly tufted wreaths, on small, long, flexile, twining stems, and the flowers resembling the purple blossoms of the pea. They were gathered for garnishing the chimney places of the cabins; and we have seen few wreaths of flowers, which excelled them in splendor.

Most of the innumerable creepers, or lianes, of the Mississippi alluvial forest, are flowing ones. Among them, the SUPPLEJACK is in many respects the most distinguished, especially for the beauty of its foliage, and the rich appearance of its copious fruit of intensely black berries.

Bignonia radicans, or TRUMPET FLOWER, is beautiful at once for its foliage and its flowers. It has a vine of a grayish white color, and long and delicate spike shaped leaves, on long and slender stems, in alternate sets. It climbs the largest trees in preference, mounts to their summits, and displays a profusion of large trumpet shaped flowers of the brightest flame color. Planted near a house, in two or three seasons a single vine will cover an extensive roof, throwing its fibrous and parasitic roots so strongly under the shingles, as to detach them from the roof.

Among the flowering aquatic plants, there is one, that for magnificence and beauty stands unrivalled and alone. We have seen it in the stagnant bayous and lakes of the southern country generally; but of the greatest size and splendor on the stagnant waters of the Arkansas. It has different popular names. The Indians of the upper divisions of the valley call it Pannocco. We have seen it designated by botanists by the name *Nymphea Nelumbo*. It rises from a root, resembling the largest size of cabbage stump, and from depths in the water, from two or three to ten feet. It has an elliptical, smooth and verdant leaf, some of the largest of the size of a parasol. These muddy bayous and stagnant waters are often so covered with these leaves, that the sandpiper walks abroad on the surface of them, without dipping its feet in the water. The flowers are enlarged copies of the *Nymphea odorata*, or New England pond-lily. They have a cup of the same elegant conformation, and brilliant white and yellow. They want the ambrosial fragrance of that flower, and resemble in this respect, as they do in size, the flowers of the laurel magnolia. On the whole, they are the largest and most beautiful flowers, that we have seen.—They have their home in dead lakes in the centre of cypress swamps. Musquitoes swarm above. Obscene fowls wheel their flight over them. Alligators swim among their roots; and moccasin snakes bask among their leaves. In such lonely and repulsive situations, under such circumstances, and for such spectators, is arrayed the most gaudy and brilliant display of flowers in the creation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAITS OF THE INDIANS OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Incredible stories are related of the powers and performances of their jugglers and mountebanks. Many of these alleged feats, we presume, never took place, except in the imagination of the ignorant and credulous hunters and trappers, who relate them. But they have undoubtedly a rigidity of muscles, a callousness of nerve, and a contempt of wounds and pain, that enable them to achieve such exploits, as swallowing fire, putting knives and swords down their throats, and acts of that sort, with great success. To create admiration in this line is one of their ruling passions, and this ambition incites them to much thought and study, in order to learn the mystic arts of legerdemain, in which they certainly attain no inconsiderable proficiency. Their 'medicine men' are a kind of jugglers, and there is much ceremony and affectation of mystery in the preparing and administering their medicines.—The most amusing part of this business is, that the scaramouch, who has gone through all the ceremonies, and prepared the medicine in due form, in common cases takes it himself. We have little faith in their acquaintance with powerful vegetable remedies from their own vegetable kingdom. Such faith originated from the same credulity, which, in the oriental countries, invests idiots with the attributes of sanctity and divinity. They certainly know how to administer cathartics and emetics, to sweat, and bleed; and this, in our view, is the extent of their knowledge in medicine. We have remarked, that when they were near our settlements, their sick were in the habit of applying to our physicians.

The Indian head is generally such as, we would suppose, craniology or phrenology would select, as finely moulded for intelligence. In this respect, he would probably place them, as a race, beside the *homo sapiens Europeus*. We have seen them in every position, to try native acuteness. We have taught their young. We consider them naturally a shrewd, intelligent people, with heads capable of the highest mental developement in every department of thought, in as great a degree as our own race. They have, in our opinion, the same amount of curiosity, but a more stern perseverance in the effort to suppress the expression of it. It has been remarked, in particular, that their first view of a steam boat in operation never fails to draw from them their most emphatic 'ugh!' by way of irrepressible admiration.

Before we dismiss this article, it will be expected of us, that we make a few remarks, touching their languages. In all their dialects, we suspect, that like the Chinese, their words originally were but of one syllable. Every word, then, of more than one syllable, has been formed in the progress of advancing ideas among them, marked by corresponding combinations in the form of compound words. Having few obstructions in their ideas, and knowing little, and caring less, about our complex combinations of thought, their minds are chiefly conversant with visible and tangible matters, and their expressions are paintings of sensible ideas, formed with the coloring matter of words. Hence their picturesque and figurative modes of speech; and, as their images are drawn fresh and direct from nature, and receive their last conformation in musing and melancholic minds, they have a deep and poetic effect, not unlike the diction in Ossian. Whenever we undertake to convey to them a connected chain of abstract propositions, they turn to us for a while, with a complacent inclination of the head, intimating that it is all good, and true; but applying their hand to their ear, with the significant gesture, so readily comprehended by all, who are conversant with Indians, to imply that they do not understand, by making the sign of deafness.

Their manner of numbering, evidences the extreme simplicity of their language. We have asked of all the tribes, with which we have met, their numerical terms, as far as a hundred. In some few, the terms are simple, as far as ten. In others, six is five-one, seven five-two, and so on. Beyond ten, they universally count by reduplication of the tens. This they perform with great dexterity by a mechanical arithmetic, intricate to explain, but readily apprehended by the eye. The principal operations are bringing the open palms together, and then crossing the hands, which tells as far as a hundred. Some of the tribes are said to be perplexed in their attempts to number beyond a hundred. When the question turned upon any point, that involved great numbers, we have generally heard them avail themselves of an English word, the first, we believe, and the most universally understood by savages—'heap!'

We have read, that in some of their languages, there are subtleties of structure, and nice shades of divisions of time, in the tenses of their verbs, that transcend even the famed exactness and finish of the Greek. We suspect, that these niceties are partly the growth of the philological heads, that discovered them. There is something wonderful and inexplicable, it must be admitted, in the combination and artificial structure, which, to a certain extent, must be allowed to exist in the languages of a people of such extreme simplicity of thought.

We profess to know little of the origin and philosophical grammar of these languages. We suspect, that a life might be spent in studying them in the closet to little purpose. If experience can

teach us any thing, touching the right mode of learning a living language, it is, that we must dwell among those, who speak it, to acquire it. We never knew a person even a tolerable proficient in speaking French, unless he had acquired his facility by living among the people. The savages vary their meaning still more by gesture, and the accent and intonation which they give their words, than even the French. We much fear, that a printed page of Indian words, most carefully and accurately noted by our marks of intonation, gravity, or acuteness, as we have them in our own dictionaries, could hardly be read, after all, by an unpractised American scholar, so as to be intelligible to the Indians, whose language they purport to be. We have supposed the Muskogee and Chelokee to be the patriarchal dialects of the south; and the Chippeway and Dacota, of the Indians of the lakes and the upper Mississippi; and the Ozadzhé and Pawnee, of the savages of the Missouri; and the Apacheé and Commancheé, of the western shores of the Mexican gulf. We should not forget, that all the Indians, from the Alleghanies to the western ocean, have a language of signs—the latin, or common language, by which all the tribes communicate with one another. It is a trite maxim, that necessity is the mother of invention; and it is inconceivable, except by those, who have witnessed it, how copious, significant and definite a language they have formed in this way. In Long's first expedition, a full and accurate vocabulary is given. It is a treat to a philosophical student of man and of human nature, to see two of these untaught children of the woods meet from the most remote and opposite points of the wilderness, without a single word in common, and question each other, and obtain intelligible answers, respecting all their prominent necessities of information, in the dumb language of signs and gestures.

After all, that which has struck us, in contemplating this singular race, with the most admiration and astonishment, is the invisible, but universal energy of the operation and influence of an inexplicable and mysterious law, which has, where it operates, a more certain and controlling power, than all the municipal and written laws of the whites united. This view of Indian character has been to us a study of more interest, than any other circumstance pertaining to the race. There is most despotic rule among them, without either hereditary or elected chief. There are chiefs with great power, who cannot tell when, where, or how they became invested with it. There is perfect unanimity in a question, involving a war of extermination, and even the very existence of the tribe, where every member of the council belonged to the wild and fierce democracy of nature, and could give either his affirmation, or dissent, without being called upon for a reason. To exemplify the omnipotence of this invisible and unwritten law, of this despotic authority over mind and opinion, which holds the Indian,

wandering far from the cognizance or control of his tribe, by an unbroken chain, that drags him back to its tribunal, we cite a common mode of its operation.—A case occurs, where it is prescribed only by custom and opinion, that an individual should be punished with death. Escaped far from the control of his tribe, it may be in the precincts of a hostile tribe, who would rejoice in the acquisition of such a warrior,—at any rate, as free as the winds,—he feels this invisible cord about his neck, and he returns, and surrenders himself to justice. His accounts, perhaps, are not settled, and he is in debt. He solicits reprieve, until he shall have accomplished his summer's hunt. He finishes it with as much industry, acuteness and sang froid, as any one that had preceded it; pays his debt; and dies with an unshrinking constancy, which, in all views of Indian character, has always been the theme of admiration.

A question occurs, upon which we have touched before, but which in a serious mind is of such moment, as not to suffer by repetition. What is the prospect of bringing to these rugged and comfortless beings, apparently the outcasts equally of nature and civilization, the moulding of society and morals, the regulations of municipal and agricultural life, and the high motives and the cheering hopes of our gospel? The melancholy, but stubborn fact must be admitted, that but little has yet been done. Pious and devoted Catholic missionaries have carried their lives in their hands, have renounced all earthly hopes, and have lived and died among them, to carry them the gospel. Protestants have surely not been behind them in these labours of love. But after the lapse of a century, scarce an adult savage can be found west of the Mississippi, who will pronounce himself a Christian. We have seen many with crosses suspended from their necks, which they showed, apparently with the same feelings with which they showed their medals. They have a prevalent opinion, that the profession of Christianity gives them additional claims upon our justice and sympathy.—During the last winter, some Appalachy Indians appealed to the judge of the district, where we resided, for redress. They stated a certain outrage, which, they alleged, had been committed upon them by the overseer of a rich and powerful planter, whose plantation adjoined their lands. In addition to all the other indignant views of the injury, which they took, they subjoined, '*et nous sommes baptises*:'—'we are baptised persons.' This seemed to them to complete the enormity of the transaction. We are sure, that if any effort can have marks of heroism, singleness of purpose, and nobleness of self-devotion, beyond another, the self-devotion of missionaries, who go to finish their days among the savages, must be the purest and holiest of all. Surely, if any men merit earnest wishes and prayers for their success, it must be those men, who have left the precincts of every thing desirable in life, to go into these solitudes for the conversion of these untutored children of nature.

There are some circumstances, which invest the present missionary efforts with stronger probabilities of success, than any that have preceded them. The number of Indians, that are half breeds, or mixtures of the blood of the whites, is great and continually increasing. These, either from conviction, or party feelings, generally espouse the interests of civilization and Christianity. It is, more generally than formerly, the conviction among ourselves, that Christianity is the religion of social and civilized man. Instead of relying much on the hope of the conversion of adult hunting and warrior savages, the effort is chiefly directed towards the young. Schools, the loom, the anvil, the plow, are sent to them. Amidst the comfort, stability and plenty of cultivation they are expected, to be imbued with a taste for our institutions, arts, industry and religion, at the same time. Every benevolent man will wish these efforts of enlightened and Christian charity all possible success.

PRESENT POPULATION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

The progress of the population of this country, as every one knows, is without any example or parallel in the records of other colonies, in ancient or modern times; not excepting even the annals of the advancement of the Atlantic country. We can remember, when all this country, except the ancient French colonies in it, was an unknown and unpeopled wilderness. The first settlers encountered incredible hardships and dangers. But only open before Americans a fertile soil, and a mild climate, and their native enterprize, fostered by the stimulant effect of freedom and mild laws, will overcome every impediment. Sickness, solitude, mountains, the war-whoop, the merciless tomahawk, wolves and panthers and bears, dear and distant homes, forsaken for ever, will come over their waking thoughts, and revisit their dreams in vain, to prevent the young, florid and unportioned pair from scaling remote mountains, descending long rivers, and finally selecting their spot in the forests, consecrating their solitary cabin with the dear and sacred name of home, and there rearing a family.

The following synoptical view will show, in a few words, the astonishing advance of this population:—In 1790, the population of this valley, exclusive of the country west of the Mississippi, and of Florida, which were not then within our territorial limits, was estimated, by enumeration, at little more than 100,000. In 1800, it was something short of 380,000. In 1810, it was short of a million. In 1820, including the population west of the Mississippi,

rating the population of Florida at 20,000, and that of the parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, included in this valley, at 300,000, and it will give the population of 1820 at 2,500,000. It will be perceived, that this is an increase, in more than a duplicate ratio, in ten years.

Some considerable allowance must be made, of course, for the flood of immigration, which can not reasonably be expected to set this way, for the future, as strongly as it has for the past. There is no doubt, however, that Ohio, with the largest and most dense population of any of the western states, will have double the number of inhabitants, by the census of 1830, which she had by that of 1820. During that interval, her gain by immigration will not equal her loss by emigration; and of course, will be simply that of natural increase. In the rapidity of this increase, we believe, this state not only exceeds any other in the West, but in the world. Other western states may compete with us in the abundance of all other harvests. But it is the good natured jest of every traveller from Wheeling to this place, and every stranger among us, whose eye explores the streets and lanes of our city, that an unparalleled crop of flaxen headed boys and girls 'is the nobler growth, our realms supply.' The population of this valley at the next census will, no doubt, exceed four millions. It will have by a million more inhabitants, than the thirteen good old United States, when, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, they threw down the gauntlet in the face of the parent country, then the most powerful empire on the globe.

Notwithstanding the impression, so generally entertained in the Atlantic country, that this valley is universally unhealthy, and notwithstanding the necessary admission, that fever and ague is prevalent to a great and an annoying degree, the stubborn facts, above stated, demonstrate, beyond all possibility of denial, that no country is more propitious to increase by natural population. Wherever the means of easy, free and ample subsistence are provided, it is in the nature and the order of human things, that population should increase rapidly. In such a country, though some parts of it should prove sickly, perseverance will ultimately triumph over even this impediment, the most formidable of all. In that fertile region, for the insalubrious districts are almost invariably those of the highest fertility, immigrants will arrive, become sickly, and discouraged; and, perhaps, return with an evil report of the country. In the productive and sickly sections of the South, allured by its rich products, and its exemption from winter, adventurers will successively arrive, fix themselves, become sickly, and, it may be, they will die. Others, lusting for gain, and with that recklessness to the future, for wise ends awarded us by Providence, and undismayed by the fate of those who have preceded them, will replace them. By culture, draining, the feeding of cattle, and the opening the country to

the fever-banishing breeze, the atmosphere is found gradually to meliorate. The inhabitants, taught by suffering and experience, come by degrees to learn the climate, the diseases, and preventives, and a race will finally stand, which will possess the adaptation to the country, which results from acclimation; and even these sections are found, in time, to have a degree of natural increase of population with the rest. Such has proved to be the steady advance of things in the sickliest points of the South. The rapidity of our increase in numbers multiplies the difficulties of subsistence, and stimulates, and sharpens the swarming faculties and propensities in the parent hive, and will cause, that in the due lapse of time and progress of things, every fertile quarter section in this valley will sustain its family.

Another pleasant circumstance appended to this view is, that almost the entire population of the valley are cultivators of the soil. The inhabitants of crowded towns and villages, the numerous artizans and laborers in manufactories, can neither be, as a mass, so healthy, so virtuous, or happy, as free cultivators of the soil. The man, whose daily range of prospect is dusty streets, or smoky and dead brick walls, and whose views become limited by habit to the enclosure of those walls, who depends for his subsistence on the daily supplies of the market, and whose motives to action are elicited by constant and hourly struggle and competition with his fellows, will have the advantage in some points over the secluded tenant of a cabin, or a farm house. But still, taking every thing into the calculation, we would choose to be the owner of half a section of land, and daily contemplate nature, as we tilled the soil, aided in that primitive and noble employment, by our own vigorous children. The dweller in towns and villages may have more of the air and tone of society, and his daughters may keep nearer to the changes of the fashions. But we have little doubt, that, in striking the balance of enjoyment, the latter will be found to be the happier man, and more likely to have a numerous and healthy family. The people of the West, with very small deductions, are cultivators of the soil. All, that are neither idle, nor unable to labor, have a rural abundance of the articles which the soil can furnish, far beyond the needs of the country; and it is one of our most prevalent complaints, that this abundance is far beyond the chances of profitable sale.

Ohio has, palpably, more of the northern propensity to form villages, and condense population, than any other of the western states. Of course, her people have a readier aptitude for an artizan's life, and a manufacturer's condition. We suppose, that at least the half of the manufacturers of the West, inhabit the region, of which Pittsburgh is the centre, and the state of Ohio. Her sons, too, have the New England aspiration to become scholars, and professional men, and merchants and traders. Kentucky and

Ohio send abroad their circulating phalanxes of this kind of foragers, to compete with the Yankees for the professions and trade of the more western states. In Ohio this class bears by far the greatest propertion to the cultivators, of any part of the valley. Yet in Ohio, from the returns of the very accurate census of 1820 in this state, it appears, that out of a population of nearly 600,000, there were only 13,956 manufacturers, and 1,459 merchants and traders. Thus it appears, that nearly twenty-nine out of thirty of this whole population were engaged in agriculture.

It would require a separate and distinct article, if we were to trace the influence of slavery upon population and improvement. This discussion, too, would more properly fall under the head of an article, presenting a contrasted view of the condition and progress of the slave holding, compared with the non-slave holding states. It is sufficient for our present purposes to remark, that, with the exception of some districts that are particularly sickly, the blacks increase still more rapidly than the whites.

From the general fertility of the soil, and the abundance with which it yields all the supplies of life,—from the comparative rareness and small proportion of sterile, mountainous and marshy lands, that can not be easily brought into cultivation, no thinking mind can have failed to foresee, that this country must and will ultimately sustain a great and dense population of farmers. Taking into view soil, climate, and the means of easy communication, the most material and natural elements upon which to calculate, in regard to future increase of population, and no country can be found, which invites increase more strongly, than ours. In half a century, the settled parts of it will, probably, have become as healthy as any other country. In that lapse of time, it can hardly be sanguine to calculate, that by improving the navigation of the existing rivers, by the numerous canals which will be made, in aid of what nature has done, in a region where there are no mountains, and few high hills, and no intermixture of refractory granite,—where the rivers, which rise almost in the same level, interlock, and then wind away in opposite directions,—where, from these circumstances, and the absence of granite hills, canals can be made with comparative ease, that the country will be permeated in every direction, either by steam boats, or sea vessels towed by them, or by transport conducted by rail-road power. No country, it is generally supposed here, can be found, which contains so great a proportion of cultivable and habitable land, compared with the whole extent of its surface. Humboldt, so well qualified to judge by comparison, has pronounced it the largest valley in the world. It has a less proportion of swamps, sterile plains, and uncultivable mountains, than any other region of the same extent. When it shall have been inhabited as long as Massachusetts and Virginia, what limits can imagination assign to its population and improvement?

No one can fail to have foreseen, at this time of the day, that the period is not far distant, when the greater mass of the population of our country will be on this side the mountains. We would not desire, in anticipation, to vex the question, where the centre of our national government will then be? We are connected already with the Atlantic country by noble roads. We shall shortly be connected with the Hudson, Delaware and Chesapeake bays, by navigable canals. We already hear of the assumption, by individuals, of the stock of an association for the gigantic project of a rail-road between Baltimore and the Ohio. Our different physical conformation of country, and the moral circumstances of our condition, have assigned to us, as we think, agriculture, as our chief pursuit. Suppose manufactures to flourish among us to the utmost extent, which our most honest and earnest patriots could desire, and we should still, as we think, find ourselves bound by the ties of a thousand wants, to the country north and east of the mountains. The very difference of our physical and moral character contributes to form a chain of mutual wants, holding us to that region by the indissoluble tie of mutual interest. At present, the passage of the mountains, formerly estimated by the Atlantic people something like an India voyage, and not without its dangers, as well as its difficulties, is no more, than a trip of pleasure of two or three days. We shall soon be able to sail, at the writing desk, or asleep, from New Orleans, Fort Mandan, or Prairie du Chien, through the interior forests to the beautiful bay of New York. The time is not distant, when the travelled citizen of the other side the mountains will not be willing to admit, that he has not taken an autumnal or vernal trip of pleasure, or observation, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. The landscape painter and the poet will come among us, to study and admire our forest, river and prairie scenery, and to imbibe new ideas, from contemplating the grandeur and the freshness of our nature.

For us, as a people, we look over the mountains, and connect our affections with the parent country beyond, by the strong ties of natal attachment; for there, to the passing generation at least, was the place of their birth. There still live our fathers and our brethren. There are the graves of our ancestors; and there are all the delightful and never forgotten remembrances of our infancy and our boyhood. We have hitherto been connected to that country, by looking to it exclusively for fashions models and literature. The connexion, will remain, not as we hope, a slavish one; for duty, interest and self-respect imperiously call upon us to set up for ourselves, in these respects, as fast as possible. But as younger members of the family, thrust into the woods, to give place to those, who had the rights of primogeniture, and obliged to find our subsistence by cutting down the trees, we have as yet had but little leisure to think of any thing, beyond the calls of necessity,

and the calculations of immediate interest and utility. As soon as we have the leisure for higher purposes, we shall be unworthy of our family alliance, if we do not immediately institute a friendly rivalry in these respects, which will be equally honorable and useful for each of the parties. We know our rights, and we are able to maintain them. It is only the little minded and puny, that allow themselves to indulge in a causeless and fretful jealousy. There must be a real, palpable and continued purpose to undervalue us, and curtail our rights, and arrest our advancement and prosperity, before we would allow ourselves to remember our great chain of mountains, and our world by itself. Our patriotism has been tampered with, more than once, even in our infancy. We came forth with honor from every trial. Every link of the golden, and, we hope, perpetual chain of the union, will be grasped as firmly by the citizens of the West, as of the Atlantic. We flatter ourselves, that we have had uncommon chances to note the scale of the western thermometer, in this respect. We have every where seen and felt a spirit, which has given us the assurance of conviction, that the popularity of that demagogue would be blasted, and would wither forever, who should for a moment manifest the remotest incipient wish to touch the chain of this union with an unhallowed hand. The interests and affections of the western people hold to that, as strongly, and as proudly, to say no more, as those of the East. From time to time demagoges will spring up, and atrocious and unprincipled editors will be found, to meditate any thing,—and to dare to inculcate, and write, and publish what they meditate. But the strength and virtue of the community will never bear them out.

Wherever attempts may be made to disaffect, alienate and sever one section of this great union from the rest, may God avert the omen! that attempt will not be commenced with us. They may reproach us with being rough, untrained, and backwoodsmen. But as a people we are strong for the union, and the whole union. Every true son of the West will join in the holiest aspirations, '*esto perpetua.*' *May it last as long as the sun and moon shall endure!*

NEWSPAPERS.

After the refreshment and exhiliration of evening tea, to repair the wasting of the toils and cares of the day, we regularly devote a couple of hours to the perusal of a selection of newspapers from Maine to the Sabine. Thus easily, pleasantly and cheaply, from the loop holes of our retreat, we survey the bustle and scramble of the great world. Its conflicts, its passions, and disasters, are told us by noiseless guests, who travel hundreds of leagues, to bring us the news, and are dismissed without affront, the moment they become tedious or impertinent.

Instead of conning prosing and dry philosophical discussions of the influence of climate, we see it here, palpably exemplified before our eyes. In the details and discussions of the northern papers, we mark the restraining tendency of general example, and of religious institutions. There we see the passions of society, as coals smothered under ashes. Thought, feeling and purpose are deeper, and more concentered, and more permanent. In the South, nature is left more to her own wayward direction, and the tendency of the thin skin and the inflamed blood is manifest in sudden bursts of passion, and out-breaking acts. Of course, we read in the northern papers of actions for slander and libel, and suits for breach of promise of marriage. Newspaper abuse is couched in sneer, insinuation and inference, and malignant feeling evaporates in long tirades of windy abuse. In the South the charge is direct, and categorical. It is a word and a blow, and the blow first; and dirks are drawn, and pistols discharged, and one, and in some instances, both the combattants fall. Such a state of society, every one must admit, is barbarous and horrible. The southerner admits it, and laments it,—but is so influenced by climate, custom and prevalent opinion, that when the temptation besets him, he conducts like the rest.

But it will tend to diminish our abhorrence, or regret, to know the fact, that they, who fall in these rencontres, are, for the most part, the sort of people who enlist in the wars, after a long peace, and who are to the country, what self-righteousness is said to be to the possessor: the more she has of them, the poorer she is.—Society, if it were correctly informed, would, indeed, shudder at the example. But it more generally congratulates itself, that a worthless and quarrelsome member is slain out of the way, without the tediousness, uncertainty and expense of a trial.

The northern newspapers teem with the enumeration of southern duels, shootings and dirkings; and while they pronounce, that society in these regions must be verging back to barbarism, the

editors felicitate themselves, that they live in a more regulated and polished order of things, where they have a better chance for the security of life and limb. Far be it from us, to extenuate these atrocities in the slighest degree. But the state of the case would stand in a fairer light, if it were more generally understood, that in these rencontres, there is very generally an equal participation in the parties of the guilt of the affray. In nine cases in ten, when the trial is had, the most honest and stern minded jury acquit the defendant. An honest and a quiet man, who deports himself peaceably, and neither loses self-respect, nor the command of his temper, walks as safely in the South, as at the North, and, for all the chances of violence, lives on as securely to the end of the chapter. In Ohio the annual number of deaths from violence, for three years past, has been less, in proportion to its population, as we believe, than in any other state in the Union; and this circumstance is the more surprising, considering that, for some time, Ohio has been the torrid zone of politics, exhibiting in its papers the extreme of violence and abuse.

Even in those states, where the greatest number of deaths occur from violence, which it would be invidious to name, if the inference were drawn, that the people there are generally quarrelsome and murderous in their dispositions, no conclusion would be wider from the fact. A stranger, going into these regions with proper introduction, is astonished, and most agreeably disappointed, to find the general aspect of society so pleasant, and the people so amiable and respectable. Circumstances have sifted into these states an undue proportion of reckless and lawless spirits, who would have been murderers in any other state, as certainly as in these.

In all the different sections of the country, there are newspapers that exhibit talent and smartness, especially in the department of satire and invective. The story of the poor Greeks is almost done up. There are few bulletins, and descriptions of battles, and 'garments rolled in blood,' to fill up the interest of their columns; and having rung their political changes through all possible combinations, in these dull and news-lacking times of peace, they are obliged to eke out the remaining side of the sheet with tales.—Tales seem to be the rage of the day, and they are served up to the people, we should think, to a surfeit. Some of them, especially the Irish ones, are well told. We have seen few of the Scotch ones, since those of the 'Lights and Shadows,' and 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' that we could read through to the end. Ours of the United States are marked with genius; but are otherwise spoiled, by being dizened with epithets, and rendered flaunty to ridiculousness by extraneous finery and fourth of July pompousness. Some of our sophomores, too, purloin a simple and beautiful story from some book, change the names, garble the facts, and give it a meretriciousness with gaudy coloring, and pass it for an

original story. Were it not an invidious task, we could easily stamp with this mark a number of the tales, or as we recently saw it in a dingy newspaper, 'tails,' of this sort, that have gone the rounds of the newspapers from Maine to the Sabine. There is a depravity in this kind of literary swindling, that ought to be pointed out and punished, for the sake of the example.

It is matter of regret, that we see few, or none of our periodicals, making any effort to bring up again essays, modelled after the example of those in the Spectator, Tattler, &c.; that is to say, easy and light discussions of the lesser morals, of the fashions, customs, modes, domestic habits and usages of society,—matters, which are of daily importance and common utility, which come 'home to our business and bosoms,' and which have almost the same bearing upon our comfort and well-being, that air and water have upon our existence. The playful wit, the delightful humor, the good natured ridicule, with which these subjects were handled in the Spectator, had an immense effect to enlighten the taste, correct the morals, and improve the habits of the age and country in which they were written. They were allowed to have produced a visible and marked change in the manners of the day. No subsequent age has produced writings of equal interest and effect upon morals. Such discussions of every day feelings and dispositions, such lashing of common follies and improprieties, such inculcation of right domestic tastes and modes of deportment, would be both of more intrinsic interest and utility, than all the tales, that ever were, or will be told. Salmagundi touched these points occasionally, and with strong talent. But Salmagundi was too ambitious of raising broad laughter, to the neglect of that infinitely higher species of wit, which raises the delicious smile of the intellectual and inner man. Paulding has wit; but his aspirations at present seem to be of a still broader character, than the other. The late Mr. Dennie took, as we conceive, the first place in our country in this species of writing. Irving has proved, that he could have succeeded in it, and have maintained an honorable competition even with Addison. But the bland gauds, and the feeble trickery of a silky milky story seem to have fastened deeper upon his admiration, than these themes of such surpassing interest and utility. We earnestly desire to see some master spirit coming forward, and giving a new charm to domestic morals, by investing them with the smiling garb of Addisonian humor and good feeling.

We are proud of our country. We are proud, and we think we have reason to be, of its growing literature. We have one strong impediment of opinion yet to surmount. It will be long, before we shall recover from that weak and slavish persuasion, that a man must have been born and educated in Paris, or London, or Edinburgh, or at least in some of our Atlantic capitals, to write. Such an impression extinguishes all genius, and represses all high

thought, and destroys all that self-reliance, without which no one ever yet wrote well. All the lights of the mind go out before it, as torches, plunged in choke damp. This fatal impression originated with fools, and has been perpetuated by malignant and envious dunces, who could not bear to believe, in talent, except their own, existed nearer than four thousand miles. Speak of a fine writer of our own country, and near home, and you instantly hear about Mr. Jeffrey, and Dr. Chalmers, and Mr. Brougham, and Sir Walter Scott; and in such a way, as if they had left all hope of competition at an immeasurable distance behind them. We have, more than once, showed the identical writings of these great men to wiseacres of this class, naming them as the productions of promising young Americans, without fame. We have amused ourselves with the comparisons they made, by which these writings were placed at an infinite distance in the back ground. This general and slavish notion, the birth of envy, or gray-beard folly, should be banished; and we ought to be impressed, that if we will look as intently, and study as patiently, and feel as deeply, we shall write as well in America, as in Europe. Neither let us in the West ever be persuaded to believe, that intellect grows feebler, as it recedes from the seaboard. A man may have high capabilities locked up within him, that may be forever paralized, and blasted by this impression. Had Sampson been unconscious of his strength, the silken cords of Dalilah would have bound him as effectually, as fetters of steel.

Many a verse maker has recently passed verses upon the public, as those of Mrs. Hemans, which under his own signature would not have been admitted. We grant, that she writes beautiful verses,—and that she has a tenderness of pathos, a richness of coloring, sublimed in the deep feeling and purity of a female mind, and a new, copious and almost inexhaustible variety of epithet and phrase, in novel and felicitous application, which are peculiarly her own. But we dare affirm, that many of the American fugitive pieces of poetry have more splendor of imagination, and, in the higher attributes of poetry, surpass her verses. Neither have we any doubt, that some of the better speeches delivered in our national legislature, when present prejudices and mental obliquities shall have been rectified, and when the touch of a hundred years shall have passed upon both, will be placed along side of the best eloquence of Canning, or Brougham. It is great libraries, and looking with humble deference to models, and the feeble efforts of the lazy and the lame to copy, and seem wise at the expense of other people, that keeps down industry, courage, independence and originality. We deem ourselves giving good and sound advice to young writers, when we urge them, as they are about to write an oration, or address, or essay, or copy of verses, not to make for the library, to see what others have said upon the subject, and thus distract and

neutralize their thoughts between invention and borrowing.—but to apply their minds vigorously to the subject, as they were obliged to do, who wrote upon it for the first time. But we are entering on a theme, which would require a volume for a full discussion.—One remark more, and we have done.

We are amused with the ingenious fetches of our brother chips, the editors of papers, to let it be known, that their lucubrations have been copied. They strain over the papers, as a merchant looks from the cliffs for his *argosie*, after the March equinoctial, until finally they see one of their articles, straggling without a name, in another paper. Forthwith issues an angry denunciation against the wight, who has thus dared to appropriate the offspring of their brain, without the due credit. This denunciation, like a two edged sword, cuts both ways. They show wit and an indignant sense of justice in correcting the offender, and find a decent pretence to let the public know the exploit, themselves originally perpetrated. We, for our part, are so charmed with seeing ourselves copied, that we greet the poor returning wanderer, that comes back to his native home, penny less and nameless, whom we sent forth with a parent's benison, and all the required certificates of a 'local habitation and a name.' We saw him first stripped of his outside 'Quarterly' garb. Then he was divested of his 'Review' jacket. He was soon compelled to foot it, under the name of 'Miscellany,' with only the covering of decency. Soon after, he was stripped to the skin. Neither contempt, nor outrage, nor many waters, quenched our love for him. In all his forlornness, he is sure of being greeted on his return with all the yearnings of paternity. In the spirit of the Roman miser, charging his son, '*nummum, si potes*,' we say, quote us,—honestly, if you can; but at any rate, we beseech you, quote us.

POETICAL.

STANZAS TO A MOCKING-BIRD,

WHICH BUILT ITS NEST IN A ROSE-BUSH, NEAR THE AUTHOR'S WINDOW.

Wild bird of song! why woods and fields forsake,
And hither come, to rear thy tender brood?
Would'st thou with man his garden's stores partake,
And on his bounty cast thy young for food?

Did generous faith in his protecting care
Inspire thy breast with hope to find,
From threatening dangers an asylum here,
Beneath the shelter of a feeling mind?

If so, blithe bird! thy trust was well reposed.—
A faithful guardian I to thee and thine
Will prove; for *here* thy life shall ne'er be closed
By aught of earth, that may thy death design.

And well my watchful care thou canst requite
With thy mellifluous, richly varied lay,
Poured forth each morn, ere yet the golden light
With sparkling gems bedecks the flowering spray.

Though vain, e'en worse than vain, the thought,—
Thy bard would fain indulge the fond conceit,
That here by some kind seraph thou wert brought,
To charm him with thy warblings wild and sweet:—

That, bathed in Heliconia's sacred dews,
And loved, and nurtured by the 'tuneful Nine,'
Thou wert commissioned to inspire his muse
With powers, to thrill the soul with songs divine.

It comes! thy minstrel spirit's rapturous flow—
Hark! through the enchanted maze of sound it glides—
Now warbling pensive, tender, sweet and low,
While mournful pleasure o'er each sense presides:—

Now gently swelling into loftier notes,
With melancholy sweetness still imbued,
Till in deep undulating tide it floats,
And seems with rapt, etherial soul endued!

Slow lapsing from its grave and lofty key,
It sinks in liquid murmurs, and expires:—
A moment's silence, and, in tones of glee,
It plays the mimic of the woodland choirs!

Unrivalled charmer! who, that hears thy strains,
Evolving thus the varied powers of song,
Feels not the tingling thought inspire his veins—
That they to highest minstrelsy belong?

Where breathes the man, of heart so deadly cold,
Of all the kindly sympathies so void,
That he, with tranquil bosom, can behold
Thy free wing fettered, and thy bliss destroyed?

So lost to all, that gives to Beauty's breast
Its magic power—its most endearing grace—
O where 's the woman, that from thee could wrest
Thy joys, and yield thee bondage in their place?—

That could, with cruel, unrelenting hand,
Tear from thy side its kind, devoted mate,
And rudely break affection's tender band,
That binds your little breasts in mingled fate?—

That could thy fond maternal bosom rob
Of its delightful charge—its darling young,—
And plant within its bleeding core a throb,
Intense, as e'er the bleeding heart-strings wrung?

Not his, sweet bird! the poet's glowing mind,
That feels no pleasure from thy transports spring;
That owns no joy to see thee unconfined
As Nature's self—her gayest, happiest thing!

As thrills to every breeze the Æolian lyre,
So vibrates to each touch of joy, or woe,

The breast, that Heaven sublimes with minstrel fire,
In which the purest, tenderest feelings glow.

Can pious hopes, or generous virtues dwell
In hearts, that could thy free-born rights invade,
The tuneful raptures of thy bosom quell,
And quench thy spirits in eternal shade?

May doom like this, sweet songster, ne'er be thine!
As now, may flowers forever round thee bloom,
Love's thornless wreath thy spouse and thee entwine,
And Nature's boundless smiles thy days illume.

D. B.

AN EVENING WALK.

'Twas evening—and a glorious one,
Such as it cheers the heart to see.
The clouds troop'd round the setting sun,
In all their golden panoply;
And his last rays came, like the glance
Of parting lovers—softly bright,
O'er the broad lake, whose smooth expanse
Gave back each tint of rosy light.
'Twas such a scene, as the young eye
Is wont to kindle at,—ere truth
Has chang'd to cold reality
The visionary dreams of youth.
And yet I turn'd—I know not why—
From the rich skies and glowing floods,
To the grey church, that moulder'd nigh,
Amidst its venerable woods.
I pass'd its portals—and I trod
Beneath the dome, which oft had rung
With anthems to the living God—
In solemn thought. The low sun flung
His last red light along each aisle;
And seem'd to linger in the west,

As though to shed his parting smile
Upon that hallowed place of rest.
The tombs were round me. There they slept,
The generations that had past;—
And the pale marble sternly kept
Their long confided relics fast.
I am no hermit. If I know
My own heart well, 'tis tun'd to mirth,
And kindles at the genial flow
Of innocent wit. E'en from my birth,
I lov'd to look on smilers. Yet
I felt, in the still quiet of that hour,
Feelings, I wish not to forget;
For oh! there is a soothing power
In such deep thought, dear to my soul—
And touching, as the plaintive strain
Of the sweet melody, that stole
Iron Pluto's heart, and won again
The lost Euridice. I said
The tombs were round me; and I thought,
I stood alone among the dead.
A feeling of deep reverence, fraught
With visions of that noiseless crowd,
Came over me. Here sons had wept
O'er the grey hairs, that age had bow'd;
And laid them down in turn, and slept
On the same pillow. Here the rude stones
Of nameless graves, were found beside
The marble cearments, where the bones
Of great ones moulder'd in their pride.
And where were they? I burn'd to hear
An answer; and I ponder'd, till
I almost wish'd to pierce the ear
Of Death, and ask it, of the still
And dreamless sleepers. Ay—their doom?
They say, there is a voiceless answer sent,
From the deep silence of the tomb;
That their mute lips are eloquent,
And promise immortality.
'Tis a bright hope; and I will trust,

That He, who form'd and fashion'd me,
Can raise this body from the dust.
But to return—I was alone,
(At least I thought so,) and to me,
The very echoes had a tone,
That whisper'd of mortality.
Oh! how I started, when a sigh,
From a small group of tombs arose.
'Twas the full sob of misery,—
Long, and deep laden with its woes.
I saw a poor, deserted, lone,
And friendless widow; and she hung,
Tearless, o'er a new grave. No stone,
As yet, bore witness, that its young,
And lately blooming tenant lay,
The last—last wreck of all her heart
Had trusted in. Yet, might one say,
From her sad eye, that knew no start
Of kindly tears,—and her pale cheek,
Where Time and Grief had past along,
Like twin destroyers,—that her weak
And wasted form, bow'd in the strong—
Strong wrestlings of a mother's grief.
The mourning heart loves solitude;
And the kind hand, that means relief,
Oft to the stricken one seems rude.
I had felt this. Yes, I had known,
How, in its grief and tenderness,
The fond heart yearns to be alone.
I left her; but her mute distress,
Her tearless eye, and wasted cheek,
Were not forgotten. Ye that chase
Life's gilded phantoms, go and seek
The calm and quiet resting place,
Where the 'still, voiceless dead' proclaim
The nothingness of wealth and fame.

M. P. F.

REVIEW.

MARSHALL'S HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The general assembly under the state government assembled in Lexington, June 4, 1792. The first chapter of the second volume treats of the constituent parts of this assembly, the modes of its organization, and the forms of the induction of its functionaries into office. Isaac Shelby, a Cincinnatus in modern times, is chosen first governor. A. S. Bullit is elected speaker of the senate, and R. Breckenridge of the house. Mr. Marshall takes occasion to observe, that in the good old times of Washington, the president at the opening of the session repaired to the place of meeting, and delivered his message to congress in person, and *viva voce*. Governor Shelby followed the example; and the historian thinks, that it is haughty, anti-republican, and of bad precedent, to deliver these official addresses by written messages, and a private secretary, as the fashion has since obtained.

We are next introduced to one of the numerous causes of feud and clanship, which have so thickened over the history of this state, a contest between different sections of it for the honor and advantage of becoming the seat of government. We believe, that Lexington and Frankfort have been the two prominent sites contended for by the parties. Mr. Marshall, it appears, is a strong Frankfort man, and treats his antagonists with no small share of ridicule,—putting into their mouths such objections to Frankfort, as suited his views. A dissertation succeeds upon the point, whether the governor's house at the seat of government, which was finally fixed at Frankfort, ought to be called 'governor's house, government house, palace, or capitol.' The result is amusing. 'Capitol means the house of the head man—is easy of pronunciation—suits the mouth well—is of reasonable dignity, venerable antiquity, and modern use. What more is required for a name?' Q. E. D.

We may here remark, what we shall have to repeat to tautology, that, in imitation, perhaps, of Hume and Smollet, in some part of each chapter, and generally twice, he gives an abstract of the legislative proceedings, specifying the principal acts passed, and

generally commenting upon their character and tendency, sometimes favorably, but much oftener in the spirit of stricture and fault-finding.

Towards the close of this chapter, he remarks, that the setting up the government of Kentucky, as an independent state, was in the midst of an Indian war, and of general excitement and irritation, from a variety of causes. It is singular, considering the visible propensity of the historian to remarks of the kind, that he should have pretermitted so fair a chance to intimate, that the storms, in which this lusty, turbulent and Herculean infant was cradled, were omens and harbingers of the storms, that so generally overhung its future progress.

He gives us a minute abstract of the very copious legislation of this first session of the assembly, and returns to the gloomy and monotonous chronicles of Indian massacres, and American retaliations. Col. Hardin had been enticed to undertake a personal mission among the hostile Shawnees, on the other side of the Ohio, by whom, in a manner, and for reasons yet unexplained, he was murdered. This furnishes the historian with an occasion for saying any thing, rather than good, of Gen. Wilkinson, and for a biographical notice of Col. Hardin, of considerable felicity and interest. He appears to have been one of the hundred brave and free spirits, who have performed beneficent and brilliant exploits before the eyes of the country; but for want of an historian have passed into silence, and been shrouded in oblivion. On the recurrence of such passages, we constantly feel the want of space, to give such sketches of spirit entire. We select the fragment of an anecdote. The reader is aware, that a watch-dealer calls a watch 'she.' A Kentuckian, with much higher devotion, constitutes his rifle the mistress of his devoirs, and speaks of her, as a female, as in the follow passage:

'There are a few anecdotes committed to tradition, that deserve to be commemorated. While with the northern army, he was sent out on a reconnoitering excursion, with orders to take a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Marching silently, in advance of his party, on rising to the top of an abrupt hill, he met two or three British soldiers and a Mohawk Indian. The moment was both critical and awful. Hardin felt no hesitation—his rifle was instantly presented and they, ordered to surrender. The British immediately threw down their arms—the Indian clubbed his gun. They stood while he continued to advance on them; but none of his men having come up with him, and thinking that he might want some assistance, he turned his head a little as he called to them to come on; and at this moment, the Indian warrior, observing his eye withdrawn from him, reversed his gun, with a rapid motion, in order to shoot Hardin; when he, catching in his vision the gleam of light which was reflected from the polished barrel of this instrument of death, and with equal rapidity apprehending its meaning, was prompt to prevent the dire effect. He brings his rifle to a level, in

his own hands—and fires her—without raising her to his face—he had not time—the attempt would have given the Indian the first fire—on that depended life and death—he gained it, and gave the Indian a mortal wound: who, also firing in the succeeding moment, sent his ball through Hardin's hair.'

He was, according to the historian, entirely nature-taught, brave, intelligent and honest. He died a professor in the methodist church; and the general government, in consideration of his military and other services, enabled his widow to educate her children from the public funds.

After this episode, he resumes the history of legislative enactments in the succeeding session. They chiefly relate to the organization of courts; the respective rights and duties of resident and non-resident land holders, the jurisdiction and powers of the several courts, legislative provisions, in relation to the conflicting land claims of Virginia and Kentucky, enactments touching slavery, or *code noir*, erection and division of counties, acts for preventing, and removing obstructions in the navigable waters, modes of levying land executions, a law for the relief of insolvent debtors, &c. In general, such laws as were naturally called for, in an extensive and fertile country, so rapidly passing from the empire of forests to that of population. Frequent changes of laws and legislation of experiment and expedience are generally a curse to a country. We could easily extract many sensible remarks and animadversions, that are, probably, just upon the general aspect of this legislation. One or two of his passing remarks apply, in our opinion, in other states, besides this. They should be reduced, we think, to their most pithy and obvious form of expression, and written over the vestibule of halls of legislation, as mottos. *Alterations are not necessarily improvements. Laws are often amended for the worse. The interpretation should not be more ambiguous, than the text.* The salaries of the state functionaries, as fixed by the legislature, are given. As is the case in all the states of the Mississippi valley, except Louisiana, they are low. That of the governor is £300, and of the rest in proportion. In the two sessions of 1792, ninety-five acts were passed,—an abundant proof, that in simple and primitive times legislation is done up rapidly.

A considerable portion of the second chapter is taken up in historical details, of which it can hardly be supposed any readers of American annals are ignorant. It dwells upon the preparatory movements for the campaign of general Wayne, or 'mad Anthony,' as he was here familiarly called; the arrival of M. Genet in the U. States; the formation of a parent democratic society in Philadelphia, in imitation of the Jacobin clubs of France, and branches in different sections of the country, Lexington being one; French intrigues through *citizen* Genet, to embroil the western country, and induce the people to take part with republican France, and orga-

nize an expedition on the western waters, to descend upon New Orleans, and the Spanish colony of Louisiana.

We should not consider it necessary, even had we space, to give a particular and extensive abstract of these details before us upon this subject. They are incorporated with the general history of our country, and therefore, we must infer, generally known. Besides, we do not wish to scatter the ashes, that cover the coals of this still glowing strife, nor mention the living names, that the historian criminates. He gives documents and letters at great length, and comments upon them with unsparing earnestness and decision of opinion. It is not irrelevant, to say in passing, that the French agents, depending upon the high and general excitement in favor of revolutionary France, were impudent, unblushing, and of a character to spurn at the deference and decency due to our government. Every one remembers the appeal of the minister to the people against the government. In these movements M. Genet was the master spirit, and Lachaise, Depeau, Mathurin and Gregnon the subordinate agents; and we exceedingly regret to add the name of Michaux, so dear to science, as implicated in these transactions.

It is not at all strange, that aspiring men should have been found in these forests, incited partly by the desire of distinction and fame, the love of money and power, combined with the influence of ambitious dreams of conquest in the lower country, upon which imagination dwelt, as a kind of El Dorado, and partly by thinking, that in aiding the French agents, they were aiding the republican cause every where, who were heartily disposed to join the French agents in these attempts upon the Spanish colonies. Never were greater and more combined and persevering exertions made, to draw a government into the schemes of individuals, than on this occasion. But, aided partly by the firmness and steady independence of the government, and partly by the cool sense and considerate judgment of the thinking men in the country, the western interest was steered safely between the Scylla of French influence and the Charybdis of popular excitement.

The third chapter again takes up the details of Indian massacres and American retaliations, and gives a sketch of the hard fought, successful, and glorious action of general Wayne. In this result the brave backwoods men of Kentucky had a large share. Our readers remember, that this decisive victory declared itself within gunshot of a British fortification, within our acknowledged limits. Never was man placed in a more irritating, difficult and humiliating predicament, than that of colonel Campbell, occupant and British commander of this fort. Every aggravation was practised by the victorious troops under his eyes. His store houses, beyond his palisades, were burned. His fortifications were frequently struck by the American balls. 'Mad Anthony' was coolly

insulting, but still in good set terms, which afforded no ostensible handle, upon which the British commander could seize. His prudent forbearance saved his command from that destruction, which would have been inevitable, had the vengeance of the American troops been roused to action.

To give the narrative of Wayne's expedition entire, the historian advances beyond the thread of his history. At its close, he resumes anew the details of unconnected massacres of our people by the savages. Led by the chain of association, he proceeds to give, in an episode, the adventures of William Whitley, a famous partizan against the Indians, and the precursor of Boone, in exploring Kentucky. This sketch, as usual, is struck off with considerable spirit and felicity, in the author's peculiar style and manner. In many points of view he is the counterpart of Boone. He manifests the same dauntless heroism; the same burning purpose to revenge Indian cruelties; the same unquenchable and unabating attachment to the woods, and to distant enterprizes. We find him, in the summer of 1794, uniting with colonel Orr of Tennessee in an expedition against the Indians of the Nickojack towns. The Kentuckian brings one hundred volunteers; the Tennesseean five hundred. The military rank of the two leaders is the same. But the little army voluntarily brevets Whitley, as commander. In this expedition, the historian thinks, that '*horse artillery mounted*' was used for the first time, and for aught we know, for the last. Colonel Whitley carried a swivel mounted before him on horseback, so 'that he could wheel, and fire in what direction he pleased!!' He had twenty or thirty wrought iron balls for the occasion, and pursued his project across mountains, forests, rivers, and fastnesses, with entire success, routing, and destroying, or dispersing all the Indians in their way.

An anecdote is here told, in the best manner of the author, and as it tends at once to illustrate the character of the extraordinary man before us, gives a sample of the style and manner of the author, and is withal in itself amusing, we will give it entire.

'This was the last hostile expedition that Whitley was on during that war. Very soon after general peace, and before it had worn off the feeling of war altogether, he went to some of the southern towns to reclaim sundry negroes that had been taken in the contest; when he was put under more apprehension, than at any time in the course of open hostility. A half-breed, by the name of Jack Taylor, at Watts's town, who spoke English, and on whom he was compelled to depend, as interpreter; if he did not desire to have him killed, at least, determined to intimidate him; as it would appear from the following described manœuvre: The Indians were assembled, as the custom is, to hear "the talk;" and as soon as Taylor learned the business, he told him he could not get the negroes; and taking a bell that was at hand, tied it by a string round his waist, then seized a drum, and beating and rattling with all his might, raised the war-whoop. Whitley said, when telling the story, "I thought the times were

squally—I looked at Otter-Lifter; he had told me, I should not be killed; his countenance remained unchanged; I thought him a man of honour, and I kept my own." At this time, the Indians gathered about him armed, but fired their guns in the air, to his very great relief.

'The interpreter, Jack Taylor, finding that he was not to be scared away, and that he renewed his demand for the negroes, replied, that he could not get them—they were under the protection of the United States—"and your law say, prove your property." Whitley told him, if he must prove his property, he would go home, and bring a thousand witnesses, with every man his gun to swear by. "Whoo!" says Jack, "too many! too many!" After a pause, he said there were three white prisoners, two girls and a boy, that would be given up; but the negroes could not, until the Little Turkey (a principal chief) returned. He came home in a day or two, and the chiefs of the nation were summoned to meet at Turkey town. It was there determined to give up the negroes, without putting colonel Whitley to the trouble of bringing his witnesses to prove his property by the sanctity of the rifle. All this reluctance, it became obvious, proceeded from the fact, that the negroes, as if every where devoted to slavery, were the compelled drudges of these demi-savages. One of whom, already named, seems to merit further notice. Otter-Lifter had raised himself to renown as a warrior—he never killed women or children, or prisoners—his friend, his word, and his rifle, were all he cared for. He said, "the Great Spirit, when he had made all the rest of the animals, made men, to keep them from eating all the grass, by killing, and eating them; and that, to keep men from being too proud, he let them die, or kill one another, to make food for worms; that life, and death, were two warriors, always fighting; with which the Great Spirit amused himself."

This intrepid man, a volunteer at the age of fifty-six years, fell bravely combatting for his country at the battle of Thames, in the last war. With a very brief notice of general Kenton, whose name was introduced in the last No., and who was also an extraordinary man in his way, these sketches close. From this point the chapter is taken up, in discussing the domestic politics of the state, and in giving further developement of the details of Spanish intrigues, to which there has been such frequent allusion. The historian has advanced to that stage of party politics, and state altercations, of which he can say, '*quorum magna pars fui*,' and we discover, that he henceforward discusses all the subjects before him, with the zeal and earnestness of a partizan. The chapter closes with an abstract of the legislative enactments in the session of the assembly, November, 1795. The receipts at the treasury for this year were £6271; and the disbursements £5427.

The fifth chapter continues to narrate the history of the domestic politics of the state. The historian appears to be at this time a senator in congress along with Mr. Brown. The former was an earnest friend to the famous Jay treaty, and the latter as warm an enemy to it. Both appealed to the people, in reference to the part they took in the senate. The people seem to have been

strongly with the latter against the treaty, and 'thereby hangs a tale,' in which the historian takes a deeper interest, than most of the people of the present day. Whenever the names of Franklin, Wilkinson, Brown, Innis, Sebastian, Adair, Harrison, &c. pass in review, we are sure to find the historian blowing an adverse breeze in their sails.

As usual, he reverts from these personal discussions to the records of the state legislature. An act for the incorporation of Washington academy, the erection of six district courts, acts touching the Green river lands, and the mode of adjudicating arbitrations, &c. strike us, as among the most prominent acts of this session. The chapter closes with mentioning the treaty with Spain, and the opening of New Orleans to the western trade.

The fifth chapter commences with the year 1796, an eventful year not only in the history of Kentucky, but of the Union. At this period, this state finds herself freed from all other broils, but internal ones. She has never suffered herself to 'skim and mantle, like a standing pool,' for want of these. The historian finds the people of the state, at this time, divided into three political parties:

1. The federalists; to which himself belonged, and which it is natural, he should denominate the American party.

2. The Jeffersonian party; the predominant sect, including, we presume, the great body of the people.

3. The Spanish party; small, but efficient and persevering.

James Garrard, esq. and general Logan were the prominent candidates for governor at the next election. Mr. Garrard carried the poll. The legislation of the session appears to have been developed to meet the emergencies of the state, growing out of its very rapid increase in population. Parties at this time ran high through the United States, and Kentucky has always been the torrid zone of political heat. It is only necessary to advert to the leading points of discussion at that day, to awaken historical recollections of the time. Priestly comes to the United States. Washington is calumniated by Callender, Cheetham, Freneau and Duane. We are on the verge of a breach with France. Much talk among the federalists of a French party. Mr. Jefferson writes his famous letter to Mazzei, the Italian philosopher. Adet, the French minister, interposes in our elections, and his recal is procured by our government. American envoys are sent to France, and haughtily refused recognition by the republic, as our mininsters. Mr. Adams elected president, 1797. All these events were points of keen and intense interest in these forests, now beginning to teem with men. The subsequent March session of the legislature seems to have been a very busy one. The most prominent acts passed were, the mitigation of criminal processes, and the establishment of a penitentiary system; and raising the salaries of the public functionaries,—the governor's to £400, and the rest in proportion. The number

of acts passed was very great. Many of the acts indicate the increasing light and humanity of the age, particularly those, revising the code on points touching the treatment of servants, and those, requiring more strictness and observance in regard to solemnizing marriage vows.

Two political writers of note figured at this time, in this state, over the signatures of 'Aristides' and 'Gracchus.' Great excitement existed, in regard to the prospect of an approaching war with the French republic. Such a war seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to public feeling in this state.

In the session of the legislature, in 1798, Mr. Breckenridge, an influential member, introduced a series of resolutions, the object of which appears to have been, to investigate the extent of the powers delegated to the general government, and to define and limit them. Mr. Marshall introduces a long and elaborate critique upon these resolutions, which goes to condemn them *in toto*. He is also strongly with president Washington, in his efforts to reduce the Pittsburgh insurrection, which broke out about this time. Few have forgotten the abuse, which was heaped on Washington for his promptness and energy, by Callender, and the other political miscreants of the day.

Notwithstanding the general hostility in Kentucky to the administration of Mr. Adams, an address was forwarded to him from Mason county, warmly approving his policy. The address received from Mr. Adams a polite and affectionate reply. An abstract of the legislation of another session closes the chapter. Among the most important of the acts, is one touching the qualifications, necessary for the elective franchise. It was agitated with a warmth, proportioned to its importance, whether an elector should be qualified to vote, without being a landholder? We see clearly, that the historian is of opinion, that a man ought to hold lands, to qualify him to vote. Such are the requirements in Great Britain, and and most of the states in our Union. The question was settled in Kentucky contrary to the pointed example of her common mother, Virginia, that neither the possession of lands, nor the payment of taxes, were necessary to qualify a man to vote.

From giving his views upon the subject, the historian recurs again to his favorite and inexhaustible topic, Spanish intrigues, and the object of them, to sever the western country from the union of the states, and attach it to the Spanish colonies. The names of Sebastian, Nicholas, Todd, Innis, &c. are, as usual, of frequent recurrence, while pursuing this theme. This prolific source of party spirit, intrigue and disunion was laid at rest, about this time, by the final settlement of the line of demarcation between our territorial limits, and those of the Spanish. Mr. Ellicott's name is the principal one, identified with this transaction.

About this time a society was formed at Lexington, entitled the Lexington 'Immigration Society.' The following particulars of information to immigrants are extracted from its records:

AVERAGE PRODUCE OF ONE ACRE OF LAND.

Of wheat, sown in corn gr'd.	25 bush.	Potatoes, Irish,	250 bush.
in fallow ground,	35	Sweet,	
Corn,	60	Hemp,	3 cwt.
Rye,	25	Tobacco,	1 ton.
Barley,	40	Hay,	3
Oats,	40		

LEXINGTON MARKET PRICES.

Wheat, per bushel,	$1 00	Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	$ 33
Corn,	20	Sweet,	1 00
Rye,	66	Hemp, per ton,	36 66
Barley,	50	Tobacco, per cwt.	4 00
Oats,	17	Hay, per ton,	6 00

On the third of November, governor Garrard issued a proclamation to convene an extraordinary meeting of the legislature, without specifying the object of the call. The governor and his secretary had both been Baptist clergymen. An anonymous wag suggested in the gazettes, that their object was to arrest the vice of gambling, which had become too prevalent.

The sixth chapter is almost exclusively occupied with legislative proceedings. A great many new counties are formed about this time, a number of academies established, and the subject of patronizing literature and schools becomes popular. Transylvania university was established in 1798, and fixed at Lexington. The alien and sedition laws are discussed with much bitterness in Kentucky.

In the seventh chapter we have an account of a great assemblage of the people at Bryant's station, to consult about the qualifications of persons proper to elect, as members to the convention for revising the constitution. Some fortunate actions took place between some of our national ships, and those of the French republic, in which her ships were vanquished, and taken, with great loss on her part, and very little on ours. Peace soon ensued between the two republics. The event had a great tendency to allay party feeling in Kentucky.

On Monday, July 22, 1799, the convention met at Frankfort. This body produced a revised, or rather, in many respects, a new constitution; which, in most of its provisions, has served as a model to the greater number of the western states. Its general features are too obvious, to require to be retraced here. It is extremely democratic, both in its form and spirit. It excludes ministers of the gospel from any office in the gift of the people. It ordains, that the several judges shall hold their office during good behaviour. It has considerable of force and precision in its wording, and occupies nearly twenty-one close printed octavo pages. In

the legislative session, eighty-eight acts were passed, chiefly relating to the forming of new counties, organizing courts, and providing for internal and public improvements.

The eighth chapter commences with the account of a meeting of the people in Bourbon county, to take into consideration the pecuniary embarrassments of the country. The resolutions adopted on this occasion, evidence strong thought, and profound wisdom. They recommend in substance, to pay punctually, consume as few foreign articles as possible; and to encourage agriculture, the raising of sheep, and home manufactures. The legislature met under the provisions of the new constitution; and this circumstance gives the historian an opportunity, to introduce a dissertation, which is said to be learned, but which seems to us tedious, and prolix, upon the character of the new constitution. The grand charge against that, which it superseded, was, that it was too aristocratic, in its general character, and in many of its specific provisions. If we understand the author rightly, he thinks, that the present constitution has swerved as much too far from the right medium on the democratic extreme. The population had increased to such an extent, that the census of 1800 gives Kentucky 220,959 souls; showing a prodigious advance in the last ten years.

The author here takes up the discussion of the tendency of certain commercial regulations, recommended by the governor. He shows himself a zealous neophyte of Adam Smith, and is for having commerce left entirely to manage for itself.

In this chapter we have an account of the changes introduced into our political system by the introduction of the new president, Mr. Jefferson. The notorious Aaron Burr at the same time became vice-president. He touches, and with no flattering pencil, the character and measures of Mr. Jefferson, particularly the abolition of the circuit courts, upon which so much stricture was passed at the time. The historian begins here to dwell upon the signs and omens, which were precursors of Burr's conspiracy. He gives, also, a review, not very favorable, of the character of the legislation in the last general assembly. He has a broad and palpable hit at the state bank, with its ideal capital of 3000,000 dollars, on which he bestows unsparing censure and ridicule.

His account of the first coming into this country of John Wood and Mr. Street, the celebrated political writers, is striking, and is told with intrinsic interest, and in few words. The trial of judge Sebastian, on the charge of being a Spanish pensioner, follows.—The legislature viewed him, as guilty of the charge.

The ninth chapter goes, *in extenso*, into the history and proofs of the Burr conspiracy. There are few, who had at that period arrived at the age of thinking, who do not remember the romantic story of Blannerhasset's island. By that island we have repeatedly floated, at subsequent periods, astonished to see no Calypso's

cave, no magic palaces, no visions of beauty, which 'the winds of heaven might not visit too roughly.' The palace, madam B, and Burr, and the illusions of romance have long since vanished from the place, and left nothing but a wooded island, and sandbars, like 500 other islands in the Ohio. Wirt was the magician, who raised these beautiful and evanescent spells of illusion. Every one, cotemporary with the events, remembers general Eaton's disclosures, Dayton's and Wilkinson's famous cypher-letters, the vacillating and questionable policy of general Wilkinson, and the miserable army of vagabonds, 'above the dull pursuits of civil life,' that floated down the Ohio; the arrest, trial and acquittal of Burr, and the high excitement of party feeling on the occasion. The state disbursements of this year, 1806, were 65,000 dollars.

The tenth chapter, besides giving the sequal of Burr's conspiracy, proceeds to unfold the agency of Dayton and Wilkinson in the affair. It gives a passing notice of the political essays of a paper, which at that time had a strong bearing upon public opinion, entitled 'The World.' Some of these numbers are given, and they are written with strength and eloquence. Every one remembers, that the political essays of that time were generally remarkable for strong and fine writing. He glances at the humiliating affair of the Leopard and Chesapeak, and here, as in a hundred other places, in these volumes, travels quite wide from the history of Kentucky.

It is obvious to remark, that as the historian approaches his close, he sees subjects of discussion thickening upon him. He seems at a loss, where to curtail, and where to enlarge; and he approaches his term with long strides, with strong marks of haste, and particularly of increasing obscurity of style. But he manifests no diminution of bitterness, as he comes nearer present times, and the commencement of the late war, views of the military character of general Harrison and the bloody affair at Tippicanoe. From the brief view, which we have taken of the spirit and character of this history, few of our readers will need to be informed of the manner in which he expresses himself, in relation to general Harrison; nor surprised, that he manifests little more kindness and indulgence of feeling towards that gentleman, than many other conspicuous characters in this history, of whom he draws such dark portraits.

The reader will be at once aware, that in these few pages, we could take but a passing glance at the contents of two closely printed volumes, containing not far from 1100 pages. We could not have compressed the most meagre exact abstract into four times the space, which we have occupied. After reading the chapters with some closeness of attention, we have aimed at enumerating the topics of most interest. At least one third of the matter in these volumes has no necessary connection with the history of Kentucky. We have observed, that the historian is always warm, and

alive upon every subject. We should think, the tendency of history of so much harshness and personality, not salutary, while most of the parties, named in it, were still on the stage. Every one knows, that impartiality can not be be expected from historians, under such circumstances. We have felt this aspect of the subject, as the reader will readily perceive, restraining us from entering with any degree of particularity into his views of the characters, to whom he seems to be unfriendly. Had we assumed the task of an historian, instead of a reviewer, we might have deemed, that different duties were imposed upon us. No one can fail to bear in remembrance, that the author of this history has acted a conspicuous part in the great scramble, which he narrates. He is the historian of opposing candidates and parties, in times of high excitement and among a very excitable people just struggling into political existence. To have been impartial, he must have been more than human. But he would evidently have been a man of vehement feelings, and warm passions in any order of things. These views will naturally inspire in the reader due caution and mistrust, and will enable him, to make the proper allowances and abatements. The narrative is often obscure, tedious and prolix, sometimes erring, however, on the side of deficiency, as well as redundancy.—But after all these deductions and allowances, which, however, they may seem to have been made with a harsh and unsparing hand, we considered an imperious tribute to our duties, this history, in many places, is full of thought and information. We have seldom read a performance, in which we were so much perplexed, to settle our own judgment. At one moment our guide seems puerile and trifling. At another time we are groping our way after him, through what Milton calls 'palpable obscure.' At another time his sketches have the vividness of portraits, and still in another, he seems invested with the mask of Montesquieu, or the ancient legislators. There is on the whole a compound of wisdom and folly, calmness and passion, strength and weakness, information and rhodomontade, that leave the mind in a painful perplexity, what general estimate to form.

We should think, that one thing might be safely asserted, that no person, who wishes to know the history of Kentucky, ought to dispense with the reading of this book.

DR. CALDWELL'S PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

Lexington.—pp. 59. 8vo.

This pamphlet is an exposition of Phrenology, and a defence of the system against an attack upon it by Mr. Jeffrey of Edinburgh, in a discourse intended as preliminary to a book upon the subject, which the professor has announced, and which is now in the press.

Phrenology, if we have a right apprehension of the matter, is the modern name for a new system of metaphysics, or the science that treats of mind, and the reciprocal action between mind and matter. Every one has heard of the ancient systems of metaphysics, and that Descartes erected his upon the ruins of Aristotle, and that Locke overthrew that of Descartes, and Reid that of Locke, and Stewart that of Reid, and Brown that of Stewart. The fact is, that all of them speculated *in terra incognita*, and laid their premises and conclusions in a region, where one person has as much right to affirm, and deny, as another. Respecting the nature of the soul,—the place of its residence in our corporeal frame,—its mode of communicating with the material world, and acting upon it, and in which it is reciprocally acted upon by that world, are mysteries, about which, we think, Homer knew as much as Locke, and he as much as Brown. Science eminently needs another Lord Bacon, to point out once more, palpably, clearly and once for all, the limits of human knowledge, and the subjects, upon which investigation can be usefully employed, and those subjects, on which, from the present constitution of the human mind, all its efforts must necessarily be thrown away. Such, as we imagine, are the inquiries, to which we have referred.

It seems not very improbable to us, that phrenology is destined to overset and supersede all the systems of metaphysics, that have preceded it; and, perhaps, ultimately to give place to some newer fashion of thinking and speaking upon the subject. Certain it is, that since it first began to excite attention, it has been assailed upon every side, and in every conceivable mode of attack. The ancient metaphysicians have made war upon it with argument. Physiologists and anatomists have opposed to its assumptions, as they phrase them, what they affirm to be the known physical laws of our frame. Paulding has scoffed at it with broad and palpable ridicule, in the story of the 'Three Wise Men of Gotham.' Every real or fancied wit in Europe and America has had a hit at it, in some form; and it should seem, as if this ill-starred system had one of the attributes of 'honest Jack,'—if not witty in itself, that of becoming the exci-

ting cause of wit in others. Evidently, more than one person has perpetrated wit upon this subject, of which, but for its existence, he never could have been guilty.

Last of all, the great autocrat of reviews, Mr. Jeffrey of Edinburgh, places himself in his editorial chair, in the pride of his might of ridicule and invective; and assails it, in a late number of the Edinburgh Quarterly, devoting sixty-five closely printed octavo pages to the attack; in which every mode of intellectual warfare is brought to bear upon it, from the seeming of powerful argument, to the bitterest invective, the keenest ridicule, and the most sustained sneering. It is surprising, that a man of his acknowledged powers, and intuitive quickness of apprehension, should not have been aware, that it is mockery, for a strong man to exert much strength in the overthrow of a weak and absurd system. A giant, who puts forth all his powers to demolish a baby-house, is only a giant in corporeal strength. The very powerful, sustained and acute effort, which Mr. Jeffrey makes in the case, proves, against his frequent representations of the folly and absurdity of the system, that he feels, as if it required no small effort to overthrow it. He complains, in no complacent tone, all these efforts notwithstanding, that it is making progress in the intellectual city of Edinburgh, and insinuates, that it would have been more natural to expect such absurd doctrines to prosper in certain cities of Germany, where the science originated, and where miracles and 'wonders still find quarter.'

It seems, Mr. Coombe of Edinburgh has come forth in defence of the system, in a book upon phrenology. Mr. Jeffrey pays an indirect compliment to the talents and acuteness of this gentleman, and says, that he is the first man who has given a certain air of plausibility to it; and thus explained, expounded, and defended, he appears to consider it not wholly unworthy of one of his efforts for its overthrow. This effort he has put forth; and seems to regard his work with complacency; and speaks as if he had strangled the infant monster in its cradle.

But it is a truth out of question, whether founded, or unfounded, true or false, that phrenology is making a silent and imperceptible progress on every side,—that it is exciting a very considerable degree of attention,—and that thinking men have not been deterred by all the ridicule, which has been heaped upon it, from examining its claims; and it is out of question, that many, who once regarded the system, as ridiculous and absurd, have recently become its supporters.

In the pamphlet before us, Dr. Caldwell has taken up the gauntlet in America for Mr. Coombe, his brother phrenologist in Europe. We are sufficiently aware, that no inconsiderable portion of the reading community will deem it an act of presumption, thus to enter the lists with Mr. Jeffrey. But our business is not at all with those

men, who know nothing, but a name in literature, who know only to lisp that of Mr. Jeffrey and the Edinburgh, and who identify their own sapience with the uttering these oracular words. We are of the number, who believe without hesitation, that there are such things, as reason and argument, and a right and wrong in many questions, and that a man may, through ignorance of his subject, through arrogance and undue self-esteem reason inconsequently, and write not to the purpose in Edinburgh, and that the best side of the argument may be maintained in Lexington, as well as there. We desire, when we read a book, to shut our eyes upon the name and place of the author, and see only his writings, reasons and arguments. There can be, in our mind, no stronger proof of a feeble and slavish intellect, than to believe, that sound sense and reason are a monopoly, reserved for one place and one man. Very hard intellectual blows might have been dealt by Francis Jeffrey, if he had been born with another name, and reared at Prairie du Chein. And yet there are thousands of knowing ones, who would read such a treatise with very different estimation from that, with which they would have regarded it, as the avowed work of that great autocrat of literature, issued from the garret of a seven story Edinburgh stone mansion. As we have said, we are not with such thinkers; but with those, who think the best reasoner, be his name, or place of residence what they may, has the best of the argument. If we were to go extensively into an analysis of the pamphlet before us, and the question at issue between Mr. Jeffrey on the one part, and Mr. Coombe and Dr. Caldwell on the other, we should only anticipate discussion, which ought to be reserved for a review of the forth coming book upon phrenology. All the view of the ground, which we purpose here to take, is to remark upon one or two of the leading points, upon which the parties differ. We leave wholly in the rear the terms of ridicule and opprobrium, which Mr. Jeffrey bestows upon the system and its advocates, and the courteous, retorts of Dr. Caldwell, only remarking, that if Mr. Jeffrey, the assailant, has maintained his established reputation in this review for invective and ridicule—the other party has shown no feeble powers of retaliation in the same way. The Scotchman's mortar plays off congreve rockets with power, and the Kentuckian blazes back again with bombs.

The phrenologists affirm, and it seems to be the leading position of the system, that the mind thinks, or at least manifests its thinking entirely by and through the organs of the brain. In opposition to this, Mr. Jeffrey contends, that the organs of thinking, or rather its manifestation, are those of external perceptions, in other words the senses; and these not being parts of the brain, and their strength and perception not depending on the size of the organs of the brain, the whole system of phrenology rests on a mere postulate, or

assumption, for which there is neither a shadow of evidence, or any show of reasoning.

Professor Caldwell, *per contra*, affirms, or asserts an undoubting belief, that the mind or soul does not, and can not possess a number of distinct faculties, but is single in substance, and in power. He supposes, that the human intellect, phrenologically described, is composed of thirty-four faculties, of which we possess a distinct and recognized consciousness; and that we exercise them through the medium of the brain. It seems a very simple truism, to say 'we see with the eye, and hear with the ears, and smell with the nose,' and it would create ridicule, if a writer, less famous than Mr. Jeffrey, should repeat it. He does repeat it—and Dr. Caldwell, in analyzing this truism, has clearly the truth and the best of the argument. The eye is simply a mechanical organ, and is no more the percipient, than spectacles, which also aid vision mechanically.—The Tympanum of the ear is a kind of Æolian harp. The senses are merely mechanical conduits of perception. It is only by habit, observation, and experience, that we instantly refer vision to the eye, hearing to the ear, &c. The perceptive power resides in the mind, as strongly, after the mechanical conduits of sense cease to convey, as before.

Again Mr. Jeffrey asserts, 'that the strength and perfection of the external faculties, have no dependence on the size of their organs.' Here Dr. Caldwell is confident, that Mr. Jeffrey betrays an entire ignorance in this branch of physical science; and declares, 'that the veriest tyro in anatomy and physiology is competent to instruct him,' and he thinks, with Dr. Smollet, 'that an author rarely writes the worse, for knowing something of the subject, which he ventures to treat.' We are convinced, that the professor has the truth of the argument on this ground!

Dr. Caldwell believes, again, 'that each of the five senses has appropriated to itself a peculiar portion of the brain, which is alone capable of performing the cerebral function in harmony with it;' and that it is inconceivable, that 'five portions of the brain, identical in organization, and endowment can be alike fitted to receive, one the visual impression, another the auditory, a third the olfactory, a fourth the gustatory, and the fifth the tactual'. This view of the subject, he supposes, is confirmed by recent discoveries by Bell, Magendie and Flourens, that there are three distinct sets of nerves, necessary for the performance of sensation, and voluntary and involuntary motion, and that the nerves of one set can not perform the functions of those of the others.' He calls on his class, to testify, that he had pronounced before them his belief of this fact in physiology, before these great writers announced their discoveries upon the subject.

But we must hasten to abridge this summary. Beyond this point the professors sparrs considerably; and sparrs, as one, who

can hit hard, with the reviewer, and measures back to him much of that same kind of retribution, which the reviewer is so apt to deal out to others. The next point, upon which they are seriously at issue is one, which, if true, would certainly overthrow the system of phrenology, from its top stone to its foundation. The reviewer affirms, that a number of the leading phrenological faculties, such for example, as the love of approbation, veneration, acquisitiveness, caution, &c. are mere contingent modes of mental action, and acquired habits, not depending upon any separate organs of the brain, and in fact only existing, where society has made considerable progress. In the system of phrenology these are supposed to be a part of the numerous intellectual faculties, resulting from original, and independent, and distinct conformations of the brain, and it seems to us, in the long argument, that ensues upon this subject, that the professor is not only in the right, but that any adequate intellectual jury would pronounce him so, from the argument.

We are compelled to pass over all the caustic satire, and acute reasoning, from this point of the pamphlet to that, where Dr. Caldwell quotes Mr. Jeffrey, as affirming, that the brain has suffered injuries to such an extent, 'as successively to destroy all the phrenological organs,' without producing in the intellect any shadow of corresponding affection. For the sake of the argument, the professor admits, that they have been injured; but inquires, if there be not a great difference between their being impaired, and destroyed?—The injuries, to which the reviewer refers, he affirms, have generally happened to the external surface of the brain, and he supposes, this not to be the seat of intellectual operations, but the central and medullary part of it, which, we believe, is never much affected, without a fatal result. In fact, all these views of injuries of the brain, and the consequent effect upon intellectual operations, Dr. Caldwell says, Mr. Jeffrey has predicated on the assertion of Dr. Ferriar, and Mr. Rennel, whom, he supposes quite as ignorant as the reviewer of physiology, which the professor deems him to know very little about. Indeed Dr. Caldwell questions the fact from the foundation. He thinks, that examinations, which result in the conviction, that the intellect has not been impaired in these cases, have been conducted either by inadequate judges, or careless and insufficient observation. He thinks, as we do, that it is physically impossible in hemiplegia, that the intellect should perform its operations in the vigor, that might have been exerted antecedent to that attack. But he continues to remark, that it is extremely rare in the case of injury to the brain, 'that it is inflicted at the same time on any two corresponding points of the two hemispheres of the brain.' Hence, when one organ is injured, its fellow may continue to perform the cerebral functions, though with impaired energy, as one eye continues vision, after the other is injured, or destroyed, though not with the same intensity.

Again the professor thinks, that there are certain organs, 'which, though *double, are so situated* along the line of junction of the two hemispheres of the brain, that they seem to be single.' Mr. Jeffrey considers them as single and affirms, that an injury can not be done to one of them, without being extended to the other. The professor considers this assertion, as gratuitous, and resulting from that anatomical ignorance, of which he has complained before.

But we hasten to the last, and as, we think, the most formidable of Mr. Jeffrey's arguments. He says, 'according to phrenologists, character should be always indelible, or affected only by physical accidents on the head.' That this is not the case, he instances the spendthrift youth, ending in the aged miser—the young scoffer, in the zealous devotee; generous confidence in misanthropy and disgust; and amorous early propensity in ultimate hatred of women, &c. To all this Dr. Caldwell replies, that phrenologists have never represented human character, as indelible—but undergoing constant changes, resulting from causes, which change the condition of the brain itself. Of course, he considers that every advancing stage of life produces a new developement, from infancy to age. We quote his exposition of the influence of old age, in reversing this order of developement, as a sample of easy and lucid philosophical discussion.

'Nor does the change, as still directed by nature, stop here. During the real prime of life, the intellectual strength and flexibility, like the strength and flexibility of the muscles, continues permanent. But they begin, at length, to suffer diminution, in consequence of changes that take place in the brain. Every portion of the system, the brain not excepted, begins to grow rigid—at least to become less capable of easy, active, and graceful motion: and, of course, all the faculties, corporeal and intellectual, suffer in the same way, and in an equal degree. For the intellectual faculties and function depend as essentially on *cerebral* action, and are as necessarily modified by it, as voluntary motion does on the action of the muscles. And as that muscle, or set of muscles which is most severely exercised during life, is the first to lose its flexibility and power, the same is true in relation to the brain.—That organ which is under the most constant and intense excitement, decays first, and gives to the others an ascendency over it. This fact is of great importance, in the exposition of intellectual changes.'

The grand practical doctrine of phrenology is laid down in the following words:

'*Intellectual* and *moral* education is nothing else but the effects resulting from changes produced in the condition of the brain. The condition of that organ is *ameliorated* by discipline, and from that *alone* arises all the benefit that is achieved. There is no reason to believe that the *spirit* or *thinking principle* is in the slightest degree changed. No discipline can reach *it*.'

In proof that education and discipline are adequate to changing the strongest original, innate propensities, the reading of almost

every one will supply him with the recollection of the delightful anecdote of the physiognomist, who affirmed upon examining the countenance of Socrates, that he was a thief and libidinous. The people scoffed at the presumption of a man who could assert such a thing of the most correct and modest man of the age, until Socrates admitted, that nature had entailed upon him strong propensities of that sort, which he had alone vanquished by education and philosophy.

We quote Dr. Caldwell once more in a passage, which, as we think, manifests logical and metaphysical acuteness, in no common degree.

'On this topic we can not permit ourselves to enter into details. But should Mr. Jeffrey be dissatisfied with the principles of the explanation here given, we are justified in calling on him for one of his own. According to his tenets, all intellectual character is seated in the *mind alone*. And what is the mind?—A simple, immutable substance, without either size, form, or parts. We pronounce it *immutable!* and if *simple*, it must be so; or else, on its first change, it passes necessarily into *another being*. To *change* a simple substance is tantamount to *annihilating* it; for it is certainly the same substance no longer. That a substance may be changed in *condition* or *state*, and still continue the same in *essence*, it *must be compound*. In reference to a simple substance such *mutation* and *identity* are impossible. The musician can not play a variety of tunes on an instrument possessing only a *single string*. To be able to do this, it is essential that he have an instrument of *many* strings.'

In conclusion, Dr. Caldwell thinks, that the ancient system of metaphysics solved none of the phenomena of mind, and that phrenology gives a clear and adequate solution of all of them. He sums up his view of Mr. Jeffrey's review, in terms of harshness, abhorrence and bitterness, which to us would have seemed unjustifiably indignant, were it not, that his antagonist is also unsparing in the same sort of language. *He, who taketh up the sword*, says the Bible, *shall perish by the sword.*

He proceeds to set forth the developements, that he thinks, from this review, manifestly exist in the cerebral tenement of the reviewer. They are certainly not the most amiable ones. We could not for our lives avoid thinking of Dr. Franklin's poker, when the professor offers to submit the proof of his correctness to an experiment to be made upon the head of the reviewer, on condition of consenting to allow it to be 'duly oiled, soaped, or shaved, as preparatory to its undergoing phrenological admeasurement, to test the truth of the developements predicated of it.'

One word, as regards our own views of phrenology. That it is a fact, that there is a great variety in the conformation of the human skull, is not matter of speculation. The hand feels it. The eye traces it. 'Bumps,' if that is the term, are as different in different heads, as the lines of countenance are in different faces. We

see, as we mark the heads of an assembly, some foreheads high, some low, some projecting, and some retreating. In some heads, a line let fall perpendicularly from the centre of the crown would leave the greater extent of the skull in front, and some in rear of that line. Some are bullet heads; some extremely long from the forehead to the back of the skull. There are broad, square, and handsome heads, and there are anomalous and ugly ones. In short, we venture to affirm, that the great mass of mankind are phrenologists, to a certain extent, and that as soon as they see a stranger, minister, or other public speaker, in his rostrum, they instantly leap, if we may so say, at an estimate of his mental powers; often erroneous, we grant,—but in full proof, that certain forms and mouldings of the head are favorable, or unfavorable, to thinking, is a general and instinctive impression. We suspect, that in this synopsis, the eye, and the general expression of the countenance, materially concur to form the elements, upon which this impression is founded. Who is ever at a loss for a moment in determining, when he sees an idiot? And yet it would be difficult to count the links of the chain, by which the mind instantly and intuitively arrives at the conviction. Look at the round heads of the poor, simple, good natured blacks, and compare them with the bumpy head, and the deep and sunken eye of the ruminating, stern, proud and independent Indian. We suspect every body is a phrenologist, so far, as to believe, that a poet has one sort of head, and a mathematician another, and so of the rest. But farther than this, the deponent saith not. We have not yet the inward light, to follow phrenology through all her thirty-four labyrinths in the brain, and discover so many different organs for intellectual operations, many of which appear to us to be related, and melting into each other, like the colors of the bow. Many of them, too, we are free to confess, we consider to be the children of habit, discipline, and the arrangements of society.

But we may not enter what we consider the inexplicable maze of this dispute; and we have, perhaps, already advanced too far in it. We are by no means of the number of those, who think that ridicule of this system can make a man witty, who was not so before. We think, its claims ought to be fairly and candidly discussed. If it be a science, founded on principles, that can be demonstrated, or verified, every one will grant, that it is one of unspeakable importance. Admission of its truth would give entirely new scope to the certainty, the objects, and the utility of education. The intelligent parent would then be able to foresee the bad curable propensities of his child, and direct his discipline and education accordingly. Indeed, we are clear, that at present one of the most important branches of education is by far too much neglected—*ample investigation of the aptitudes of the pupil.* It is absurd to form an infant soldier by aptitude into a man milliner, or

a musician into an engineer, or a poet into a mathematician.—More than one half of the efforts of education have hitherto been thrown away, as we deem, in marring the work of God, and making woof out of warp, and the reverse; or, in scripture phrase, '*putting old wine into new bottles;*' or, in the phrase of the bard, 'nicknaming God's creatures.'

We, for our part, are both curious and anxious, to see Dr. Caldwell's forthcoming work upon phrenology. The pamphlet before us is certainly written with great power, and evinces every kind of talent, from the most caustic wit, to the closest metaphysical argument. Bating some phrases and sentences, that we would have preferred to have seen otherwise, and some flippancy and bitterness, which, we think, savors too much of the spirit of the review, which he condemns, we consider this pamphlet a treastise, of which any writer might be proud. Every reader in the western country knows, that the professor has been reviewed with the utmost asperity, and with the most pointed denunciation. He has profited from this asperity. He has gained, what few have had the wisdom to acquire, profit from his enemies, and has risen, like the son of the earth, stronger from his supposed overthrow. Most minds would have sunk desponding under this harshness of unjust criticism. He, on the contrary, like the nut tree in the fable, bears more and better fruit, for being stoned.

The National Reader; a selection of Exercises in Reading and Speaking, designed to fill the same place in the Schools of the United States, that is held in those of Great Britain by the compilations of Murray, Scott, Enfield, Mylius, Thompson, Ewing, and others. By John Pierpont, Compiler of the American First Class Book. Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins, and Richardson & Lord: Boston, 1827.—pp. 276. 12mo.

The only species of authorship, that has ever been permanently profitable in our country, has been the making and compiling school books. Let none think humbly of these useful, enduring, and, when properly executed, if we may so speak, holy labors. In our primary schools are generated the elements of literature, public and private character, republican hopes, and harbingers of future fame and glory. Here, too, are strengthened the stamina of our moral character, as a nation. He, who labors to elevate and enlighten them, performs a function, analogous to that of the beneficent prophet, purifying the public fountains, by putting salt in them. Whosoever brings any auxiliary effort to their advance-

ment, exerts an influence, in controlling the foundation movements, diffusible, like that of the sun and the air, and does good, in some humble sense, on the broad scale of Providence. He, who has been faithful in the functions of school master, visiter, inspector, compiler of school books, or in any other department of duty auxiliary to the improvement and progress of schools, if utility be the proper measure of fame, ought to have a conspicuous place assigned to him in the estimation of the community. But, although our feelings incline us to enlarge upon the incalculable bearing and importance of this subject, it is a theme too well comprehended at this time, to require enlargement. Every thinking person admits, that good and right school learning is the very vitality of the republic, and that the perpetuity of our free institutions must wholly depend upon the manner, in which the millions of our children are trained in common schools.

It is a gross mistake, therefore, and an unaccountable prejudice, which has hitherto consigned the authorship of making and compiling school books to young tyros from the academies, young pedagogues, and the mere day laborers in the mechanical walks of literature. Thus far, the greater number of our school books have been the productions of such men. It has been deemed, that nothing but plodding industry was necessary in the employment; and that to make a selection of lessons for reading and speaking was the easiest of all tasks. Never was opinion wider from the fact. To execute this work wisely and faithfully, is really a work of no small difficulty. Of this any one may easily satisfy himself, by making the experiment. On any given subject a thousand selections crowd upon the compiler, as rival candidates for the place; and if he find it an easy task, to settle the conflicting claims, and to measure the pretensions of one over the other, his mind has no relation to ours. Even when he has selected, if varying feelings and other views do not incline him, occasionally, to doubt the judgment he has pronounced in the case, his decisions are settled upon surer and more unquestionable principles in literature, than we know.

Many of the motives, that excited Mr. Pierpont to the task before us, are assigned in the very sensible preface to this book. He had been, *ex officio*, of the board of annual inspectors of the Boston schools for many years. He had observed the reading books in use to be either English selections, little adapted to the longitude of our country, the genius of our government, or the spirit of the people; or American selections, which his delicacy and caution forbade him to describe, as being moulded in an entire preference for the gone by style and taste of the past age, and in the corrupt and sonorous manner of the ancient fourth of July orations; and withal badly printed, abounding in errors of orthography, punctuation and the press; and, moreover, of different

editions, not uniformly paged. Both of these difficulties have been deeply felt by every intelligent instructor from Maine to the Sabine.

Every thing in our country, too, had changed. A revolution in our taste and style, and in our literature generally, which in its incipient stages was confined for many years to particular sections and select circles, had now begun to diffuse its lustration over all the literature of our country. Under these circumstances, there could be no good reason, why the children of a republic, at once enlightened, and beginning to feel what was due to herself, should be taught to read only from British productions; why their first stamina of thought should be formed from foreign rudiments.—Who ever forgets the veneration, which, as a child, he felt for the names of the authors of those first compositions, that filled at once his ear, his mind, his imagination, and his heart? Why should these first and absorbing associations be connected only with foreign authors? Why should the humiliating and slavish impression be so early established, that no authors in our own country had written any thing, worth reading, and remembering, as models?

Mr. Pierpont saw, and felt, that we now had a literature of our own, of which no age or country need be ashamed; and a very considerable portion of his selections are made from it. If there is any thing to regret in this book, it is, that these extracts had not borne a still greater proportion to the whole matter.

Such considerations, as he tells us in the preface, and as we infer from the book, put him to the task in question. His assumption of it, under such circumstances, says much for his public spirit. Every one can see, that whatever be the intrinsic utility and importance of such a work, no man, whose aspirations were bounded merely by the desire of literary fame, would ever have assumed it. We should suppose, the impulse must have been purified from all motive, but a desire to be useful. In literature, as in all other walks, it ought to be felt, that it is the man, his ability, views and spirit, which determine the honor of his pursuit.

Very few of our readers will need to be informed, that Mr. Pierpont is himself an author, occupying no humble, nor obscure place in the literature of the country. All the votaries of the muses among us are acquainted, intellectually at least, with the author of the 'Airs of Palestine,' and a great variety of our best fugitive pieces of poetry. The 'Bunker-hill ode,' commencing, 'O is not this a holy spot,' &c., from its intrinsic beauty, aided, it may be, by adventitious circumstances, has circulated, as a general favorite, over all our great valley. It strikes us, as a kind of marvel, to see a successful poet, a man taking a forward place in a respectable profession, in one of our first cities, where that profession is held in such high veneration, leaving the most absorbing and fascinating of all literary pursuits, to put himself to the compilation of a school book. It has been a general impression, that

when a poet begins to sing, he is thenceforward good for nothing, but a song. It is indeed, matter of astonishment, to observe with what pertinacious devotion the lyrist sticks to his vocation, under every discouragement. No mercenary motive, no touch of avarice, unless he be extremely simple, can mix with his motive. He must sing, and scrape his lyre for his own amusement, '*audire suam fistulam*,' and at his own proper cost and charges. A few, who, like our author, have had the fortune to procure a name, may be sure of being read along with Mrs. Hemans. For the rest, though the press groans with their plaintive moans, like the cry of expiring infants, issuing from a thousand periodicals, political zeal strangles them, like a wicked step-mother; or they are smothered under an ocean of tales. Yet, strange as it is, the spell-bound wights continue to indite and pour their strains to the winds.—Such is the elastic ardor of the inspiration, pent up within, that egress and eruption it must have, and the poet will sing, whether readers will hear, or forbear. They will sing, whether in fullness, or in want. They will call the muse from the 'vasty deep,' whether she will come at their bidding, or not. They will hear nightingales, where none ever existed. If, haply, they never tasted the juice of the grape, they will still sing of wine and Heliconian drinks, or find their inspiration, like Lord Byron, in whiskey, or gin. In love, in war, in sorrow, in joy, in politics, in electioneering, in cotton factories, in jails, in boyhood, in second dotage, and through the chapter, even unto death, poets will sing. And, stranger yet, maugre the long faces of booksellers, and the duns of printers, paper makers and bookbinders, they will sing. Since it is fated, that a given amount of poetry must drop from the press, we hope, now that his hands are freed from the compilation before us, that the author will resume his lyre with the rest, and let us have verses, that will be sure to be read.

The author has executed his task, as we think, with fidelity and success. We deem this selection decidedly superior, in all the requisites, called for in such a work, to any one we know. We have no doubt, that even in England, had it no national pride, or prejudice to encounter, it would supersede Murray's English Reader, the only book in our knowledge, which could sustain any comparison with it. It has been said, but we think falsely, that nothing of the heart and character of a writer could be gathered from his writings. However this may be, the character of a compiler will be distinctly inferred from his taste and choice in his selections. From this criterion, we have thought highly of this gentleman. That reader must be fastidious, and difficult in the extreme, who will not find in these extracts, wherewith to regale himself. We can easily imagine, how this fine writing will cause the bosoms of talented children to swell, and their eyes to glisten. We wish to see them relieved from the hackneyed and worn-out matter of for-

mer selections. This reading and speaking tired on the tongue of the schoolboy, and the ear of the master. Many of the extracts from American authors are of exquisite elegance and taste, and in looking over the chronicle of their names in the index, we see, that just those authors of our country are laid under contribution, that were most competent to furnish matter. The extracts from British, and the translations from French authors, are of classical beauty, and of the highest order. The author has incidentally settled a point, which, we presume, he had not at all in view—the name, place and precedence of American writers; and in our view, he has settled it with justice and impartiality. Nearly a third of the matter quoted is from American authors. The work might easily be enlarged; but, from the reading we have given it, we have not discovered an extract, that we would wish to see rejected. We think, we hazard little in saying, that it is a selection of exercises of a higher order, and more generally adapted to its design, than any other in the language.

That our readers, who are unacquainted with the writings of the author, may judge of his taste and qualifications for his task, we extract two pieces from the book, of which the compiler is the author.

'THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—ORIGINAL.

'Written, 1824.

'The pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

'The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

'The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

'The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.'

* * * * * * * *

BUNKER-HILL ODE.—ORIGINAL.

'O, is not this a holy spot!
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth!
God of our fathers! is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth?

'Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side;
The robber roams o'er Sinai now;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

'But on *this* hill thou, Lord, has dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

'Here sleeps their dust: 'tis holy ground:
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds are gathered round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

'Free as the winds around us blow,
Free as the waves below us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

'But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame:
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.'

We have nothing to add, except to express the hope, that the taste and judgment of instructors, and all, who have any bearing upon education, in our primary schools, may incline them to acquaint themselves with the merits of this book. We deem, that this would be all, that would be necessary, in order to its general introduction into the schools of the West.

The Testimony of Three who bear witness in earth, on the Fact and Mode of Purification: a Sermon, delivered in Lebanon, Ohio, August, 19, 1827. By J. L. Wilson, D. D. Morgan, Fisher & L'Hommedieu: Cincinnati, 1827.—pp. 14. 8vo.

This is a discourse touching the evidences of christian baptism. That subject, to which great importance is attached by opinion, becomes in consequence a matter of importance. It is not only right, but it is the duty of a christian minister occasionally to discuss this question, which has so long been a matter of controversy in the church. But, unhappily, such discussions are generally pursued in any spirit, rather than that of the gospel. We are naturally so purblind, and lean so strongly to our own judgment, opinion, pride and interest, that many a minister of the altar has thought, that the earnestness of his controversy from the press, or harrangue from the pulpit, was zeal for God, when in fact, it was no more, than the 'strange fire' of his own temper, pride and vain glory. Such being, as we conceive, the general temper of religious controversy, we have determined to admit nothing of a controversial character, upon this, or any subject, but of literary import, into our journal.—This circumstance will account for the curtailment of this notice, otherwise due in greater length to the respectable character, standing, talents and piety of the author. Being thus interdicted from any expression of our opinion, touching the merits of the question at issue, we may say, without trenching upon that ground, that the sermon is written with great simplicity and clearness, which with us are traits deserving of no small praise.

It evidences uncommon industry and research, in the examination of the passages in the divine writings, which elucidate the subject of baptism. We have read no sermon, which embodies so much exposition in so small a compass. This is, as it should be. The principle should be traced up to the fountain source, and examined in the original scriptures. On the testimony of the Divine writings, and not on tradition, or the practice of the first ages, ought to be established the mode of baptism. We are happy, also, to add, that this sermon, though apparently not delivered with any expectation of publication, is mild and catholic. The undoubting

conviction, and the unhesitating decision of the author seem to be unmixed with any leaven of bitterness. As a fair specimen of the discourse, we give the following paragraph:

'Prophecy is history out of the usual order of time. It is no more difficult for the Spirit of Truth to guide the pen of the prophet in prediction, than the pen of the apostle in narrative. Taking this view of prophecy, let us look at a few facts. "So shall he SPRINKLE many nations." Isa. lii. 15.—"Then will I SPRINKLE clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also, will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.—"And it shall come to pass, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy: also upon the servants and upon the handmaids, in those days, will I POUR OUT my Spirit." Joel ii. 28, 29. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord—"His going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hosea vi. 3. The most careless hearer can not but notice the modes of expression used by the inspired writers in these promises and predictions; yet their beauty and importance afford them a claim to repetition. Pour out my Spirit unto you—pour the spirit of grace upon the house of David come unto us as the rain—SPRINKLE many nations—SPRINKLE clean water upon you and cleanse you from all your idols. Nothing can be more beautiful, nothing more impressive than these representations of the descent of the Spirit of Truth and Holiness. The devouring fire, the horrible tempest, the deep and desolating flood, or the awful throes of a convulsed world, may drive or sink men to madness and desperation; but it is "the still small voice," that cheers and saves. 1 Kings xix. 9—13. What is so noiseless, gentle, benign, and powerful, as the refreshing showers and distilling dews of heaven? And these are selected by Infinite Wisdom, as emblems of that Spirit of Holiness, who bears his testimony on earth in unison with the water and the blood, on the interesting subject of purification from idols and defilements of every description.'

A Sermon preached November 16, 1826, *at the Dedication of the House of Public Worship of the First Congregational Society in Salem.* By CHARLES W. UPHAM, Associate Pastor. W. Palfray, Jr.: Salem, 1826.—pp. 62. 8vo.

Many considerations incline us to give this sermon a passing notice. Our readers can imagine, what a train of associations, it called up in our mind. Here were spent the days of our boyhood. In the church, which that, which occasioned this sermon, has superseded, we endured the palpitations, with which a young man first learns to stand forth before a congregation, as a preacher of the gospel. For twenty years we were in habits of intimate acquaintance with the venerable senior pastor, who has been, we believe, more than half a century a minister of the altar in that place; who

bears a name dear to science and philosophy, and, like that of many other distinguished men among us, more known in Europe, than in our own country. Two of the beautiful occasional hymns were furnished by one, who has been to us——But we dare not in this place give scope to all the feelings, awakened by this discourse. Those, who have hearts, can conceive; and to those, who would not, or can not feel, we should speak in vain. Though with that spot are associated the fondest remembrances of the morning and prime of our life, private considerations, or personal feelings would not alone have warranted the notice of a sermon, howsoever deserving in itself, which was delivered so far from the range of our present walks. But the notice is merited from a higher consideration. *Here was consecrated the first protestant church on the western continent.* Here, on the barren shores of the ocean, and on the verge of a wilderness, reaching to the western sea, was formed the primitive nucleus of those precise, severe, just, laborious, and high minded men, who laid the foundations of piety, learning, freedom, physical and intellectual, comfort and independence, which are diffusing so rapidly over the western world. Words would only encumber the train of thought, excited by these considerations. The small and patriarchial band of pilgrims, so stern, and single hearted, while on earth, in the enlargement of the upper world, bend from their spheres, and converse with our thoughts, as occasions, like this, carry us back in remembrance to the days of their pilgrimage. Here, in sickness and want and danger, in sterile and unexplored forests, they planted the seminal principle of our present freedom and glory.

Fourteen ministers in succession have ministered at the altar over the hallowed spot, where this church now stands, and twelve of them have gone to their reward. No spot in our continent, Plymouth itself not excepted, has more venerable, and consecrated associations connected with it, and few occasions can be imagined more interesting, than those, which gave birth to this discourse.—The senior pastor, as we remarked, though feeble, and worn with the labors of half a century, still survived, and occasionally officiated. Thirty lineal descendants of Higginson and Endicott, the fathers of New England, were there. Dr. Holyoke, the scholar, the beloved physician, the philosopher, and the christian, still fresh and active, now in his hundredth year, was there. Mr. Pickering, whose name has been so long identified with the great political transactions of the nation, in an old age of almost unexampled freshness and vigor, though turned of eighty years, was there. The silver plate was deposited under the foundation stone by Mr. Lander, the eldest member of the society, in his eighty-third year.—Such were the circumstances, and such the men, that attended the consecration of the fourth church on the same spot, which may emphatically be called the nursing mother of New England.

The sermon by Mr. Upham, the junior pastor, turns upon the following points:

1. The temple is dedicated to the worship of God.

2. To the advancement of those objects, for which the christian religion was revealed to men.

3. To the memory and the principles of their American ancestors, or, as he contends, the principles of the reformers. These principles, as they differed from the catholics, were 1—that the scriptures were a sufficient rule of faith and duty in themselves.—2.—That all men have a right to read, and understand these scriptures for themselves.

4. To the advancement of the reformation. Beyond this head, he gives incidental notices of the character, learning and spirit of the pastoral labors of the pious and excellent men, who had preceded him in this ministry. Reading this sermon strengthened our previous convictions of the learning, talents, and amiable temper of the youthful pastor. We should naturally expect a splendid effort from the occasion, and a richness and almost redundance of epithet and imagery from the juvenile exuberance of his mind. The sermon, taken as a whole, unites, as we deem, in rather an uncommon degree, learning, piety, independence, and catholicism. We quote three passages; 1, in which the inducements to build the new church are beautifully assigned.

'We wished to exchange the venerable but decaying temple, in which many generations, who have long slept in their graves, had successively assembled in worship, for one of more durable materials, and which, rising from its ruins, would still retain all those local associations which had rendered venerable that time-hallowed house. We were anxious to enjoy the satisfaction of thinking, that while gathered to the sanctuary, we were occupying places, from which we should not be driven out during life, and where our children and successors might long continue to assemble, to offer to the everlasting Father the acceptable sacrifices of united and devout hearts. Our prayers have been answered—our hopes have been fulfilled—our work is accomplished. We are now ready to take our places in this house of prayer, and we can all rejoice in the confident assurance, that here, we, and our posterity, for very many generations, can be conveniently and satisfactorily accommodated, as members of a religious community, and as Christian worshippers.'

2. Touches finely on the religious association between the past and the future.

'Standing, as we are, at the very commencement of a new epoch in the history of this church, our view is naturally directed forward, to the succession of worshippers, who are moving on from the distant shores of futurity. We can see them, as they wind their way, in dim procession, and enter, generation after generation, upon this pathway, over which, from the beginning, good Christians have pressed onward, and upward, towards Heaven.'

3. Part of the concluding paragraph.

'May pious and adoring spirits float upward, on the swelling notes of our consecrated music, until, rapt in faith, they catch the sound of that harmonious raise, which angel hands draw forth from heavenly harps. And when the old foundations of this house, which we have builded, are crumbled into dust, and have sunk into ruin, with the vast globe upon which they rest, may an innumerable company of glorified saints be found assembled in the bright courts of a temple eternal in the heavens, and pouring forth, in the immediate presence of the Most High, those enraptured strains of thanksgiving and adoration, which their hearts first conceived, and their voices learned to utter here.'

Besides the two simple and beautiful hymns, to which we have alluded, by Dr. Flint, there is, appended to the sermon, a body of documents of uncommon interest. We can not deny ourselves and our readers the pleasure of an extract, containing the eloquent and touching remarks of Mr. Upham, immediately after laying the corner stone.

'When, after the succession, as we trust and pray, of many generations, our distant descendants, in removing this temple, time-worn and dilapidated as it then will be, shall find this memorial of our interest in them, their minds and hearts will instantly come back to us, through the long interval, perhaps of centuries; they will bless our memory, for having raised the altar, around which their fathers had gathered, and spread out the roof, beneath which they had been sheltered in worship; and when they reflect, that four edifices of wood, and one of more durable materials, have risen successively, and successively sunk into ruin, on the same spot, but that the gospel has been constantly preached there, they will fully recognize the sublime truth, contained in that prophetic declaration of our Saviour, which we have inscribed here: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."'

We wish, also, as what we consider a model for inscriptions, to give that inscribed on the plate, laid under the corner stone of this church.

'To the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Our God and the God of our Fathers,
The Descendants of Higginson, Endicott, and the other New-England Pilgrims,
Who here gathered the First American Congregational Church, August 6, A. D. 1629,
Have laid this Corner Stone of the Fourth Edifice erected on this spot, for Christian Worship,
April 27, A. D. 1826, under the ministry of Rev. *John Prince*, LL. D. and Rev. *Charles W. Upham*, Associate Pastors.
"*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.*"'

If Longinus had been acquainted with the New Testament, instead of selecting the famous passage from Moses, as the highest example of natural sublime, he would have found in these simple and impressive words of this text, a still higher reach of the still nobler moral sublime.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are at a loss how to apologise to 'ZERUBBABEL' for the omission of his verses. We have a sincere respect for him, and his talents, and the deep spirit of piety in these verses. There are some beautiful lines in them. But still they are not in keeping with the general tone of this work.

The spirited essay of 'ORLANDO' will appear in our next.

We are not yet prepared to give such a notice, as is due to Scott's 'Napoleon.' That we may 'nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,' we have wished to deliberate, until the next number.

We are almost daily receiving documents for a historical sketch of the rise and progress of the settlement of our state. We earnestly and respectfully solicit further contributions of this sort.

☞ At the close of six months from the commencement of this journal, the editor tenders his gratitude and his thanks to its patrons. It has prospered thus far, beyond his most sanguine expectations. The edition of a thousand is nearly exhausted. If unwearied industry, if more than redeeming his pledge in the mechanical execution of the work, if unusual cheapness in these cheap times, furnish any ground for saying so, he may assert, that it deserves the patronage, which it has received. As far as he can learn, the general voice of the community has awarded it. He is now compelled to remind his friends, that *no one maketh a warfare at his own charges.* In making the semi-annual payment, which is now due, he offers this favorable alternative to subscribers. *Every one, who remits three dollars, post paid, will find on his next number a receipt for a year.* Every one, who remits two dollars, will in like manner, have a semi-annual receipt. Every one, who, after receiving this No. remits neither, will be considered, as our friend, Paul Brown, says, a lukewarm patron of western literature, and in the language of honest Jack, as not 'backing his friends;' and he will be noted accordingly. As the burden of postage at present bears hard, and, as we think, unequally and unjustly upon journals of this sort, we hope our friend, the postmaster of the town or village, will enclose to us the dues in his vicinity.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1827.

We do not wish to be understood to assent to all the remarks, contained in the following spirited essay. We have never been partial to the use of the rod, as an engine of school discipline, ourselves. Nevertheless, we are not sure, that the time has arrived, when its use ought to be entirely discontinued. We suspect, that in almost every school, there are some subjects, upon whom no other application would be efficient. We would not desire to see the rod used, as quacks prescribe calomel in the regions of the west, by the ounce. It ought, we think, to be limited to a restricted and discriminating use, and only in cases, where experience has determined, that every other expedient would be thrown away.—[Ed.]

THE ACADEMY.

In the outskirts of a populous town in Pennsylvania, stands an edifice of plain exterior, but of very respectable dimensions, which has been dignified, time out of mind, with the appellation of "The Academy." This expressive title seems to indicate so clearly the character of the institution, to which it is applied, as to render any farther explanation superfluous; but, in point of fact, it has been so hacknied, and so vaguely used, that it often comes upon us in such a questionable shape, as to require a definition. Ours then was not an Academy of philosophers, or of fine arts.—it was not devoted to the manufacture of dictionaries, nor the exhibition of pictures;—it had no groves dedicated to Apollo, nor porches, which re-echoed the melodious periods of the orator. If a deity indeed presided over its mysteries, it was the nimble footed, and light fingered Mercury, the arch patron of rogues, and high priest of mischief.—To come at once to the point, it was here, that the neighbouring youth acquired bad latin and worse manners; here they brandished

their slate-pencils and *shinny sticks*, and exhibited their bloody noses and blotted exercises. Here were practised those athletic sports, and elegant devices, which invigorate the body, and amuse the mind. Wrestling, fighting and stealing—gambling, swearing and lying, furnished innocent enjoyment to those hours, which could be spared from severer studies, and exercised the tender faculties of youth in those genteel accomplishments, which are found so necessary in all the higher walks of life.

Three pedagogues of great erudition and strict morality, to adopt their own account of themselves, wielded the destinies of this valuable institution. To one of them was committed the important charge of flogging the lisping infant through the spelling-book; the second scourged into larger lads a competent knowledge of arithmetic, English grammar and geography, and the third enabled the happy pupil to relish the beauties of Horace and Homer, at the expense of the few fragments of skin, which might have been inadvertently left on his back by the other two. Aware of the difference of opinion, which has prevailed among the learned, as to the precise locality of the human soul, these zealous and humane gentlemen, left no part of the soil, committed to their care, unexplored; but planted syntax and prosody in every arable spot; that is, in every spot, to which the lash could be conveniently applied. They considered ignorance, as a cutaneous disorder, and judiciously removed the offending part. Never was quack medicine of such universal application, as the schoolmaster's whip; if it cured dulness, it could also cure its opposite, and the boy, who had more wit than the master, was sure to be scourged as much, as he who had less.—The pugnacious lad was whipped for fighting, and the timid boy for cowardice. Some boys were flogged for tale-bearing; and some for concealing the felonies of their comrades. Some were scourged for not learning so fast as the master's favorites, and others beaten for learning faster. In short the lash was never idle; and the reasons for drinking, as detailed in a well known epigram, are not more numerous and satisfactory, than were the causes of flagellation, in this useful seminary. Nothing could exceed the impartiality, with which this remedy was applied, as it was distributed to all, good, bad, and indifferent, in equal shares, except, indeed, a lad happened to join uncommon genius with sweetness of temper, a combination, which excited all the ire of the pedagogue, and entitled the possessor to a triple share of the rod, while a consummate dunce, if he was so fortunate, as to be ill-conditioned into the bargain, was certain to escape scot-free.

In addition to these separate labours, the erudite triumvirate, exerted their joint and several abilities with untiring diligence, in instilling into the minds of their pupils a proper sentiment of reverence towards their *aforesaid* superiors—for of any other superiors, civil or political, divine or human, it was not lawful to speak, or

think within these hallowed walls. The momentous distance between the teacher and teachee, the sacred authority and awfully terrific power of the one, and the abject and entire nothingness of the other, were inculcated, as the master problems, upon which hung all the law and the morality of juvenile duty; a proper understanding of these truths was enforced, as the highest object of a liberal education, and the practice, indicated by them, was sure to achieve the choicest scholastic honours. Whether the student was here benefitted, or the parent gratified, were matters of secondary consideration. To support the subordination, which was considered of such vast importance, it was necessary, as a preliminary step, that every spark of independence should be extinguished from the minds of those, who were to be the subjects of it; for, as the masters were entitled to all the reverence, which the scholars could severally command, every jot of *self*-respect, which any unlucky wight might entertain, was considered, as a felonious subtraction from the sum total, which he was bound to render to his superiors. The discipline of the lash was admirably suited to effect this object, as its direct tendency was to deaden the sense of shame and the spirit of emulation, to extinguish every sentiment of virtue and honour, and to destroy the generous and ingenuous feelings of the youthful breast. If these means proved insufficient, in any instance to break the spirit, and degrade the character of the boy, there was another method, which never failed to produce that desirable end—he was made a spy, and received from his tutor the reward of baseness; from his companions the execrations of treason. If he refused the odious office, he was flogged by the master; if he was terrified into the perpetration of its meanness, he was beaten by his fellows; so that in any event, corporeal punishment awaited the unhappy child, whose feelings became as callous, as those of his oppressors.

Such was the institution, at which I was destined to be placed, at an early age, by the fond solicitude of the worthy pair to whom I owe my existence. Little did they dream of the consequences of that well intended measure! Little thought they, virtuous souls! of the scenes of unlawful passion, vice, and despotism, into which I was about to be initiated! nor of the great revolution, that was to be effected in my feelings, habits, and propensities!

As I had always been treated with great care and indulgence at home, I had imbibed the very natural opinion, that every measure, to which I was made a party, was adopted for my special benefit. I was often told, that virtue would gain me the love, and learning the admiration of my fellow creatures, and that an assiduous cultivation of my mental faculties could alone conduct me to happiness and honour. There was something very reasonable, and very agreeable in these suggestions; and, although I could not imagine what particular enjoyment could possibly be contingent upon my proficiency in pronouncing "chrononhotontologos," nor for what

eminent station I should become qualified, by spouting 'my name is Norval,' yet the inducement was sufficiently strong, to carry me cheerfully through those labours, of which the achievement would otherwise have seemed impossible. As I never could discern any selfish end, to be gained by my parents through the medium of my accomplishments, I could not but hear with reverence the admonitions, which seemed at once so wholesome, and so disinterested.—The consequence was, that although I possessed a full share of indolence, all the good and bad passions and properties of my nature, were arrayed in hostility against this sluggish propensity, and my proficiency in learning was proportionate to my desire to please those, who were so much interested in my progress.

From some cause or other, I was not sent to any school, until my twelfth year; but having an ardent thirst for knowledge, and ample means for the gratification of this appetite, the love of reading became in early infancy a powerful passion; and although I acquired but little of the technical learning, usually taught in schools, every day added to my attainments in literature. Books were my favorite, and almost my only companions, and these were never willingly forsaken, except when opportunities occurred of listening to the conversation of my seniors. Hidden in a corner, I have sat for hours absorbed in the perusal of a favorite author; but often, while apparently thus abstracted, I have been a silent and curious auditor of dialogues, which were intended for other ears. On these occasions my worthy parents usually filled the principal parts in the *dramatis personæ*, and I became possessed of all their secret counsels, except such as they deemed it prudent to conceal from each other; and no allusion to myself ever escaped my attention. I was always spoken of in terms so gratifying to my vanity, as to create a desire to hear more of my own merits. By my mother, I was pronounced to be a great beauty; by my father, a wonderful genius; and both, however they might differ upon other subjects, agreed, that I should certainly cut a figure in the world. What particular sphere was to be illumined by my meteor course, was not so easily determined. Law, physic, divinity, politics and war, were successively determined to be congenial with the bias of my mind, and I was alternately a general, an ambassador, a judge, a doctor, and a preacher, in expectancy. At all events, it was admitted, that I possessed remarkable qualifications for public life, and that talents, like mine, ought not to be buried in the obscurity of a private station. Such opinions, from such good and sensible people, as my father and mother, sunk deep into my mind; and the impressions, made by them, were strengthened by the commendations, bestowed by visitors upon my parts and beauty of person. My future honours began to bud to my excited imagination; and already I planned the benefactions, I should do for all my clever friends and relations.

When, therefore, I was informed, that a course of academical discipline was necessary, to prepare me for the active business of life, I cheerfully acceded; and accompanied my father with alacrity to the 'noisy mansion,' a description of which I have placed at the head of this narration, as it stands first in the record of my early recollections. I can not describe the mingled sensations of pride, delight, and awe, with which I approached, for the first time, an edifice dedicated to science. Every tree, by which it was shaded, seemed hallowed by the neighbourhood of a temple, sacred to a classic purpose. The very walls appeared venerable, and the cobwebs, that ornamented the ceiling with a profusion of slovenly festoons, gave an air of learned negligence to the dark passage, by which we entered. The future ambassador swelled within me, as I prepared for my first interview with the ministers of Apollo. I anticipated the benign countenances and grave deportment of those, whose lives were devoted to the benevolence of instructing their fellow creatures; nor were the embryo generals, senators, and priests forgotten, into whose society I was about to be introduced.

On our entrance into one of the schools, we were received by a small, dapper man, whose heavy brow, and severe expression of countenance, inspired me with instant dislike. His was not the mere frown of the student—not the mark, stamped by intense thought on the brow—but the sour, jealous, and revengeful glance of one, who feels his dignity in danger, whose self-importance is alarmed by every movement of those around him, and whose watchful malevolence is continually seeking opportunities of wreaking vengeance upon those, whom he gratuitously fancies to be the authors of that unhappiness, which is in fact caused by his own bad passions.

He wore a suit, of which the several component parts had once been gay and fashionable, but which was so soiled, and worn, and withal so ill-sorted, that it seemed to be the cast-off finery of several owners. These same garments, which were confederated in the design of covering, and adorning the outward man, had, in truth, as many colours, characters, and qualities, as a confederacy of states. His whole appearance was pedantic and foppish in the extreme. *Children are intuitively physiognomists;* they may not form nice estimates of character, but they readily distinguish the agreeable from the repulsive; and thus, although at that time I was unable to form any distinct opinion of the peculiarities of the pedagogue, I recoiled with disgust from a character so different from that, which my fancy had created.

Turning my eyes towards the juvenile groupe, assembled around me, I discovered sly looks and roguish signals displayed in every direction; and, while their preceptor conversed with my father, the pupils made faces at me, or practised mischievous tricks upon each other. But the moment his attention was directed to the school,

all was still. Unused, as I had been, to any kind of coercion, and accustomed to be allured to study by persuasive reasoning, I was greatly surprised, and shocked by these premonitions of the discipline of a public school, and it was with some difficulty, that I was prevailed upon to return the next morning, to commence my academic course.

I had been but a few days at school, when presenting one morning to the pedagogue an exercise, in which a word was interlined, I was astounded by hearing him vociferate, 'How do you dare, Sir, to hand me such a paper?' I was silent with astonishment. 'Why don't you speak, Sirrah! are you dumb?' 'No, Sir, I am not dumb.' 'Don't repeat my words, you rascal!—don't be insolent, or I'll flog you within an inch of your life!' 'I am not insolent' said I, 'nor will I suffer myself to be flogged.' 'What's that you say, you villain?—you scoundrel, do you dispute my authority? I'll teach you, who I am!' and, rushing towards me with his scourge uplifted, his eyes glaring, and his visage bloated with fury, he seemed ready to immolate me, when I replied 'stop, Sir! remember, that I have never yet been struck even by my parents; and never will I submit to a blow from any hand but theirs. It is an insult, which I will not bear, and never will forgive!' The tyrant recoiled. The firm remonstrance appalled his coward spirit—I escaped the rod; but became the object of his lasting hatred.

Here terminated all my golden dreams of literary eminence! My tutor was become an object of terror and repugnance, in whose presence I stood trembling, and watching as one, who ventures into the society of a tamed lion, the fearful moment, when some accident might awaken his passions from their repose into the brutal storm of ungovernable fury. He was, of course, the chief link in all my school associations, and all, in which he was connected, became abhorent to my feelings. My studies were repulsive, because he was their director; and my school-hours burthensome, because he was their tyrant. I could not learn grammar from a man, who had neither syntax nor prosody, in his own composition, whose passions were discord, and whose demeanour violated every rule of decorum.

The hours, allowed to relaxation were not without their troubles. Oppression always degrades, and brutalizes its victims; the scholar imitated the master; the larger boy tyrannized over the smaller; the weaker, accustomed to abject submission, cringed to the more powerful. Kindness, amiability, politeness, forbearance, justice, had never been inculcated at this school, either by precept, or example, and the opposite vices took root in the vacant soil.—From such companions I fled with horror.

The consequence of all this was, that I imbibed a deep-seated disgust against schools and schoolmasters, and school-learning; and against grammars, dictionaries, slates, copy-books, ten-plate-stoves,

switches, cobwebs, and all other matters and things belonging, or in any wise appertaining to a school house. But an inquisitive mind will not be baulked. That thirst of knowledge, which properly directed, would have enabled me to master the severe truths of useful science, naturally sought its own gratification, when disappointed by those, who should have supplied it; and as naturally resorted to the nearest fountain, and the most alluring stream. In the lighter species of literature, I found ample remuneration for the more solid stores, which were denied me. Enchanted in a magic circle, I thought no more of squares and angles. Greek and latin became barbarous tongues; for they were not the languages of love and chivalry. I revelled on the sweets of poetry and romance, and, ceasing to covet the honours and emoluments of office, I panted only for the poet's laurel, and the lover's bliss.

Reflecting on this subject, I have often felt astonished, that the good sense of mankind has not discovered, and expunged the evil, of which I have complained. That parents, from generation to generation, should tamely witness the sufferings and the ruin of their children, and the destruction of their own bright hopes is to me a paradox. I have no doubt, that the cruelty of school masters has produced more dunces, than any other cause; and that the *lash* is the parent of more crimes, than the bottle, or the youthful management of a full purse. It is true, that corporeal punishments have in some measure gone into disuse; school boys are not now scourged like felons, nor do teachers exult like savages, over the miseries of a bleeding victim. But all of us, who are young, have seen these horrors perpetrated in the face of day, and in a christian country, and the vile actors have gone unpunished. The disgraceful doctrine is even yet admitted, as law, in our courts, that a master *has a right, moderately to correct* his pupil. I would ask, from what authority does this law emanate? The parent's authority is recognized in the scriptures—it is an authority, supposed to be exercised in love and mercy—but there is no law of God, which authorizes a parent to delegate his power to another; to give over to a stranger the fearful right of scourging his child.

The cruelty of this mode of punishment is equalled only by its inutility and folly. No child was ever made to feel the necessity, or the love of learning by the rod of a relentless master; on the contrary, thousands have, from this cause, imbibed a lasting distaste for knowledge. But 'the discipline of the school must be supported!' In other words, the convenience of the master must be preferred to the welfare of the child. The spirit of the latter must be crushed, his feelings degraded, his principles destroyed, his hopes blasted, to support the discipline of the school!

The more I reflect on this subject, the more firmly am I convinced, that none but a parent, or he who stands *in loco parentis*, has the right to use the rod; and, that it is in his hands a sacred power, for

the proper exercise of which he owes to his God, and his country a fearful responsibility. To say, that such a power may be delegated to any one, where caprice, or poverty may induce him to assume the office of teacher, is absurd.

In no country should there be more caution used on this subject, than in ours. The paths to wealth and honour are so many, and so free to all, that but few men of real learning will condescend to assume the laborious, thankless, and unprofitable task of teaching. When they do it, they confer an honour and a benefit on society, for which they should be liberally paid in money and in gratitude, in esteem and reverence. But they should not whip our children.—No human being should be whipped, but the felon, who is too degraded to be reformed. No human being *ever was* publickly whipped, either by the hangman or the school master, who did not lose in the operation, some portion of his pride, delicacy, and self-respect.

ORLANDO.

JEMIMA O'KEEFY.—A SENTIMENTAL TALE.

One person, says the proverb, is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. One person is born to empire, and another to saw wood, and make ditches. These truths are clearly set forth in the story of Jemima O'Keefy, which I proceed to relate, premising, that the facts are furnished me by a very respectable citizen of this vicinity, who has lived in this country from its first settlement, and knows as many of the early incidents of its history, as any other man.

Jemima O'Keefy was the daughter of Irish parents, and at fourteen she was not very beautiful, but she had an Irish complexion, as white as a lily, and a profusion of sandy hair. From her childhood, she had a certain good natured pertness of defiance, united with a perseverance and inflexibility of purpose, which, in one way or another, with father and mother, with brothers and sisters at home, or at school, enabled her to carry her purpose, and to become mistress of all, whom she chose to command. It is true, in her early years, her father and mother occasionally applied the rod in her case, as in that of the other children. But if they struck, in some way or other, like the great Grecian commander, she made them hearken; and in the end they stood corrected, and she carried her point. Her parents marvelled, and attempted to solve the mystery of this strange influence. Sometimes, they thought it flowed from the power of her star; sometimes from that of a sharp curved nose, that turned up like a fish hook, which gave her the

name in the Dutch place of her birth of Naze Haken, or hook-nose. I, for my part, believe, that it was a kind of amiable defiance and boldness in her manner—a keen eye to discern her mark, and a persevering purpose, to stick to it to the end. That is to say, in Chesterfield's phrase, she was *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

At the age of fifteen, some say at a village hop, but the authority, which I prefer to follow, gives it at a corn shooking, or what is called in New England 'a husking,' she came in contact with Jacob Barndollar, a German, or as he was called in the village, a little new place near Red Stone, now Brownsville, on the Monongahela, in West Pennsylvania, a Dutchman. Jacob was six feet, two inches high, with a tough skin, brawny arms, and a very thick and impenetrable pericardium, or heart case, and he rode a monstrous Dutch horse, seventeen hands high—called by way of emphasis the 'big horse.' He was allowed to be the 'best man' in the village—that is, he could flog, in a fair fist fight, any Dutchman, Irisher, or Yankee in the place. He had a farm, a log house, a stone barn, a whiskey distillery, an apple orchard, and had been left by his worthy Dutch father, two hundred and seventy silver dollars, tied up in a blue stocking, that had been cut down to the leg, and was fastened strongly at either end with a leather string. Jacob hitherto had cared for nobody, and, when he sung a Dutch psalm at meeting, could be heard distinctly a full mile. The mothers all considered him the best match in the settlement, and full many a girl's heart had softened in view of him, like butter on a warm summer's day. But Jacob whistled and sung, and his heart had hitherto been as insensible, as the hoof of his big horse. Jacob was no longer able to say that after the shooking aforesaid. Jemima and he fell upon a red ear at the same time, and the united shouts of the whole party proclaimed the tax of a kiss, which was the fair due of the young Dutchman. This would have been a delightful acquisition to many of the young sparks present. But, however inviting might be her lily face and hook nose, most of them would as soon have meditated advancing their faces upon the back of a porcupine.—Jacob, too, partook of the common dread of the vixen, who charged him to keep his distance. But the pride and manhood of the 'best man' in the village, goaded on by the general acclamation, was concerned to have the kiss forthcoming. There was a sad scramble among the husks. But for this time physical force carried it over the empire of intellect and charms, and Jacob bore off the kiss, *coup de main.* But this ravishment was committed in evil hour for poor Jacob Barndollar's peace. Whether she shared the common views of the other girls in the village, or whether she wished to punish him for his presumption, or from what mixture of motives she acted, I am not advised. The fact is all, that is material to my story.—Jacob, hitherto invincible, was brought within the influence of her spell. Sometimes she managed with him, as cats do, when they are

wooing; and at other times she soothed him. She was often seen to stroke the mane of his big horse, as if unconscious that he saw her. She coaxed, fretted, and played vixen with him, until the tall Dutchman's heart hung upon her hook nose, as much at command, as a little trout, fairly brought to dry ground by the hook.—To be short, Jacob Barndollar, in bodily fear of his life, had screwed up his courage to the tremendous point, of asking the fair Irisher, if she would marry him? After playing with his terrors a sufficient time, she told him yes, and that she would make a man of a Dutchman out of him. So they were married by a German Lutheran minister, and the psalm on the occasion was sung with prodigious power; and the whole concern of young and old, Irish and Germans were as merry as turkies and *brauntwein* could make them, though, even on that evening of bliss, Jacob had sufficient intimations what kind of apprenticeship he had to serve.

For the first moon it would be absurd to suppose, that the happy husband could deny his spouse any thing. He fumed inwardly to a degree, when she introduced tea instead of sour milk, whiskey and fat cakes for supper and breakfast—but, as regarded words, he kept his thoughts to himself. It was worse, when she insisted upon riding the big horse to meeting. On the back of that horse was Jacob's throne—and it went to his heart, to see his wife galloping along in mid air, and himself ambling by her side upon a 'chunk' of a poney, that left a considerable length of his legs, to draggle along the bushes and hassocks; or to be painfully crooked up, at right angles to his knees. But even this he took as he might, in mute resignation, compounded with a touch of internal rebellion. Her modes of showing her power, were so diversified and vexatious, that Jacob, whose inward lust of freedom was by no means subdued, though so grievously hampered, added to his list of oaths, among which the most common was *donner und brauntwein*, *donner und schnaps*, *donner und naze haken*, or thunder and hook nose! and it was easy to observe, that this last was the most terrible sublime of cursing, to which he ever ascended.

As we remarked, the spark of freedom, though like a single coal smothered under a bushel of ashes, was not, however, extinct. Three months and a day after his nuptials, the smouldering sparks kindled to a flame. They were going to preaching amidst a crowd of his young companions, of a gay spring morning, in which lambs and birds, and the villagers felt the utmost elasticity of life. Jacob looked with the eye of eager desire upon the big horse, while the fair Irish spouse vaulted into the saddle, like a kidling. The poney hung by his bridle to a post, for him to mount. But instead of doing it, his wife remarked him scratching his head, and advancing towards her. What would you, Jacob, asked she? *Mein harte*, said he, I bray you take the little horse, and let me have the big one. It looks more so good, for us to ride that way. The spouse

saw treason and rebellion in the camp, and that the fate of empire depended upon right management in the case. So she said, mingling in her expression, threat, defiance and graciousness, 'sure Jacob, you an't such a fool as to think of that just now.' 'Indeed am I, just that fool. *mein frau*, says Jacob. You are a short body, and the way you ride, never brings your feet near the ground. *Donner und schnaps!* when I ride the little Irish heifer, I walk and ride all in one.' A pretty little domestic dialogue ensued, in which she became too warm to let off the steam in English, and had recourse to the greater fluency of her native Irish. Jacob went through his part of the argument as well as he could in Dutch, and run over with all his simple curses of *donner und teyvil*, advancing to the more terrible and compound ones of *donner und brauntwein*, and even *donner und naze haken*. Sometimes one scale preponderated, and sometimes the other, and the victory long hung doubtful.—But the curve nose finally carried off a complete triumph. It was decisive, in relation to the future; for Jacob never dared again, to say his soul was his own, during all their nuptial days together; which were six or seven years; or until Jemima was twenty-four years old, and the mother of three fine stout boys, a happy crossing of the Irish and the Dutch breed. Beside these additions to their means, he bred colts, and made wheat and whiskey, and she made cheeses, and they regularly tied up one hundred silver dollars more in the stocking, on the last day of every year. Since he was so civil, as not to question her authority, she generally smiled graciously upon him, and seldom crooked her nose at him rather in wrath, than command. Jacob really loved her next to his horses, and a long way before his boys.

It was an evil hour for this family, when in 1793 a straggling party of Shawnees came upon the house, in the absence of Jacob. They cared not to take the children—but they made free to carry off Jemima captive, and could not interpret the curve of her nose, and her look of defiance and command at first. She comprehended in a moment, that it would take time to make good scholars and subjects of the Shawnees, and wisely submitted to her fate without wailing, or resistance, or fainting, though she talked fast in English, of which they did not understand a word. But though taken off by main force, her heart remained behind, for she really loved Jacob as a good subject, provider, and father of her children. The second or third day of her captivity, on this long and painful march, she began to practise her arts of empire upon her savage masters.—They were pupils, indeed, to inspire any other instructor with despair. But even when they compelled her obedience by force, like the termagant wife, whom the cobbler ducked, for charging him with having vermin about him, who raised her hands over her head, from under the water, and brought her thumb nails together, to let him be informed what her thoughts were, even when in dan-

ger of drowning, Jemima showed in these cases such a free and unsubdued spirit, that the chief, to whose brother she had been assigned, marking the crook of her nose, and her air of defiance one day as they halted, and she was ordered to some disagreeable service, drew his pipe from his mouth, uttered his most emphatic whoo! and thereupon named her Ta-ne-wish, or Pigeon hawk, a name, which she still bears in the tribe. Five years she lived among them, and more than one warrior would willingly have made her his squaw—but her vixen spirit soon acquired the same ascendency among the savages, that it had in her native village. She curved her nose fiercely at any mother's son of them that offended her, and lived in great honour among them, inviolate in their respect, much to herself, and not laboring as hard as was her wont with Jacob. But for her remembrance of him and Jacob the younger, there is no doubt, that she would have become the squaw of To-ne-wa, or the quick thunderclap. But her heart was at her home; and she watched her opportunity, and escaped from the upper waters of the Big Miami, and through incredible difficulties of forests, and rivers, and hunger, and fatigue, she safely made her way, on foot and alone, from that region all the distance to Red Stone, a length of at least 120 leagues. But her high spirit was not subdued, nor the curve in her nose straightened. On the contrary, at the cabins, scattered along at intervals of fifty miles, where she stopped, she asked for bread, beer and meat, with the same tone of cheerful defiance and authority, which had done her so good service with her spouse, and among the Indians. The gentleman who gave me this story, assures me, that, vixen as she seemed, she was really at bottom an affectionate and kind hearted woman.—When at the term of her long wandering through the wilderness, she came at last in view of the well remembered, peaceful log mansion sleeping in the midst of its orchard, and its ancient chesnut trees, all the wife and mother rose in her heart, and she wept for joy. As it happened, she came up with Jacob at some distance from the house. The meeting was so unexpected on his side, and so like a thunder stroke, that he shed the first tears, he had ever shed in his life, except those of the bottle. His sullen heart was fairly thawed out, like a mass of lead ore in the furnace. Jemima wept too, and they embraced again and again, before either of them spake a word. Donner und blitzen, at last he exclaimed, *mein harte, mein frau, mein honig strug, mein scherish brauntwein,** and he ran over all the fondling epithets he knew, and then rushed again to the embrace of his wife.

So long was this continued, and so little disposed did he seem to remove, that Jemima, impatient to see the children, at length recovered recollection, to inquire for them, and to beg that they

* My heart, my wife, my honey pot, my cherry bounce!

might proceed to the house. Mein harte, said Jacob, let us stay here, and have the good of this meeting, as long as we can. But Jemima was already making for the house with long strides. Jacob came after her like a dog dragged by a string, hanging his head, and moving like a felon to the gallows. This reluctance to go home was so palpable, that Jemima remarked it, and said, as she went back and took him by the hand, 'why Jacob, you don't seem glad to see me after all.' '*Donner und brauntwein*—that am I,' said he. But he still hung back. The mystery of this manner was explained the moment Jemima had raised the wooden latch, and stepped over the threshold of the door—lo, and behold! the first person, that met her eye within, was a woman, whom she had formerly known, as one of Jacob's sweet hearts, by the name of Joan Windpuffer.—She, too, was over six feet in height, had a babe in her arms, and looked as cold, and as stiff, as an iceberg. *Gott mich estound!* exclaimed Jemima, in Dutch, almost the first time, she had ever been known to speak a word in that language. Who have we here?—Poor Jacob saw a storm brewing, and wrung his hands in agony.—*Mein Gott*, says he—here has I got two *fraus* and I wants but one. *Gott mich stricken!* I begs you not to fight wid each oders. Nor was the caution unnecessary. The parties intuitively comprehended the relation, they sustained to Jacob, in a twinkling. A fight would have ensued from this position, as sure as frost engenders hail. But, as if poor Jemima was to suffer all conceivable trials of the heart and temper at once, while they were glowering at each other, in came her young Jacob, leading by the fist a little four year old Dutcher, with buckskin breeches, and a mass of flaxen hair about a round face, which instantly told, to whom he belonged. Jemima saw, that the work of rearing boys for the farm had prospered under her successor. A more heart-rending storm of conflicting emotions can hardly be imagined, than that, which now wrung the heart of Jemima. Her resolution seemed taken in a moment. She had always been remarked for the quickness and strength of her purpose. Her own dear children with those of Joan Windpuffer stood staring at her, alike ignorant, who she was. She seized her own children, one by one, who shrunk away from her, and strained them convulsively to her embrace by main strength. Jacob had never seen his wife before in any other position, than that of a master, at once laughing, cool, and stern; and it pierced through the seven bull's hides, by which his heart had been shielded against feeling, to see her in such an agony. This burst of maternal affection soon spent itself, and pride and firmness of purpose resumed their empire. She turned round from the embrace of her children, comparatively calm, to the astounded present wife by right of possession. Now, said she, if you ever kiss one of mine, or hurt them, may God smite you, you vile Dutch! and she added a name which I choose to omit. Saying this, she turned her back, without adding

another word, and began to walk off. Jacob knew full well the strength of her resolutions, and comprehended, that his old bird, whom to say the truth, he loved, both as a wife, and a master, as well again, as the tall woman of the children of his own people, who stood before him, and whom he ruled, like a slave, would soon be flown. He seemed in a quandary, and ignorant what to say, or do. But he stepped before her, as she was going over the threshold. 'Now stop, said he; I bray you, one little minute. If you will stay mit me, and Joan will go home to her Dutch vader, I'll give her my best big horse, and four hundred silver dollars.' It is possible, a treaty of this sort might have been brought to bear. But while Jemima half relented, and, like Lot's wife, looked back; and while Joan was thinking of the independent possession of the big horse, and four hundred dollars, and, sitting down calmly, undid her bosom, to nurse her boy, and consider, the sight seemed to restore all her firmness of purpose to Jemima, and to clinch the nail. She put Jacob aside, and walked sternly down the yard. Jacob came after her, but seeing her blood was up, and having experimented contests in like circumstances, he did not care to come near her.—But let none suppose, that her trials were over, because she seemed firm and cool; and that pride and jealousy fully sustained her through this trial. The moment she was out of sight of Jacob and Joan, she turned round, to take a last look of her peaceful home, where she had been so constantly and happily occupied. I do not say, that she made a tragedy speech—but she wept, and felt abundantly more, than any heroine of the whole of them. There slept her home in the orchard. There were her children and her affections, her cows and cheeses. There was her small empire, with but one subject, whom she had in fact loved as heartily, as she had ruled sternly. In the bitterness of her dethronement, she sobbed, and heartily cursed the tall and insensible present occupant.

But Jemima was not a personage to become enervated by grief. On the contrary she had a spirit, which, had it not been imprisoned in the precincts of a petticoat, might have made her a conqueror. She waded the Monongahela. She crossed one stream upon a fallen tree; and another she paddled over in the first canoe, she could find, without inquiring very scrupulously, concerning the owner. Her appetite was not keen, the first two or three days of her journey. But she roasted clams on the Ohio, and ate pawpaws, wherever she found them. She asked for milk and bread and cheese on her way back, in the same tone, and with the same air, which she had commanded on coming out. Most of the nights she slept under a tree. But when she staid at a house, nobody heard her complain, or tell the story of her wrongs, or affect in any way the forlorn damsel. Whatever curiosity might have been excited, on her part, her look and manner repressed the expression of it, and one would have thought, that she had changed place with them, and

that she was obligor, and they obligee. Jemima had discovered, that if any one has the tooth ache, or the heart ache, it is much the wisest plan, to keep it to himself.

In short, she threaded back the hundred and twenty leagues with a firm and unbroken spirit. In something more than forty days from her departure, she crossed the Big Miami, and presented herself at the cabin door, from which she had escaped. The savage owner uttered one of his loudest interjections, when he saw her again. To-ne-wa, or the quick thunderclap, was brother of the chief, and had been, as we have seen, her admirer, and had suffered as much from her absence, as such a heart as his could be supposed to feel. Whoo! Whoo! says he. Who have we here? You run off. You come back. Pale face no good. You like red skins best. Truth was, the gallant bearing, and the reverential forbearance of To-ne-wa, whose slave she had been, and with whose mother she had lived, had undoubtedly made a certain progress in her affections; and there is no doubt, she would have yielded to his respectful suit, had not her heart been effectually shielded by impressions of duty, and recollections of Jacob, the elder, and Jacob, the younger, at Red Stone. That tie Jacob and Joan had broken forever—and nothing now stood between her heart and the fine manly person of To-ne-wa, who had uniformly treated her curve nose with almost the same respect, as Jacob had shown, although, by the fortune of war, she was his slave. The warrior, moreover, wore a blue soldier coat, faced with red, over a long chintz gown; and a small high crowned, wool hat with three pewter buckles in the band. His face was painted to a charm. He wore a large silver nose jewel. When he stepped, two hundred brass tinklers shook at once, from his knees down to his red and yellow moccasins. He was, besides, a man of authority in his tribe, and a fierce warrior, and a successful hunter. Nor was there a red skin beauty in the tribe, that would not have accepted the place, offered to Jemima, with pride and joy. Could Jemima be insensible to the charm of subduing her master, and ruling him, who, next the chief, ruled all about him? It was, indeed, a proud triumph for Naze Haken.

Here would be the place, to recite the particulars of the courtship. But brevity, as I think, is the life of these narratives, and I hasten to the *denouement*. They were married, after the Indian fashion; and a most glorious pow wow had To-ne-wa, when he called the curve nose his own squaw. He never before sung *he-aw-aw-hum* with such energy, and, in dancing, he beat up the ground, like the pestles of a powder mill. Poor To-ne-wa soon had to pay the fiddler for that dancing, and became gradually enlightened to the fact, that the gift of command is universal in its claims and enforcements. By hook she managed his savage and fierce spirit this way, and by crook she swayed him that way, until she had him as

completely in check, as she ever had Jacob. Soon after marriage, she told him, that they must have a good log house, like the whites. Whoo! says To-ne-wa, big house no good! and he flouted, and flung, like a bad school boy under correction. But the Indians were soon collected, to raise a good hewn log house. Jemima ceased not to tease him, until it was comfortably fitted up within. Next she told him, they must have an apple orchard, fences, and corn fields.—Whoo! says To-ne-wa. Me no love work, like pale face. Me love hunt bear, hunt buffalo. But To-ne-wa was soon in this city, making a trade for five hundred nursery apple trees, and he was directly surrounded with fences, and his house was in the centre of a fine large corn field. To-ne-wa, as had been his wont in former days, was overtaken with drunkenness; and he, who feared no other thing, or being in the universe, appeared before his wife, as a thieving apprentice comes before a master, that has caught him in the fact of stealing. A son was born to them, which she named Jacob, and the husband called Mock-e-wagh, or half white skin. When this boy was six years old, Jemima told her husband, that Jacob must learn his book, like the whites. This was the unkindest cut of all. To-ne-wa doted on little Mock-e-wagh, and intended to raise him to be a companion for him, in scouring the woods; and would as soon have thought of putting him apprentice to a man milliner, as to learn him to read. The settling this point had like to have come to a drawn battle. To-ne-wa got drunk upon his ill humour in the case, and threatened Jemima; but her nose never was curved more inflexibly. She called him drunken brute, and asked him, if he thought, that she would allow her dear Jacob to be raised like a beast, as he was. Whoo! says To-ne-wa, you are 'heap medicine;' you what pale face call *she devil.* But young Jacob was sent to the missionaries at the Maumee rapids. Nothing could prove more conclusively, that the power of commanding is a gift, and knows how to enforce its claims upon one race, as well as another. It was like making a squaw of the fierce warrior, to part with Mock-e-wagh. The parting extorted tears from him, and the gust of sorrow might have ended in ill temper, if the mother had not pushed off her son.

Whoever goes that way now, sees a snug log house, large fields, a neat apple orchard, bending with fruit—pear, peach, and plum trees, and five or six children, dressed neatly after the American fashion. They are all instructed; and it is a sight, to cheer a good man's heart, to see them sitting of a sabbath evening, one above another, according to their ages, with their bible, or spelling book in their hands; and To-ne-wa every where boasts, that his pappooses read better than those of the whites about him; and it is a question, whether Jacob shall become a lawyer, or a minister. The husband himself has become, in some sense, a civilized man, and a convert to our ways.

It is not two years, since To-ne-wa's wife was seen in this city, with a two horse wagon, and a tidy looking half blood boy, with his switch in hand, to keep off marauders from the wagon. She was loaded with cranberries and maple sugar to the market. Some of the people, as is their wont, turned over the sugar, curving their noses, and curling their lip a little, and asked, if it was clean? Jemima answered with a still sharper curve. Whoo! let your squaw come and see me, and I will learn her any day, to keep a clean house.

POETICAL.

TO A COQUETTE.

Go, fickle girl,—
Take to those syren arms of thine,
Some wealthy churl;
Let him with thorns thy heart entwine,
Then think of those, you 've plac'd in mine!

When cold disdain,
Like that thou giv'st, to thee is given,
Conceal the pain;
And when thy bleeding heart is riven,
Forget the world, and think of heaven!

ORLANDO.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE SPARROW.

I.

Sweet little Songster of the Evening, hail!
My rustic pipe, (of stop untaught,
And rudely touch'd,) perchance may fail
To sing thee, as it ought;
But shall I, therefore, fear to pay
Its humble tribute to thy lay?
No,—though each note should fall unheard,
And pass away—like thine, sweet bird!

II.

Oh! I have left the noisy throng
Around the festal board,
And listen'd to thy nightly song,
Beneath the moonlight pour'd;

Have drank the sweetness of thy lay;
Till whispering winds died soft away,
And stars mov'd on, in silent march,
Along the depths of their blue arch.

III.

And I have heard thy clear small note
From the still forest rise,
And o'er its silent bosom float,
Like music from the skies;
And I have laid and listened, till I felt
My own proud heart within me melt;
And almost breath'd a wish to be
A thing of melody—like thee.

IV.

Yes,—there 's a magic in thy strain,
That soothes my troubled breast;
That bids my passions sleep again,
And charms my soul to rest;
A power, that strikes the hidden key,
That wakes my soul to extacy,
And from the cells of memory brings
A thousand lov'd, and cherish'd things.

M. P. F.

POETIC SHIFTS.

Oh! for a ready handmaid Muse,
To call upon, as poets use;
And prattle with at will:
Or, when a rhyme or two is made,
T' invoke, for supplemental aid,
And thus the stanza fill.

'Tis wondrous, how young bards will dare,
To write their six or eight line prayer,
And teaze the great Apollo;
As though a being, so divine,

Had nothing else to do, but line
Heads, that the Lord made hollow.

The far fam'd Heliconian spring,
Was once (I grant) a pretty thing,—
That is, in Homer's day;
But, for two thousand years each bard
Has rung the changes on 't, so hard,
That nothing 's left to say.

Some want to scale the twin-peak'd mount,
That towers above the rhyming fount,
And catch the flying steed;
Who, if he carries each dull gump,
That tries to get upon his rump,
Is poorly off, indeed.

Some call the muses by their names,—
As though they really knew the dames,—
And single out their madam;
When, in nine cases out of ten,
Their museships could not tell the men,
From all the sons of Adam.

And others say right pretty things,
'Bout lyres, and harps, with sounding strings,
When gay and energetic;
Or, whine about a sad ton'd lute,
And set themselves to work—and toot,
Most mournfully pathetic.

And some there are, who seem to know,
That the true classic waters flow
Fresh from the gushing heart;
Who prove, that Nature's simple best
Still guides the son of genius best,
And triumphs over art.

M. P. F.

REVIEW.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, with a Preliminary View of the French Revolution. By The Author of 'Waverley,' &c. In three volumes. Carey, Lea & Carey. Philadelphia, 1827.

So many criticisms and comments have passed, and will continue to pass upon this work, that, in order to have any hope of being read, and consequently of being useful, we are conscious, that we must be extremely brief. General criticism, in any degree of particularity, upon so trite and beaten a theme, would be wholly superfluous, and the most curtailed abstract of such an immense body of history would occupy our whole sheets. The author seems to us, as respects the arrangement and manner, to have had in view that amusing and popular work, 'Russell's Modern Europe.' It is clearly a succinct history of Europe, during the period of which it treats, and the life, character and fortunes of Napoleon occupy the fore ground in the painting, only because they are really the points of intrinsic interest and importance. In this view the plan of the work resembles that of the biography of our Washington, which furnished the historian an attractive name, upon which to hang the history of our whole country, during the life of that great man.

This book commences with the peace of Versailles, in 1763; and, in a cursory view of the state of Europe at that time, unfolds the causes of the French revolution. It traces the gradual fermentation of the inflammable and incongruous elements, of which the general order of society was then composed, until it burst forth in that terrible explosion, by which Europe was shaken to its centre, by which thrones and altars, despotisms and republics, were alike prostrated to their foundations, and in which the abhorrent, blind and merciless despotism of an ignorant and infuriated rabble took place of that of the *grand monarque*. To such horrid lengths had the people proceeded, in stifling the voice of nature, that even the tenants of the infernal regions might have learned new lessons of enormity. A single example from a million crimes against nature will suffice. A young man rolled the grey and bloody head of a father, that had doted on him, upon the table of the midnight session of the Jacobine club, as an offering to the sanguinary moloch, which they blasphemed under the sacred name of liberty. The

steel of the guillotine became blunted with the indiscriminate decapitation of all ages, conditions and sexes, from the minister of the altar, to the aristocratic chief, and from the aged mother to beauty, dignity and virtue personified in madame Roland. It is as far from our wishes, as it is from the view of this subject, which we mean to take, to enter with any minuteness into this black catalogue of crimes. Human nature ought to revolt from the remembrance, that it could ever in any age, or country have so laid aside its character, to assume that of demons. The public mind has been sufficiently sickened with the horrors of that period. Marat, expiring from the dagger of the beautiful Charlotte, has been seen in every museum. Every one has read the dreadful and salutary lesson of the inevitable and righteous reactions of eternal justice, in the story of Robespierre, bleeding, and mangled by that same mob, that he had first disciplined to become fiends, and then unchained, and let loose upon mankind. Every one has at once shuddered, and breathed more freely, after the wretch had expiated his crimes, and heard his death knell rung in his ears in the cries of childless mothers, by him rendered widows, and childless. *Va, l'infame, a l'infer avec des maudissemens des meres.* Descend to hell, wretch, loaded with the curses of mothers. We may remark in passing, that the sketches of this triumvirate of fiends, Danton, Marat and Robespierre, are among the most bold and masterly writing in this book. They have been given in all the journals, and we need not repeat them.

In tracing this history of cruelty and crime, our feelings impel us, as a duty, to a single remark. Among the most prominent causes of this order of things, we discover the universal diffusion of the sentiment of atheism among the people, and a general and practical disbelief of the immortality of the soul. A thousand weak and vain literary men had served up these withering persuasions in all the literature of the day. The intellectual fountains were all poisoned at their sources with the general doubt of that grand and master sentiment, equally necessary for consolation and restraint, the being of a rewarding and a just God, and a future state of retribution.

Every one knows, that in this order of things, the mingled blood of the innocent and the guilty flowed in quantities, which might almost have rendered the Seine navigable. The king, amiable and weak in life, and voluntary action, and only respectable in suffering and death, fell on the scaffold. His strong minded queen, though trained in oriental luxury, and inhaling from infancy with the otto of roses the more delicious and intoxicating atmosphere of adulation and homage, terminated a career, so commenced, with masculine courage, expiring at the noon of her days amidst the execrations of *sans culottes*, an awful lesson to beauty, pride, and aspiring thoughts.

At page 264 of volume I, the history introduces us to Napoleon Bonaparte. The early history of his training, his first develope-

ments of character and his subsequent military progress, until he commanded the army of Italy are succinctly and happily given, and are generally familiar to the reading community. In this command he vindicated all the presages, which had been uttered of him by those, who had a ken to discern the signs of future character. Seldom has command been assumed under more difficult circumstances. But order at his bidding sprung from confusion. Men of discordant minds, languages and character were harnessed by him into the same yoke and wrought for him with the steadiness of mechanical power. A new species of military eloquence was created in his inventive mind. On the snowy and granite craggs of the summits of the Alps, he knew how to render French enthusiasm and military ardor irresistible, by pointing his soldiers to the sunny and outspread panorama of the fair, fertile and classic plains of Italy, and to evoke from the depths of history, the shades of Hannibal and the Scipios, only to give them the advantage in the comparison. The Austrians with their legions of steel, and their trained military exactness flew before him. At Lodi and Arcola, and other fields, he seemed in the language of his eulogists, 'to have chained fortune to his chariot wheels.' In this beautiful country, and under the singular predicament, in which he entered it, his astonishing mind had its fairest field of developement. At once impetuous and calculating, and mingling in the most intimate union traits, that had been hitherto thought incompatible, he effectuated all his purposes even beyond the sanguine expectations of his country, and dictated the peace. We may remark, as we pass, that his harangues to his troops here commenced in a style and manner, that followed him through all his subsequent career. Every one must allow, notwithstanding their turgidness and bad taste in many respects, obvious to the most common apprehension, that they are just the harangues to subserve his views, and commanders will have them in view, either purposely, or unconsciously, as models, to the end of time. It is the prerogative of genius, like his, to consecrate and perpetuate even its faults.

We next see him in Egypt with the same command over mind and physical nature, which he seemed to possess in Italy. The Turks, Arabs, and the motley races of Egypt are brought within the spell of his master mind; and magazines are formed, and an army organized, and successful marches achieved along the banks of the Nile, or the sands of the desert, with the same ease and success, as in Italy. There is certainly something grand in his speech to his army at the foot of the pyramids, where, as he said, a hundred generations from these gigantic masses were contemplating them. No where more forcibly, than in his curious conference with the Moslem priests, do we see the exemplification of his favorite and often repeated adage, *there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.* A concatenation of political motives, which can only be

inferred from an intimate acquaintance with the revolutions and parties of the day, and possibly some touch of enthusiasm and romance mingled with them, carried him to Egypt. Another revolution of the political wheel developed other motives and hopes, which caused him to desert the army of Egypt, and embark for France. He once more scales the Alps, and in his own phrase, precipitates his forces, like a mountain torrent upon the plains of Italy. Each new conflict was a new victory, and in the tremendous battle of Marengo he achieves a decisive triumph, which is the precursor of a peace, which he dictates anew. He is soon after declared first consul for life, with the privilege of nominating his successor. In this interval he has peace with England.

This peace, however, is but of short duration. Switzerland is overrun by the French troops. The rich and powerful colony of St. Domingo is separated from France by the massacre of all its white inhabitants, and its fall is the precursor of the general loss of the French colonies. At this time other military leaders in France had their partizans among the soldiery. Moreau was banished.—Pichegru and captain Wright were arrested, and soon after found dead in their prison. Georges and other conspirators were tried and executed. In the death of the duke of D'Enghien even the admirers of Napoleon have seen a stain upon his character, which there is not 'rain enough in the sweet heavens,' ever to wash away.

About this time he is crowned emperor of the French, and commences a new war with Austria. The improvident, and it should seem, the cowardly Mack is defeated with immense slaughter at Ulm, is shut up in that city, and surrenders it, and his army; offering to Napoleon laurels too easily won, to be estimated. In gaining the decisive and memorable battle of Austerlitz, he fixes a second era in his military career. Not long after Prussia provokes her fate, and the choicest of her sons fall upon the high places of Jena. His victorious troops march through Prussia to Poland, to measure swords with the Russians, and fight the murderous battles of Eylau, Heilsburg and Friedland. Soon after ensues the peace of Tilsit, which Bonaparte dictates to continental Europe.—Crowned with his own hand emperor of France and king of Italy, anointed by the Pope, and his usurpations sanctioned with all the solemnities of religion, and Providence seeming to set the seal to all these transactions, by granting him unbounded and universal success, well might he adopt as the motto of his iron crown, '*Dieu m'a donné*,' and feel as though there was no impediment between him and universal dominion, but the independence of the little island of Britain. To break down the resources of that country, he imposes upon continental Europe, the famous continental system, in which our commercial interests suffered so deeply.

In the pride of arrogant injustice, rendered blind by good fortune, he invades Spain, and decrees, after playing his singular game between the reigning king and his son, to impose his brother Joseph, as a king over that beautiful, but ill fated country. Though his fortunes, in appearance, had not yet reached their zenith, it has been remarked, that from the day of this invasion, there was foreseen in the horizon of the future, a gathering cloud, which though at that time but a speck in the verge of the sky, continued to receive darkness, until it burst in a storm, that overwhelmed him.—The Spanish people were as one man against the usurpation; and a great people, like the Spanish, can not fall, except by their own consent, and their own fault. Bonaparte and Alexander have their famous conference at Erfurt, and war is renewed between France and Austria. At the first of this war, the star of the arch duke, commander of the Austrian armies, seems at times to have the ascendant. But Napoleon's soon regains its wonted supremacy. He triumphs, enters Vienna, overruns good part of Austria, and once more dictates the peace of Schoenbrun. The amiable and accomplished Josephine, the West Indian Creole, who had smiled upon him in his low estate, and had been the maker of his fortunes, is divorced, to give place to the young, beautiful, and highly educated Maria Louisa, daughter of the proudest monarch in Europe, descended from a line of emperors, and devoted with the most bigotted attachment to all the trappings of birth and royalty. That such a sovereign would consent to wed such a daughter to a new man, a military adventurer, proclaims the triumphs of Bonaparte more amply, than a volume of words. This marriage was the visible point of his highest ascendency, and seemed like a declaration of his conquest of Europe. But it was well remarked, that his divorce from Josephine, to marry the young, proud, and beautiful Austrian, was his divorce from fortune. Long before this, the making and the unmaking of kings, had been with him but mere matters of holiday sport. All his brothers, save one, and his relatives by birth, or marriage were made kings, or princes, or cardinals; and the victorious leaders of his armies, princes, and dukes, and marshals, and generals. A smile from him was a pension; extending his hand a place, and a bow the summit of good fortune. Whole countries of different languages and laws were annexed to France. The honest, and money getting Dutch were first eased of the burden of their gold and silver, and then honored with his brother Louis, as their king; and soon after, their country was constituted an integral department of the great empire. To crown his apparent happiness, and to give the aspect of perpetuity to his dynasty, a son, the fruit of his marriage with Louisa, is born to him; and the importance of this small personage, this tiny monarch of Rome, in his golden cradle, as delineated by the slavish journals of the day, is not among the least amusing records of that period.

Notwithstanding the ominous successes of Wellington in Spain, Bonaparte breaks off the treaty of Tilsit, and against the remonstrances of Fouche, the wizzard of politics, craft and intrigue, he invades Russia, between which country and himself, ill will had been fermenting for a long time. He marches against the Czar with the most imposing and formidable force, that had, probably, ever been organized. The pride and the show were the re-acting of the ancient pageant of Xerxes against Greece. The difference only was, that the former was the array of Asia against Europe, and the latter of Europe against Asia. Providence had destined the issue in both cases to be the same. Over bloody fields and wide deserts and the smoking ruins of cities, and cottages, and palaces, and over the bodies of Russians and Tartars, he marches in the infatuation of triumph to central Asia. Before he arrives at Moscow, he gains the murderous battle of Borodino, in which sanguinary conflict 45,000 Russians, and 30,000 French were slain, or wounded, and soon after enters Moscow, only to find it an immense conflagration. Unable to intimidate, or wheedle the iron hearted Russians, the conqueror slowly retraces his steps, like a retreating lion, with his face towards the foe. After some disastrous battles, he feels the stern rigors of an arctic winter settling over his battalions, and the hitherto invincible leader has now to struggle with the omnipotence of nature, and he is taught to feel, in the arrogance of his might, what an insect man is, when measuring strength with the elements. His troops, the cattle and horses, that were dragging away the plunder of Asia towards Europe, fall by thousands, and the most affecting picture of this terrible retreat is the simple record of the facts, as they transpired. Even the magic pencil of Sir Walter Scott attempts no other delineation. Infants were frozen to death in the arms of their mothers. The cruel wintry wind chilled thousands of brave hearts to icicles. Regiments of Italians, as they sank in the stern sleep of winter and death, remembered the delicious climate of their dear Italy. The freezing soldiers fired the villages over their own heads, and those of their fellows, and scorched their own frozen limbs, and left their companions enveloped in sheets of flame, and vainly begging of them to end their tortures by shooting them through the head. Selfishness and suffering extinguished even the last movements of compassion. The annals of human misery record no story, like that of the retreat of the grand army from Moscow.

A few thousands of wretched, fugitives, remnants of the proud phalanxes, that had crossed the Beresina, in all the pomp and circumstance of war for invasion, recrossed it, retreating for life from the Tartars and the winter. The emperor Napoleon, a disguised fugitive in the meanest Inn's worst room, sends for his ambassador to Poland, and the dialogue, that ensues between them, page 388, vol. II, strikes us, as one of the most interesting, and characteristic

in the book. It gives a fine delineation of the burnings of shame, disappointed ambition, and vengeance; in short, the concentrated fury of all the human passions preying upon the emperor's bosom; and yet, such he felt to be the hard necessity of his case, that while he is writhing with this internal agony, his countenance must not only wear the smile of cheerfulness, but his tongue utter the words of hope and even levity.

Bonaparte was not without his reasons for his habitual contempt of human nature. Europe combines against him. The fair weather kings, that he had made, the princes, that had flattered him in his halcyon days, the generals, that had fought under his standards, desert his waning fortunes. Some of them turn their cannon and swords against him. He gains, however, the terrible battle of Dresden; but the subsequent one of Leipsic decides his fate. He retreats by desultory fighting with partial success towards Paris.—News reach him, that it is in the occupancy of the allies. He abdicates, and is conveyed a prisoner to Elba. The narrative of these momentous events by his biographer is full of intense interest. Elba does not long imprison his restless ambition. He lands in France, and, to use his own phrase, is borne on the shields of his soldiers to Paris, and causes the Bourbons once more to fly. His last exertions are the convulsive struggles of a giant, whose constitution is breaking down by spasm. Notwithstanding the flower of France had perished in his disastrous battles, amidst distrust, and ingratitude, and treachery, and poverty, and fear, and all the struggling factions of Paris, he creates a new army, as by enchantment, and falls, like a lightening stroke, upon Wellington and the Prussians on the Flemish frontier. The young English aspirants and the leaders of the 'invincibles' are summoned from the midnight ball room to prepare for the field of Waterloo. Wellington himself testifies, that before he had fought with men; and that now the contest seemed to be with beings of supernatural powers. Napoleon fought his last field without withering his former laurels.—Every one knows the remainder. He surrendered, and was carried over the ocean in a British ship of war to St. Helena. On that volcanic rock, raised by subterranean fires from the depths of the sea, he is destined to dream away the remembrance of what he once was. Impartial history has found innumerable littlenesses mingled with his greatness, in all his previous career. At last on the rock we see this astonishing man unbosomed. Appertaining to that great mind, formed in a mould, which seems to have never been used but once, we begin to see not only the common weaknesses of human nature, but the humble motives, and the puerile vanity of a child. Like a caged lion, he growls continually upon his keeper, when the smallest portion of his boasted philosophy might have taught him, that where it was impossible to resist, it was wisdom to seem, or to be resigned. Like a froward boy under correction, he

throws down his food, or his wardrobe, because they do not please him; and because he can not range twelve miles, instead of eight, unattended by British *surveillance*, he shuts himself up to pine, and perish for want of exercise. He had often talked of suicide, but unlike suicides in common cases, made known his intentions. We should have expected from the astonishing powers, that this great man could sometimes exercise over himself, that his consideration would have taught him at once to adopt a demeanor of calmness, composure, tranquillity and courteousness, which would have won universal favor, without meanness, or submission. He sometimes chose to assume this deportment; and the effect was irresistible even by his enemies. But his impatient and impetuous nature could not long sustain the painful effort of such acting. More than all, now, that an ocean rolled between him, and the diadems and baubles of royalty, and that he was forever awakened from his imperial dream, we would have desired to have seen him, with a noble simplicity, fall back on the resources of his powerful mind, and repel with scorn all the miserable observances of other days. But this man, who saw the ridiculousness of assumption so quick in others, this man, who knew so well to distinguish between the mockery and the reality of greatness and power, like a vain and feeble minded belle, to her finery, tenaciously clung to his title of emperor, to all ancient observances and trappings, and that not only from foreigners, but even from those devoted followers, who had abandoned every thing, to share his fortunes. This is to us the most humiliating view of Bonaparte, that we can take. He is certainly neither Dioclesian, nor Charles the fifth in his exile; still less is he Washington, or that man, he so much despised, La Fayette.

Chagrin, disappointment, hopes forever extinct, petty squabbles with his keepers, complaints about the terms of his *surveillance*, his fare, his baubles, his appointments and interdictions soon wore out that great and restless spirit, for which the scope of the world was too small a sphere. What a resource to him now, would have been the sentiment of a Father in heaven, and the hope of a happier existence in another life! Even he felt this want, and in an affecting conversation, admitted what a solace it would be. But as well might showers and dews be expected to descend on the central African sands, as the hopes of eternity visit a mind, that had been so long seared by ambition and earthly passions. That man must be more, or less than human, whose heart does not soften at the picture of this great man, great and illustrious even in the last infantine manifestation of weaknesses common to our nature, dragging his weary steps to the willow of the fountain, and looking back over the interminable billow, as he thinks of his young and beautiful bride, Maria Louisa, blazing in gems in the palace of the Thuilleries, smiling upon him, and handing him his little son, when she, and all the world watched his smile, as though he were a god. Under this

willow, as he reposed, and wiped away the sweat, he had full leisure to survey the contrast, and recal this sad dream of remembrances, and under this willow, he wished to find the still deeper repose of the grave, as a refuge from the cares and sorrows of life. Some of the sentiments of his will are simple and affecting. In the midst of a tropical storm, he breathed his last sigh, and his last struggle was that of a man, who shows his 'ruling passion strong in death.'—'*Tete d'armee*,' he cried, as his spirit passed.

But a small proportion of our readers will have read the biography before us, and for the rest we have sketched these prominent features of his eventful career. Every critical reader will take two views of this book. 1. As regards its character, in respect to style, eloquence and manner. 2. As regards its fidelity and interest, as a work of biography and history.

1. Even the successes of an author bring their disadvantages. It is difficult to meet high expectations. Imagination and the *beau ideal* in the brain always so far outrun any degree of attainable and actual excellence, that Sir Walter Scott could hardly have expected to escape the carping of disappointment. The sons of the tribe of Judah, the greedy booksellers had been stimulating the public appetite through a year of expectation. The author, as the 'great unknown,' had been furnishing for years the highest intellectual regale for all classes of readers, from the mitred dignitary and the orthodox minister, taking it in the concealment of their closet, down to the Miss in her teens, wiping away the tears of excitement with her blond tresses. He, who had written 'Old Mortality,' and drawn the unequalled picture of the execution of Jan Vich Vohr, and imagined the simple and matchless eloquence of Jennie Deans, on her introduction to queen Caroline, ought not to have been expected to transcend these individual *chefs d'œuvres*. But a mind is often found capable of greatness only in one direction. For ourselves, so far from being disappointed in this work, we confess, that it has raised our estimate of the powers of the writer. All doubts about the capacity of his mind, to range beyond one kind of individual excellence, was completely removed. He has here shown himself full, various, and of universal reach, to embrace every department of knowledge, and mastery over every province of the empire of literature. Samples of every species of fine writing might easily be selected from this book. We have been particularly struck with the fire, imagination, beauty and facility of a whole class of new illustrations and figures, having those distinguishing marks of excellence, which Horace and all succeeding critics have laid down, as tests of genius, namely, that they are so obvious, and seem to be so familiar, that every one will imagine, he should have used the same on the same occasion. It is thus, that a gifted writer gives us back the image of our own thoughts, without the trouble of invention. Who could think otherwise of a thousand

beautiful passages in this book, without he saw through the withering medium of base and bilious envy? In apprehending the force of this fine writing, a generous mind feels something of that pleasure, with which it beholds a steam boat of high power, breasting a mighty river, or the energies of nature, sweeping from her course the impediments, which art has laid in her way.

The numberless severe strictures, with which the French, British and American journals have teemed against this work, are calculated to teach a striking lesson, in another point of view. Aspirants after the immortality of literary fame may see, in the example before us, just how much it is worth. The huge stone is rolled with infinite and incessant toil to the top of the hill, only to thunder back upon him, who saw himself a moment before at the summit of his wishes. Who has been read, admired, and praised, or deserved to be, like the 'great unknown?' Scarcely is this great work published, so much the more astonishing, as it is evidently executed with haste, and under the nervousness of the hurrying of booksellers, and, perhaps, the duns of creditors, before a thousand knights of the quill rush forth from their kennels, and howl at the moon, as though they had now seen her, walking in her brightness for the first time. Verily Sir Walter Scott can tell them, that of *making books there is no end*, and that in the multitude of scribblings for fame *there is also vanity*. Never was more convincing proof, that they, who hunger and thirst after literary fame, must calculate to endure the standing and perpetual curse of Tantalus. As they scoop up the delicious draught from the fountain, and raise it to their lips, it escapes through their fingers, and leaves their throats parched. We have noticed, what might be natural to expect, in so great a mass of reading, an hundred errors of the press, which were, probably, in the original edition, and an hundred mistakes of haste, and an hundred false figures, and more than that, the omission of a multitude of incidents more striking, than those, upon which his pencil has conferred immortality. Yet with all these abatements, we have no doubt, that this splendid work will continue to be read with equal delight and instruction, after all the criticisms, not excepting our own, shall have been forgotten, or the strictures only remembered, in proof of the old and habitual warfare, that exists between the minds of the little and the great. The heavy minded, with whom dullness is dignity, find it too light and frivolous. They, in whose escutcheon the owl is the emblem of wisdom, and the bird of Minerva, find it wanting in profoundness. But to us, with all its faults, and we admit, it has many, it is the most valuable mass of history, hewn out of the shapeless labyrinths of that important period, of which it treats, that we have ever read. We do not assent to all his strange uses of words, or inversions of sentences. We do not like his undertaking an emission of new coined English, in which we find an hundred such words, as '*astucious*,' '*figment*,' '*bodement*,'

and the like. But we would not covet the mind, that looks at the sun only to find the spots in it.

2. The second view, which we take of this work, is to consider it, as a mass of history and biography. We have read copious French strictures upon it. In substance they are these: that it was arrogance in Sir Walter Scott, to assume a work, from which all the talented French writers of the day shrunk in dismay. To this objection one would think, it was an obvious and sufficient reply, that Sir Walter Scott did not, that we have heard, assume to write for France. This work was published for the English people and in England. Who would have thought it arrogant, for an American to have published a book upon the subject, for the United States? Every writer ought to know, better than a foreigner, what views of a subject will be most interesting and useful to his own people. Has Sir Walter Scott forbidden some competent French author, to write on this subject for France? But we much fear, the radical source of this objection is, that this work is so written, that the translation of it in French will render all efforts to write upon the same subject 'stale, flat, and unprofitable?' But again—Sir Walter Scott writes, as an Englishman, or rather, as a Scotchman, and manifests partiality, and gives views colored by national pride and prejudice. Be it so. We regret to confess, that we think, there are leanings in it in favor of the 'legitimates,' which we would have been glad to have seen spared. But are the French noted for being free in their writings from national prejudice, and partiality? We admire French literature; but every one makes allowances for the coloring of their nationality. Do we not expect a man to be prejudiced in favor of his own country? Or rather, do we not despise him, if he is not? When we see this partiality strikingly discolor and pervert facts, we accuse the author of weakness, and folly. But surely we all think better of a man, for loving his own country, and prefering it to every other. It is easy for every reader to say, as he advances in this work to a passage, which savors strongly of nationality, this is the view of a Scotchman. We must always pay this tax, when we read a foreign work.

But again, it is objected, that the present is too early a period for such a history. The coals of the terrible strife of the revolution, the imperial government, and the double occupancy of France by foreign troops, the restoration of the Bourbons, and the humiliation of a great and a proud people, ought not yet to be uncovered from the ashes, under which they are now buried. But, if the maxim, '*de mortuis*' &c. be true, it is still more true, that we ought to speak the whole truth of the living. For us, we say with Anacreon, if we deserve praise and fame, do not anoint a cold stone, but give us the comfort of them, while we live. If we have committed crimes, let us be justly punished, before the grave covers us with

its hallowed immunities, and spreads a pensive feeling of mercy and forgiveness over our faults.

The truth of the matter clearly is, that great revolutions naturally bring to light great minds, in the exercise of great virtues and great crimes. Bonaparte was but one meteor out of an hundred, that blazed along the darkness and crimes of the revolution.—Most of their orbits were, like his, eccentric. We admire the moral courage of Sir Walter Scott, who must well know, that he is an intellectual cosmopolite, in having dared to give such faithful likenesses of such an immense gallery of portraits of living characters, whose fame for splendid achievement, both of glory and crimes is co-extensive with the world. So much more historical teaching for the generations to come. Let the ambitious be taught, that even before the grave opens her city of refuge, and shields them in her inviolable asylum, conquerors and legislators shall have their laurels all classed, and their claims all settled before the inexorable tribunal of history.

Marshalls, and generals, and retainers, and a thousand individuals, personally interested, may wince at these graphic and bold disclosures. What has the independent and impartial reading world to do with all this? There are other men in the world, beside the duke of Wellington, or Dr. O'Meara, Sir Hudson Lowe, or the counts, Montholon, Las Casas, or general Gourgaud. Because certain presses in England denounce the work, shall our thousand presses open upon it in concert? In so doing, we think the public manifests any feeling, rather than the generous one of gratitude to the man, who, for fifteen years past, has furnished a greater amount of intellectual amusement, than any other writer in our language.

But to pause a moment upon specific changes. We find the author accused of faults, diametrically opposite. Some censure him for drawing a portrait, as they think, altogether too favorable of Bonaparte; and others for the attempt to throw in just praise enough, to gain the credit and confidence of impartiality, to give the more effect to after aspersion and calumny. Every one knows, that in a court of justice, the same evidence leads different minds to opposite conclusions. The question about poisoning the sick in the hospitals in Syria, and whether Georges, Pichegru and Wright died by violence, ordered by Bonaparte, or not; the guilt of the execution of D'Enghien, Palm and other executions, which we have never understood, that Bonaparte undertook to deny, that he ordered, will be settled differently, according as he happens to be a favorite with the reader, or not. Every one could have anticipated the views, which it would be natural to expect from Sir Walter Scott. But the indignation, manifested in these cases, seems to us more temperate, and more marked with the calmness of an historical pen, than that of any writer upon these subjects, with his opinions, whom we have read. We expected,

from what we had read in the journals, to have found Bonaparte, under the pencil of Sir Walter Scott a Robespierre.—We were astonished, on reading to perceive, that he had thrown as much light upon the shadowing of this picture, as any other biographer, save one, or two professed eulogists; and that he has, probably, given him credit for quite as many virtues, as he possessed. It has been a thousand times asserted, that the common saying of *madame mere*, the mother of Bonaparte, touching her son, was, that he had a cannon ball under his left breast, instead of a heart. The biographer assigns to him, what we suspect, every impartial reader will allow to be just, ambition and egotism, as the predominant traits of his character. But he finds him also affectionate in a thousand instances; records narratives of benefactions, generous acts, grateful returns, noble deeds; sincere tears over his wounded and dying companions in arms, gives the touching story of his sensibility in seeing the dog watching over the slain master on the battle field, mentions his considerate and generous deportment towards the widow of Theobald Wolf Tone, admits, that he loved his old and faithful spouse, his young and beautiful one, and supposes that his affection was reciprocated by them; sets him down as an affectionate father, and as kind and gracious in all his family relations. In short, it appears to us, that Sir Walter Scott, along with that unbounded ambition, pride, stubbornness and self-will, which, every one must admit, so strongly marked his character, throws in frequent impulses of good feeling, and as much graciousness and amiability, as he could any where find adequate authority to add, as relief to the picture. If the blunt Austrian general Kohler, after the long parting embrace of Bonaparte, declared, when questioned what he thought, during the embrace, answered, that he thought of Judas Iscariot, and if most English writers have given him the attributes of the leopard and the tiger, it seems to us, that Sir Walter Scott has constantly had in view the more generous character of the lion.

We know not how the *tout ensemble* of this picture, and the general impression from reading this book may affect others; but for us a kind of pleasing melancholly, feelings of sympathy, and dispositions to commiserate the fate of the illustrious exile were excited in us. We forgot, that his inordinate ambition had given death to millions; and only saw the worn out victim of human mutability, fanning away the perspiration of a tropical climate, disease and a broken heart; and we involuntarily cling to retirement, innocence and repose for ourselves, as we exclaim *vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.*

We beg leave to add one word, touching our own opinion of Napoleon Bonaparte. Had he never emerged from private life, we deem, that he would have been a man of deep feeling, of amiable and domestic character, a lover of nature, and a writer of very

es. His predominant and absorbing ambition, nurtured by unequalled success, and unbounded scope, swallowed up, and extinguished the finer and better feelings of his nature, and allowed the original stamina of his character to manifest themselves only in occasional impulses of good feeling, and snatches of generous action. No man ever saw so clearly through the heart quite to its under side. Unhappily for him, his eye dwelt chiefly on the black specks. He saw, too, by intuition the place, where originate the controlling appetites, and the grosser motives of human nature, and this knowledge was the secret, by which he governed all about him. It is clear to discover, that he despised human nature, and was an utter unbeliever in any good thing in it. His want of intrinsic and true greatness, and the master key to his character appears, in his resolute adherance on the rock to all the form, state and circumstance of imperial royalty, after the reality had passed away from him forever. How ready he had been, at the days of his prosperity, to despise the cumbrous grandeur of a petty German prince. He had no eyes to estimate the character of a prisoner on a volcanic rock, in the centre of the seas, willing to forego any thing, rather than the mockery of the title of emperor. The same vanity, that induced him to wear a plain gray over coat, in the midst of the dizened and gaudy pageants, that he had made kings, or allowed to continue such, swayed him on St. Helena, to exact equal homage from those persons, who had exiled themselves from social nature, to follow his fortunes.

The most pleasant, though not the most easy part of our task remains. It is, to select a few passages from this splendid work, which we consider of high interest, as well as fair specimens of the general writing. The reader will discover, that we have aimed to make these selections such, as have not been already hackneyed before the public eye.

We regret our want of space, to give copious extracts from the military harangues of Napoleon. They seem perfectly simple and natural; but are clearly the result of infinite art. Not a passion of the human heart, but receives its appropriate impulse. No motive can be imagined, that can thrill, or inspire with the enthusiasm of glory, or the contempt of death, upon which he has not seized. At one time he reminds his soldiers, what they will have to say to their wives, and *cheres amis*, their fathers and friends, when they return from the wars. At another time he tells them, that they will be selected from the crowd, and pointed out by the admiration of the multitude. 'There goes one of the brave soldiers of the army of Italy.' At another time he remarks on the morning of a great battle, as the signal gun is fired, 'soldiers we must finish this campaign with a clap of thunder.' On the morning of the terrible battle of Borodino, he says, 'soldiers, this is the sun of Austerlitz.' He reminds them, that they will have it to say in a glorious old age to

their children, 'I was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'

But we are admonished, that this article is extending under our hands, and we return from the subject of this work, to the writings of the biographer. The first selection, which we make, is an account of the procession, got up by the famous Anacharsis Klootz, 'the orator of the human race,' page 111, vol. I.

'There was in Paris a native of Prussia, an exile from his country, whose brain, none of the soundest by nature, seems to have been affected by the progress of the Revolution, as that of ordinary madmen is said to be influenced by the increase of the moon. This personage having become disgusted with his baptismal name, had adopted that of the Scythian philosopher, and uniting it with his own Teutonic family appellation, entitled himself—"Anacharsis Klootz, Orator of the Human Race."

It could hardly be expected, that the assumption of such a title should remain undistinguished by some supreme act of folly. Accordingly, the self-dubbed Anacharsis set on foot a procession, which was intended to exhibit the representatives of delegates from all nations upon earth, to assist at the Feast of the Federation of the 14th July, 1790, by which the French nation proposed to celebrate the Revolution. In recruiting his troops, the Orator easily picked up a few vagabonds of different countries in Paris; but as Chaldeans, Illinois, and Siberians, are not so common, the delegates of those more distant tribes were chosen among the rabble of the city, and subsidized at the rate of about twelve francs each. We are sorry we can not tell whether the personage, whose dignity was much insisted upon as "a Miltonic Englishman," was genuine, or of Parisian manufacture. If the last, he must have been worth seeing.

Anacharsis Klootz, having got his ragged regiment equipped in costume at the expense of the refuse of some theatrical wardrobe, conducted them in solemn procession to the bar of the National Assembly, presented them as the representatives of all the nations on earth, awakened to a sense of their debased situation by the choral voices of twenty-five millions of freemen, and demanding that the sovereignty of the people should be acknowledged, and their oppressors destroyed, through all the universe, as well as in France.'

The following is a powerful description of the reign of terror.

'The whole system of society, indeed, appeared only to retain some appearances of cohesion from mere habit, the same which makes trained horses draw up in something like order, even without their riders, if the trumpet is sounded. And yet in foreign wars, notwithstanding the deplorable state of the interior, the Republic was not only occasionally, but permanently and triumphantly victorious. She was like the champion in Berni's romance, who was so delicately sliced asunder by one of the Paladins, that he went on fighting, and slew other warriors, without discovering for a length of time that he was himself killed.

All this extraordinary energy, was, in one word, the effect of TERROR.—Death—a grave—are sounds which awaken the strongest efforts in those whom they menace. There was never any where, save in France during this melancholly period, so awful a comment on the expression of Scripture, "All that a man

hath he will give for his life." Force, immediate and irresistible force, was the only logic used by the government—Death was the only appeal from their authority—the guillotine the all sufficing argument, which settled each debate betwixt them and the governed.

Was the exchequer low, the guillotine filled it with the effects of the wealthy, who were judged aristocratical in exact proportion to the extent of their property. Were these supplies insufficient, diminished as they were by peculation ere they reached the public coffers, the assignats remained, which might be multiplied to any quantity. Did the paper medium of circulation fall in the market to fifty under the hundred, the guillotine was ready to punish those who refused to exchange it at par. A few examples of such jobbers in the public funds made men glad to give one hundred francs for state money, which they knew to be worth no more than fifty. Was bread wanting, corn was to be found by the same compendious means, and distributed among the Parisians, as among the ancient citizens of Rome, at a regulated price. The guillotine was a key to storehouses, barns and granaries.'

The apology, which the secretary of the Lyceum makes for the passion of the French armies, to plunder pictures, statues, &c. is amusing, if not eloquent.

'"It is no longer blood," said the orator, "which the French soldier thirsts for. He desires to lead no slaves in triumph behind his chariot—it is the glorious spoils of the arts and of industry with which he longs to decorate his victories—he cherishes that devouring passion of great souls, the love of glory, and the enthusiasm for high talents, to which the Greeks owed their astonishing successes. It was the defence of their temples, their monuments, their statues, their great artists, that stimulated their valor. It was from such motives they conquered at Salamis and at Marathon. It is thus that our armies advance, escorted by the love of arts, and followed by sweet peace, from Coni to Milan, and soon to proceed from thence to the proud basilic of St. Peter's."'

The destruction of an advancing column of French by the Tyrolese, furnishes an incident of sublime interest.

'The invading troops advanced in a long column up a road bordered on the one side by the river Inn, there a deep and rapid torrent, where cliffs of immense height overhang both road and river. The vanguard was permitted to advance unopposed as far as Prutz, the object of their expedition. The rest of the army were therefore induced to trust themselves still deeper in this tremendous pass, where the precipices, becoming more and more narrow as they advanced, seemed about to close above their heads. No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries, and the roar of the river, reached the ear of the soldier, and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a lazy mist, no human forms showed themselves. At length the voice of a man was heard calling across the ravine, "Shall we begin?"—"No," was returned in an authoritative tone of voice, by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, and sent to the general for orders; when presently was heard the terrible signal, "In the name of the Holy Trinity,

cut all loose!" Huge rocks, and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, began now to descend rapidly in every direction, while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rock, which could afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two-thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed; while the Tyrolese, rushing from their shelter, with swords, spears, axes, scythes, clubs, and all other rustic instruments which could be converted into weapons, beat down and routed the shattered remainder. As the vanguard, which had reached Prutz, was obliged to surrender, very few of the ten thousand invaders are computed to have extricated themselves from the fatal pass.'

The debate of the Russian generals, whether they should abandon Moscow to its fate, and the spirit of Rostopchin, its governor, afford an impressive description.

'A council of war, of the Russian generals, had been called, to deliberate on the awful question, whether they should expose the only army which they had in the centre of Russia, to the consequences of a too probable defeat, or whether they should abandon without a struggle, and as a prey to the spoiler, the holy Moscow—the Jerusalem of Russia—the city beloved of God and dear to man, with the name and existence of which so many historical, patriotic, national, and individual feelings were now involved. Reason spoke one language, pride and affection held another.

To hazard a second battle, was in a great measure to place the fate of their grand army upon the issue; and this was too perilous an adventure even for the protection of the capital. The consideration seems to have prevailed, that Napoleon being now in the centre of Russia, with an army daily diminishing, and the hard season coming on, every hour during which a decisive action could be delayed was a loss to France, and an advantage to Russia. This was rather the case, that Wittgenstein, on the northern frontier, being reinforced by Steingel with the army of Finland; and, on the south, that of Moldavia being united to Tormasoff,—Lithuania, and Poland, which formed the base of Napoleon's operations, were in hazard of being occupied by the Russians from both flanks, an event which must endanger his supplies, magazines, reserves, and communications of every kind, and put in peril at once his person and his army. Besides, the Russian generals reflected, that by evacuating Moscow, a measure which the inhabitants could more easily accomplish than those of any other city in the civilized world, they would diminish the prize to the victor, and leave him nothing to triumph over, save the senseless buildings. It was, therefore, determined, that the preservation of the army was more essential to Russia than the defence of Moscow, and it was agreed that the ancient capital of the Czars should be abandoned to its fate.

Count Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow, was a man of worth and talent, of wit also, as we have been informed, joined to a certain eccentricity. He had, since the commencement of the war, kept up the spirits of the citizens with favorable reports and loyal declarations, qualified to infuse security into the public mind. After the fate of Smolensk, however, and especially after the re-commencement of Bonaparte's march eastward, many of the wealthy inhabitants of

Moscow removed or concealed their most valuable effects, and left the city themselves. Rostopchin continued, however, his assurances, and took various means to convince the people that there was no danger. Among other contrivances, he engaged a great number of females in the task of constructing a very large balloon, from which he was to shower down fire, as the people believed, upon the French army. Under this pretext, he is stated to have collected a large quantity of fire-works and combustibles, actually destined for a very different purpose.

As time passed on, however, the inhabitants became more and more alarmed, and forming a dreadful idea of the French, and of the horrors which would attend their entrance into the city, not only the nobility, gentry, and those of the learned professions, but tradesmen, mechanics, and the lower orders in general, left Moscow by thousands, while the governor, though keeping up the language of defiance, did all he could to superintend and encourage the emigration. The archives and the public treasures were removed; the magazines, particularly those of provisions, were emptied, as far as time permitted; and the roads, especially to the south, were crowded with files of carriages, and long columns of men, women, and children on foot, singing the hymns of their church, and often turning their eyes back to the magnificent city, which was so soon destined to be a pile of ruins.

The Grand Army of Moscow arrived in the position of Fili, near the capital; not, it was acknowledged, to defend the sacred city, but to traverse its devoted streets, associating with their march the garrison, and such of the citizens as were fit to bear arms, and so leave the capital to its fate. On the 14th of September, the troops marched with downcast looks, furled banners, and silent drums, through the streets of the metropolis, and went out at the Kolomna gate. Their long columns of retreat were followed by the greater part of the remaining population. Meanwhile Rostopchin, ere departing, held a public court of Justice. Two men were brought before him, one a Russian, an enthusiast, who had learned in Germany, and been foolish enough to express at Moscow, some of the old French republican doctrines. The other was a Frenchman, whom the near approach of his countrymen had emboldened to hold some indiscreet political language. The father of the Russian delinquent was present. He was expected to interfere. He did so; but it was to demand his son's death.

"I grant you," said the Governor, "some moments to take leave and to bless him."

"Shall I bless a rebel?" said this Scythian Brutus. "Be my curse upon him that has betrayed his country!"

The criminal was hewed down on the spot.

"Stranger," said Rostopchin to the Frenchman, "thou hast been imprudent; yet it is but natural thou shouldst desire the coming of thy countrymen. Be free, then, and go to meet them. Tell them there was one traitor in Russia, and thou hast seen him punished."

The governor then caused the jails to be opened, and the criminals to be set at liberty; and, abandoning the desolate city to these banditti, and a few of the lowest rabble, he mounted his horse, and putting himself at the head of his retainers, followed the march of the army.'

The account of the occupation of Moscow by the French troops, is vivid and graphic.

'On the 14th September 1812, while the rear guard of the Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there where the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy City.

Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of Eastern architecture mingled with trees, and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke, not a man appeared on the battlements, or at the gates. Napoleon gazed every moment, expecting to see a train of bearded boyards arriving to fling themselves at his feet, and place their wealth at his disposal. His first exclamation was, "Behold at last that celebrated city!"—His next, "It was full time." His army, less regardful of the past or the future, fixed their eyes on the gaol of their wishes, and a shout of "Moscow!—Moscow!"—passed from rank to rank.

Meantime no one interrupted his meditations, until a message came from Murat. He had pushed in among the Cossacks, who covered the rear of the Russians, and readily admitted to a parley the chivalrous champion, whom they at once recognized, having so often seen him blazing in the van of the French cavalry. The message which he sent to Bonaparte intimated, that Milorado-vitch threatened to burn the town, if his rear was not allowed time to march through it. This was a tone of defiance. Napoleon, however, granted the armistice, for which no inhabitants were left to be grateful.

After waiting two hours, he received from some French inhabitants, who had hidden themselves during the evacuation, the strange intelligence that Moscow was deserted by its population. The tidings that a population of two hundred and fifty thousand persons had left their native city was incredible, and Napoleon still commanded the boyards, the public functionaries, to be brought before him; nor could he be convinced of what had actually happened, till they led to his presence some of that refuse of humanity, the only live creatures they could find in the city, but they were wretches of the lowest rank. When he was at last convinced that the desertion of the capital was universal, he smiled bitterly, and said, "The Russians will soon learn better the value of their capital."

The signal was now given for the troops to advance; and the columns, still in a state of wonder at the solitude and silence which received them every where, penetrated through that assemblage of huts, mingled with palaces, where it seemed that Penury, which had scarce means to obtain the ordinary necessaries of life, had for her next door neighbor, all the wealth and profuse expenditure of the East. At once the silence was broken by a volley of musketry, which some miserable fanatics poured from the battlements of the Kremlin on the first French troops that approached the palace of the Czars. These wretches were most of them intoxicated; yet the determined obstinacy with which they threw away their lives, was another feature of that rugged patriotism of which the French had seen, and were yet to see, so many instances.

When he entered the gates of Moscow, Bonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopt immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumour, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it, until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters by the report that the town was in flames. The memorable conflagration began among the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the Bazaar, or general market, which was the richest district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Napoleon, who had been roused by the tumult, hurried to the spot, and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the suburbs, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now attained such an apparently immense superiority. Yet he did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the advantage he had obtained, but availed himself of the light of the blazing Bazaar, to write to the emperor proposals of peace with his own hand. They were despatched by a Russian officer of rank, who had been disabled by indisposition from following the army. But no answer was ever returned.'

Every one has read the parting scene of Bonaparte from his guards, after his first abdication; and on his departure for Elba. We need not, therefore, repeat it.

The closing scene of the mortal existence of Napoleon, is given in the following words:

'During the 3d May, it was seen that the life of Napoleon was drawing evidently to a close; and his followers, and particularly his physician, became desirous to call in more medical assistance;—that of Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces, and of Dr. Mitchell, surgeon of the flag-ship, was referred to. Dr. Shortt, however, thought it proper to assert the dignity belonging to his profession, and refused to give an opinion on a case of so much importance in itself, and attended with so much obscurity, unless he were permitted to see and examine the patient. The officers of Napoleon's household excused themselves, by professing that the Emperor's strict commands had been laid on them, that no English physician, Dr. Arnott excepted, should approach his dying bed. They said, that even when he was speechless they would be unable to brook his eye, should he turn it upon them in reproof for their disobedience.

About two o'clock of the same day, the priest Vignali administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Some days before, Napoleon had explained to him the manner in which he desired his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what catholics call *un chambre ardente*. "I am neither," he said, in the same phrase which we have formerly quoted, "a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father.—It is not every body who can be an atheist. I was born a catholic, and will ful-

fil all the duties of the Catholic Church, and receive the assistance which it administers." He then turned to Dr. Antommarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the Doctor, however, disowned. "How can you carry it so far?" he said. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

As if to mark a closing point of resemblance betwixt Cromwell and Napoleon, a dreadful tempest arose on the 4th May, which preceded the day that was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the Exile's favorite, and under which he had often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane; and almost all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate.

The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around.—The words "*tete d'armee*," the last which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed his last.'

One extract more, in proof of the fact, that Sir Walter Scott does not seem to be disposed to be the calumniator of Bonaparte.

'There was gentleness, and even sensibility, in his character. He was affected when he rode over the fields of battle, which his ambition had strewed with the dead and the dying, and seemed not only desirous to relieve the victims, issuing for that purpose directions which too often were not, and could not, be obeyed, but subject to the influence of that more acute and imaginative species of sympathy which is termed sensibility. He mentions a circumstance which indicates a deep sense of feeling. As he passed over a field of battle in Italy, he saw a houseless dog lying on the body of his slain master. The creature came towards them, then returned to the dead body, moaned over it pitifully, and seemed to ask their assistance. "Whether it were the feeling of the moment," said Napoleon, "the scene, the hour, or the circumstance itself, I was never so deeply affected by any thing which I have seen upon a field of battle. That man, I thought, has perhaps had a house, friends, comrades, and here he lies deserted by every one but his dog. How mysterious are the impressions to which we are subject! I was in the habit, without emotion, of ordering battles which must decide the fate of a campaign, and could look with a dry eye on the execution of manœuvres which must be attended with much loss, and here I was moved—nay, painfully affected—by the cries and the grief of a dog. It is certain that at that moment, I would have been more accessible to a suppliant enemy, and could better understand the conduct of Achilles in restoring the body of Hector to the tears of Priam."* The anecdote at once shows that Napoleon possessed a heart amenable to human feelings, and that they were usually in total subjection to the stern precepts of military stoicism. It was his common and expressive phrase, that the heart of a politician should be in his head, but his feelings sometimes surprised him in a gentler mood.'

* Las Cases, Vol. I. partie 2de, p. 5.

Sketches of the History of Literature, from the Earliest Period to the Revival of Letters in the Fifteenth Century. By WILKINS TANNEHILL. John S. Simpson. Nashville, 1827.

In proof, that we begin to think in earnest about literature in this country, we may mention, that the booksellers of this city recently received proposals to print a 'Western Souvenir' from a writer, known well, and favorably in another region, and, as we deem, perfectly adequate to the task. In his hands, there could be no doubt of its execution in the best style, both as regards manner and matter. It was not without painful regret, that we discovered the reluctance of the 'trade,' to adventure in the project. We are encouraged to believe, that such a work will succeed another year. It would not be exactly creditable to a country, as large as a continent, and containing as great a population, as the whole United States, when we became a nation, that such a work, properly executed, should be of doubtful success.

However appearances may be to the contrary, we spend sufficient sums of money, in the west, in the purchase of books. We have only to regret, that the people generally purchase the trash and the refuse of literature, stale editions of useless works, hawked among us from the other side of the mountains, trumpeted, and vended, as new and important works, fresh minted from the press. The people have been used to expect their books, as their calicoes and silks, from abroad, and the effects of habit continue in operation, after the original necessity has ceased. It is earnestly hoped, that we shall not continue to bring from the Atlantic, poorer books of the same class, than those, we produce among ourselves.

It is cheering to our pride, patriotism, and all our virtuous local predilections, to see such a book, as this before us, the complete production of a country, but forty years old. The mechanical execution, the paper and type, it is true, go but a small way in forming its intellectual character. But every reader must be aware, what effect these circumstances have in influencing our views of a book. Notwithstanding all, that we have seen growing up under our eye, we still received an agreeable surprise, to see such a work, so executed, in Nashville. Few books have recently been published in the Atlantic country, every way in so handsome a style. The Philadelphians and Bostonians will soon have to graduate their scale of publishing, with an advancing degree of excellence, to preserve their wonted seperiority.

While our authors furnish good matter, so neatly printed, on such handsome paper, we earnestly exhort them to keep a sharp eye upon the proofs. The wayward male fairies, miscalled, 'de-

vils,' it is true, have long, and too long, held undisputed empire over our newspapers, and they play strange vagaries with printing, quite wide from the jurisdiction of Walker. We must sprinkle the sheets of our books with holy water, and watch, and labor, having no confidence, that these spirits, however harmless in intention, will not undo in a moment, what we have labored days to perform. We make these remarks, because, without the honor of any personal acquaintance with the author, we discover, that he is a careful and exact man. He will feel still more sensibly, than we do, that these honest, and well meaning spirits have played a few tricks with the many hard and foreign names in this book. Yet, even in this respect, it rises in comparison with an important work, that has recently issued from a press, that assumes to be the first in our country. There are fewer gross errors of the press in this work, in proportion to its extent, than in the Philadelphia edition of Scott's Napoleon. Nevertheless, there are some, and we are aware, that seeing them produces upon the eye of an exact author, just the effect, that the grinding of knives would on the ear of an amateur in the midst of a concert. It becomes our publishers to look well to this thing.

In a brief, modest and sensible preface, the author states, the object of this work, and claims indulgence, as a 'backwoodsman,' who had no access to libraries, and no months of literary leisure, and no shades, or shelter of academic porches, or halls, no countenance of literary societies; and he has seen fit to append to his name no line of L. L. D. Q. R. S. T.; and what is worse than all, he has no patronage of powerful and rich booksellers. The last, we well know, are able to give a temporary success to that, which is worthless—but they eventually burn their own fingers, in so doing; and the rest is all the mere trumpery, the black letter, and gothic emblazoning of literature, and better in the omission, than the possession. At any rate this book has no need to claim any indulgence on this score.

The legion of authors is almost innumerable, and every avenue to profitable book making seems as thoroughly barricaded, as the narrow streets of New Orleans are in the right season, with cotton bales. Yet the author has had the wisdom and tact, to discern a single chasm, as far as our reading enables us to judge, not pre-occupied by any book in any language. A cheap, plain and accurate manual history of literature has been hitherto a desideratum, which this book is intended to supply. The unpretending object of the work is happily set forth in the motto. The unlearned may improve from it; and the learned refresh their recollections. It comes nearest in form and spirit to a classical dictionary. But, in our view, it is clearly a more useful work. Instead of a meagre outline of the biography of single writers, detached from its connection with the literature of the times, we have here an unbroken chain in

chronological order, that unites the seemingly incompatible advantages of fullness, brevity, and the order of time, presenting a great mass of information in a form, to be grasped, and comprehended by the memory. It does not assume to compare with the travels of Anacharsis, or the splendid works of Roscoe, La Harpe, Schlegel, or Sisimondi. There are no flights, nothing ambitious in the style, or manner. But we have no hesitation in believing, that to common readers it will be found more useful, than either of them. It is a plain, simple and intelligible view of literature, from its commencement, down to the fifteenth century. Such a work, important, and necessary every where, is peculiarly so in this country.

We have our thousand and one professional men in our valley, who can vie with any other in native shrewdness and acuteness.—Let them, who have weak points in their cause, beware of the lawyer of their antagonist. We have physicians, whom we love, and honor; men, whose faces are browned by the wind and sun of the day, and the damps and frost of the night; veterans in benevolent labors, and the distribution of calomel, if not in ancient lore—divines, who know to unlock the fountains of joy and tears, if they are not so well acquainted with the sages of Greece and Rome. Every one of these professional men, however, is obliged on occasions to talk flippantly about those sages, or renounce all claims and all character for learning. It has gone into an unfortunate fashion, over all the civilized world, to exact from all, who make any pretensions to letters, an acquaintance with ancient and classical literature. We say unfortunate, because but a very few know any thing to any real purpose about this matter. And it is every way unfortunate for sound learning, that we should be obliged to discuss and assume to know, what we do not understand. Our very school boys quote these glorious names, before they can spell them. We all of us feel taller, and show larger than life, as we canvass those glorious old fellows, who have said all our good things before us. Full often from the pulpit, and the bar, and the literary circles, we have heard these ancient bearded, black letter sages compelled to broach opinions, and avow sentiments, of which, we suppose, they never even dreamed. Full often have we seen them with regret obliged, in the language of the country, 'to change works,' and Seneca metamorphosed into an ancient Greek, chopping logic, and Euclid, dragged forward through a good thousand years, compelled to write latin verses. Since it is required, that these names should be familiar in the mouth of every one, 'as household words,' since time, which moulders monuments of marble, and is wearing out the material universe, only covers them with a hallowed rust, which preserves them, and renders them holy, it is exceedingly desirable, that we should possess some real and exact knowledge, touching the life, character, and writings of the men, to whom they belonged. We hesitate not to say, that we know no book extant,

from which so much exact knowledge of ancient literature can be so compendiously, and cheaply gleaned, as from this before us. It is calculated to become, and we trust it will become a classical *vade mecum*, a common manual of the history of literature. Few of our reading people have money, or leisure to recur to the original sources of information. Even those, who read the histories of literature, to which we have referred, often find their memories burdened, and perplexed. The mass of reading is continually growing, and to keep any pace with it, we must be constantly recurring to judicious, and rightly managed abridgements. Contrary to the general impression, they are works extremely difficult of right execution. We deem the author to have been eminently successful in the effort before us. From the authorities at the foot of the page, we discover, that the range of his reading for materials was neither ignoble, nor narrow. The most imposing names in literature and criticism are given, as the originals of his views. Notwithstanding his modest *disclaimer* on that score, we have seen few private libraries, which could have furnished him a more ample, or at least a more useful mass of materials. With almost bashful pretensions, the book abundantly makes out the objects, set forth in the preface. The narrative is never perplexed. The style is perspicuous, and the order lucid. A sensible book, much needed, and calculated to fill up a particular chasm in literature for men of business, is produced; and we shall rest our hopes, touching the amount of patronage, that modest and industrious merit may calculate upon, from the circulation, which this book shall receive.

We should do an injury, rather than a service to it by attempting an abstract of it, for it is a work already abbreviated to the compactest form. We could hope no more, than either to give a barren catalogue of names, or such a copious abstract, as would tend to turn the attention of readers from the substance to the shadow.—The passages, quoted in illustration, are generally fine, and from the most distinguished translators and writers. Upon a few of the great names, which he has evoked, we could have lingered longer with pleasure. We particularly refer to the 'blind bard,' and the sweet Mantuan. The notices generally are judicious, and happy; and when the author ceases to speak, the wise and the good come up from the depths of the olden time, and speak for him.

We can not, however, persuade ourselves to dismiss this article, without giving the reader some idea of the fare, which this book spreads before him. The first chapter traces the origin of writing, from its most simple and obvious rudiments in hieroglyphic and imitative representation, to the astonishingly artificial invention of alphabetic characters. To what nation, claimed by several, the honor of this invention ought to be assigned, is not a very material inquiry. It is beyond question, one of the remotest antiquity.—

Writing was originally from right to left, and is still so with the Hebrew, and some other oriental languages. The original material, upon which it was marked, was bark, linen, or skins, in the form of parchments. The first paper used was manufactured from an Egyptian plant, called Papyrus, *Cyperus Papyrus*, from which our name, paper, is derived. The ancient form of books was a roll, or scroll; and from the circumstance of its being rolled up, it was called by the Romans, volumen, from the latin verb, *volvo*, and hence our English word, volume. The best authorities refer the commencement of science to Egypt. The dissertation upon Hebrew, or what is called sacred literature, commences, page 28, and is both amusing, and instructive, as, we may remark, the author is through this book, in illustrating the relation of sacred to profane learning. We should be glad to quote the striking remarks upon the psalms, and embody here his very clear account of works, generally but little understood, the *Midraschim*, *Mishna*, *Talmud*, *and Targum* expositions of the law, and the Hebrew scriptures. From Cadmus, the Phenician, we trace the sacred chain of letters to Orpheus, Linus and Musæus 'prophets old.' We are next introduced to the divine bard, to whom 'the gods awarded both good and evil, taking from him, sight, and compensating him, by granting sweet song!' Hesiod, as we think, has been uniformly assigned too low a place among ancient poets. Some of his verses are delightful to us, beyond those of any other poet, ancient, or modern. Of Tyrtœus and Alcœus, little remains. The sweet songs, and the despairing love of Sappho will be remembered to the end of time.

In the next chapter the names of Anacreon, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides are the only ones worthy of memory. His notice of the two great tragedians is full and happy; and he has made the quotations, best calculated to illustrate their respective merits. In the example of Aristophanes we see, that there were just such people in the olden time, as the far famed 'Peter Pindar' of modern days. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than the solemn gravity, which he assigns to Socrates, as he represents him lecturing in a basket, drawn up between the earth and heavens. Let great men of the present day understand, that abuse and ridicule are not matters of modern invention, and learn from the example of Socrates moderation, good temper and magnanimity. The moon abates nothing of her brightness, because curs bay at her; nor has the respect of all succeeding ages been in the slightest degree diminished by the pasquinades of this foul mouthed wit. The 5th and 6th chapters upon the Greek philosophers are both ample and instructive, and furnish much useful reading for the common occasions of life. Such also is the character of the 7th, which treats of the Greek historians, and the great orator.

The transition, in the 8th, to the literature of the Romans, borrowed from that of the Greeks, is natural. His summaries are

equally fair and happy, in his account of the latin classics, as are those of the Greek. His touches of Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Tibullus, Horace, Lucan, Persius, and Juvenal are compiled with spirit, and felicity. The historians, Cæsar, Livy, Sallust and Tacitus are called up, and walk beside the great shades of Cicero and Hortensius. His account of the two Plinys, Quintilian, and the delightful biographer, Plutarch, are sufficiently happy.

The 13th chapter presents the Christian and Pagan literature of the time of Constantine in one view; and, as we have remarked upon his manner of describing the connection between sacred and profane literature, we repeat, that he is equally fortunate in his views of the learning of the first ages of the church. His sketches of Druidical, and Arabic literature are fair compends of the best accounts of those subjects. He pauses, with discriminating judgment, upon the extraordinary character of Charlemagne, and his influence in the revival of letters. From a brief notice of the great Alfred, he proceeds to the authors of the times of the crusades, and thence to Abelard, whose love and misfortunes have received immortality from the pen of Pope; and thence to Roger Bacon, scarcely surpassed by his great successor of the same name. Brief sketches are given of the writings of the Troubadours and Trouveres. In a short passing notice of early English literature, he touches only upon the sweet and simple Chaucer. He is full and happy in his sketch of Italian literature and poetry. His notice of the astonishing Dante is the most ample and felicitous, as it seems to us, of any in the whole book. With a brief account of the elegant Petrarch, Boccacio and king James, and the revival of letters, by the dispersion of the Greeks of Constantinople, flying from its occupancy by the Turks, he approaches the times of the Medici, at which the work closes. He has not announced another volume, which seems necessary to fill out his plan, and bring the history down to the literature of the present day. It will be readily understood, that these are only a few of the prominent names, that appear in this volume. We give, as what we deem, the happiest notices in the book, those of Ossian, the extracts by Sir William Jones, from the Arabic poem of Amiolkais, and a part of his account of the 'Infierno' of the astonishing Florentine poet. We are pleased to find the author believing with us, that Ossian was a real bard, and no man of straw, as Dr. Johnson would have him to be.

'*Ossian* was the eldest son of Fingal, king of Morven, whose dominions lay among the mountains in the west of Scotland. Fingal was celebrated as a warrior amongst the warlike chieftains of his time; "he was terrible as the spirit of Trenmor, when in a whirlwind he comes to Morven to see the children of his pride: he was like a dark and stormy cloud, edged round with the lightning of heaven." Early in life Ossian married Everallin, the "dark haired" daughter of Branno, one of the many kings who then ruled in Ireland; by her he had

one son, Oscar, afterwards distinguished as a warrior, and who was killed in battle with Cairbar, king of Ireland. In the fourth book of Fingal, he speaks of his courtship of Everallin. To her he appears to have been tenderly attached, and frequently alludes to her in his poems. Everallin died in giving birth to Oscar, and it does not appear that Ossian ever married again. At the period, and in the country, of which we are now speaking, it was not unusual for the warrior and the bard to be united; hence we find that Ossian was as renowned in war, as became his high lineage, as he was distinguished as a bard; thus, we often find him in the thickest of the fight, dealing death among his foes; "were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, *does the bard of Selma fear the foe?* No: his joy is in the midst of battle." Ossian lived to an advanced age, and became blind; he survived all his family and the companions of his early days. In the decrepitude of age, and blind withal, he appears to have enjoyed the society of Malvina, the betrothed wife of Oscar, whom he also survived, and whose death he thus feelingly laments: "Malvina! where art thou with thy songs, with the soft sound of thy steps? Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam! Soon hast thou set on our hills! the steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! Soon hast thou set, daughter of generous Toscar! But thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder."

Ossian lived in a rude and barbarous age, and in a country where the refinements and luxuries of Roman manners had not reached. He is a poet of nature, and his works will hold a high rank, not only among the existing monuments of the literature of ancient nations, but as an example of grandeur and sublimity of style, which the artificial poetry of modern times has not been able to reach. In his poems we have a striking picture of the manners of the age in which he lived, and of the chieftain in his hall, in his camp, in battle and in the chase. Valor and skill in war are the themes which generally occupy his pen, because in all rude nations, such qualities are most highly valued. He is, however, not unmindful of the more gentle and amiable virtues of parental and filial tenderness, and his frequent allusions to the death of Everallin and Oscar show, that he possessed a heart susceptible of the most refined feelings and tender emotions. The style of Ossian, like that of all the ancient bards, is bold, energetic and highly figurative, expressing the noblest sentiments by the most apposite images. He does not indulge in that redundancy of expression, with which modern poets too often clothe their ideas, frequently making obscurity more obscure.

On the publication of a translation of the poems of Ossian by Macpherson, they were immediately pronounced forgeries, and the existence of such a person as Ossian declared fabulous. The authenticity of the poems being thus assailed, a wide field for discussion was opened, into which some of the most distinguished scholars of the day entered with much zeal, and their genuineness was combated and defended with great learning and ability. Although we find some who regard them as the sole productions of the genius of Macpherson, yet, from careful researches in the Highlands and the Hebrides, so many poems of a similar character are found to have been preserved among the people, that their authenticity is now generally admitted, and Ossian, instead of being looked upon

as a creature of the imagination, is acknowledged to have possessed a "local habitation," and was renowned in "days of yore" as a warrior and a poet.'

'The following extracts from the poem of *Amriolkais*, as translated by Sir William Jones, will serve as specimens of their style of composition. The author gives the following description of his horse:

'"Ready in turning, quick in pursuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing; and performing the whole with the strength and swiftness of a vast rock, which a torrent has pushed from its lofty base;"

"A bright bay steed, from whose polished back the trappings slide, as drops of rain glide hastily down the slippery marble."

"Even in his weakest state he seems to boil while he runs; and the sound, which he makes in his rage, is like that of a bubbling chaldron."

"When other horses, that swim through the air, are languid and kick the dust, he rushes on like a flood, and strikes the hard earth with a firm hoof."

"He makes the light youth slide from his seat, and violently shakes the skirts of a heavier and more stubborn rider;"

"Rapid as the pierced wood in the hands of a playful child, which he whirls quickly round with a well fastened cord."

"He has the loins of an antelope, and the thigh of an ostrich; he trots like a wolf and gallops like a young fox."

"Firm are his haunches; and, when his hinder parts are turned towards you, he fills the space between his legs with a long thick tail, which touches not the ground, and inclines not to either side."

"His back, when he stands in his stall, resembles the smooth stone on which perfumes are mixed for a bride, or the seeds of coloquintida are bruised."

'He thus describes a violent storm of rain and lightning:'

"O friend, seest thou the lightning, whose flashes resemble the quick glance of two hands amidst clouds raised above clouds?"

"The fire of its gleams, like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil poured on them, shakes the cord by which they are suspended."

"I sit gazing at it, while my companions stand between Daaridge and Odhaib; but far distant is the cloud on which my eyes are fixed."

"Its right side seems to pour its rain on the hills of Katan, and its left on the mountains of Sitaar and Zadbul."

"It continues to discharge its waters over Cotaifa till the rushing torrent lays prostrate the groves of Canahbel trees."

"It passes over mount Kenaan, which it deluges in its course, and forces the wild goats to descend from every cliff."

"On mount Taima it leaves not one trunk of a palm tree, nor a single edifice which is not built with well cemented stone."

"Mount Tebier stands in the heights of the flood like a venerable chief wrapped in a striped mantle."

"The summit of Mogaimer, covered with the rubbish which the torrent has rolled down, looks in the morning like the top of a spindle encircled with wool."

"The cloud unloads its freight on the desert of Ghabeit, like a merchant of Yemen, alighting with his bales of rich apparel."

The small birds of the valley warble at daybreak, as if they had taken their early draught of generous wine mixed with spice."

"The beasts of the wood, drowned in the floods of night, float like the roots of wild onions, at the distant edge of the lake." '*

We regard Dante as one of the most astonishing writers of any age, or country, and we think, we need not apprehend fatiguing the reader, by giving him the author's account of the 'infierno' entire.

'This poem recites the events of a journey, the poet imagines himself to have taken through hell, purgatory and paradise. He travels through the two first kingdoms of the dead under the conduct of Virgil, and through paradise under that of Beatrice, whom he had loved in his youth, and who died A. D. 1290.—The two poets set out together and arriving at the gates of Hell are admitted to the dreary regions where

——————"sighs, with lamentations and loud moans
Resound through the air pierc'd by no star."

They traverse these gloomy abodes, until they reach the "woeful tide of Acheron," over which they are transported in the boat of Charon whose

——————"demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Reck'ning, and each that lingers, with his oar
Strikes." ——————————

'Having crossed the gloomy Acheron, our traveller reaches the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of many, who for want of baptism, are not permitted to enter paradise.

"There Socrates and Plato both I mark'd
Nearest to him in rank, Democritus
Who sets the world at chance, Diogenes,
With Herodotus, and Empedocles
And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,
Zeno, and Dioscorides well read
In Nature's secret lore. Orpheus I mark'd
And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca
Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates
Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
That commentary vast, Averroes."

Careys Dante, Hell. Can. iv. 130

'In the fifth canto he describes the second circle of Hell, where

——————"Minos stands
Grinning with ghastly features"——————

* See the works of Sir William Jones, vol. 10.

Here he witnesses the punishment of those whose offences were not of the deepest die, and who were treated with some share of indulgence. Here he encounters the shade of Francesca, daughter of his friend and patron Guida da Polenta. Francesca was given in marriage to Lanciotto Malatesta, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother Paola, who possessed the graces which he wanted, engaged the affections of Francesca, and being taken in adultery they were both put to death by the enraged husband. Dante thus accosts her;

> ——————"Francesca! your sad fate
> Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
> But tell me, in the time of your sweet sighs,
> By what, and how love granted, that ye knew
> Your yet uncertain wishes? She replied:
> No greater grief than to remember days
> Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
> They beam'd instruction. Yet so eagerly
> If thou art bent to know the primal root
> From whence our love got being, I will do
> As one, who weeps and tells his tale; one day,
> For our delight we read of Lancelot,
> How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
> Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
> Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
> Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
> Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
> The wish'd smile, so rapturously kiss'd
> By one so deep in love, then he who ne'er
> From me shall separate, at once my lips
> All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
> Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
> We read no more."

Ibid, Can. v. 113.

'This passage has been particularly admired, for the delicacy and sensibility with which the unfortunate Francesca intimates her guilt, and the interest of the narrative is increased when we remember, that she was the daughter of the liberal friend and generous protector of the author.

'In the sixth Canto he gives the following description of Cerberus, who, according to heathen mythology, guarded the entrance to the palace of Pluto.

> "Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
> Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog
> Over the multitude immersed beneath.
> His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,
> His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which
> He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs
> Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,
> Under the rainy deluge, with one side
> The other screening, oft they roll them round,

A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm
Descried us, savage Cerberus, op'd
His jaws, and the fangs show'd us; not a limb
Of him but trembled."

Ibid, Can. vi. 12.

'Under the guidance of his Mantuan friend, he visits every part of the infernal regions, which he minutely describes, according to the opinions then entertained—he converses freely with the shades he meets, learns from them the causes of their confinement and punishment in this place of horror—he witnesses their torments, which he describes in language that makes the very blood run cold at the recital. But, among the host whose crimes had condemned them to endless and excruciating torture, none suffer more than heretics—those who were bold enough to deny the infallibility of the pope, and dispute some of the dogmas of the church. This sufficiently marks the temper of the times, and shows that, whatever disposition existed to promote polite literature, there was no charity for those who ventured to think and speak, upon religious subjects, in a manner at variance with the established creed. These hopeless sinners were confined in tombs burning with intense fire:

"Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,
From them forth issued lamentable moans,
Such as the sad and tortur'd well might raise.
I thus: 'Master, say who are these interr'd
Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear
The dolorous sighs.' He answer thus return'd:
'The arch heretics are here, accompanied
By every sect their followers; and much more,
Than thou believ'st, the tombs are freighted: like
With like is buried; and the monuments
Are different in degrees of heat.' "

Ibid, Can. ix. 119.

'Having traversed the first region of the dead, he emerges from the gloomy abode of suffering, and enters Purgatory, where the souls of the elect are chastened by long sufferings, before they are permitted to enter the gates of Paradise. Of his entrance into Purgatory he thus speaks:

"Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound
A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone,
Which when the wretched birds of chattering note
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.
Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,
High up as the first circle, to mine eyes
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I scap'd
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom
That had mine eyes and bosom filled with grief.

The radiant planet, that to love invites,
Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath
The Pisces' light, that in his escort came."

Ibid, Pur. Can. i. 7.

'Having passed through the various departments of Purgatory, where he meets with many of those celebrated men who had adorned Italy, and who were going through that state of probation which is to fit them for their future residence in the regions of bliss, he arrives at the terrestrial paradise, which he finds situated on the summit of a mountain. He is conducted through Paradise by Beatrice, whose descent from heaven he describes in the following beautiful language:

"I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Oppos'd, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attemper'd, at his rising, that the eye
Longwhile endur'd the sight: thus, in a cloud,
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreath'd,
A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath
Green mantle, rob'd in hue of living flame:
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shudd'ring dread,
Albeit my eyes discern'd her not, there mov'd
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me."

Ibid, Pur. Can. xxx. 23.

'He is conducted by Beatrice, through the different abodes of the blest, and their several states of beatitude are painted with the same glowing pencil. He first visits the moon, the first residence of the blest, which he finds inhabited by the souls of those who had pronounced vows of celibacy and religious seclusion, but who had been compelled to renounce them, as in the case of Picarda, a holy nun, whose story the poet relates. The second heaven is the planet Mercury, where he meets with the Emperor Justinian, with whom he enters into conversation, and who kindly offers to satisfy his curiosity with regard to whatever he may desire to know, relating to the second heaven. The third heaven is the planet Venus. The fourth heaven is the Sun, where the souls of Thomas Aquinas a Dominican, and Buonaventura, a Franciscan, have found resting places. The former enters into an account of the life and character of St. Francis, while the latter in like manner celebrates the virtues and piety of St. Dominic—an act of courtesy they would scarcely have performed whilst on earth. The fifth heaven is the planet Mars, where the souls of those who had nobly drawn their swords, and combatted for the true faith against the infidels of the holy land, are rewarded. Here Dante encounters one of his ancestors, Cacciaguido, who speaks of the simple manners of his countrymen in his day, when Florence

"Was chaste and sober and abode in peace."

'He predicts the exile of our poet, and exhorts him to write his poem. The sixth heaven is Jupiter, where he finds the souls of those who had administered justice rightly in the world, so disposed, as to form the figure of an eagle. Here the poet, who seems to have entertained some doubt, respecting the possibility of salvation without belief in Christ, has the difficulty solved, by being told that

> "None ever hath ascended to this realm,
> Who hath not a believer been in Christ,
> Either before or after the blest limbs,
> Were nail'd upon the wood. But lo! of those
> Who call 'Christ, Christ,' there shall be many found
> In judgment, further off from him by far,
> Than such to whom his name was never known,
> Christians like these the Ethiop shall condemn:
> When that the two assemblages shall part;
> One rich eternally, the other poor."

'The seventh heaven is Saturn, inhabited by the souls of those who had passed their lives in holy contemplation. The eighth heaven, is that of the fixed stars, where the poet sees

> ——————"the triumphal hosts
> Of Christ, and all the harvest gather'd in
> Made ripe by these revolving spheres."——————

'He ascends to the ninth heaven, where he is permitted to behold the divine essence. In the tenth heaven he beholds the Virgin Mary, whom St. Bernard supplicates, that our poet may have grace given him to contemplate the divine majesty, which being granted,

> ——————"Beck'ning smil'd the sage,
> That I should look aloft; but ere he bade,
> Already of myself aloft I look'd;
> For visual strength, repining more and more,
> Bare me into the ray authentical
> Of sov'reign light ——————
> Such keenness from the living ray I met,
> That, if mine eyes had turn'd away, methinks,
> I had been lost; but, so embolden'd, on
> I pass'd, as I remember, till my view
> Hover'd the brink of dread infinitude."
>
> *Ibid, Par. Can.* xxxiii.

'He thus describes the Trinity:

> ——————"In that abyss
> Of radiance, clear and lofty, seem'd methought,
> Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound:
> And, from another, one reflected seem'd,
> As rainbow is from rainbow: and the third
> Seem'd fire, breath'd equally from both,"——
>
> *Ibid.*'

A Discourse delivered in Hollis Street Church, Boston, September 2, 1827: occasioned by the Death of Horace Holley LL. D., late president of Transylvania University. By JOHN PIERPONT, Minister of Hollis Street Church. Stephen Foster. Boston, 1827.

Of all species of writings, epitaphs and funeral eulogies are allowed to be the most difficult. The limits between just and indiscriminate praise, the simple and appropriate coloring of truth and nature, and the daubing of flattery, the natural and virtuous sympathy, which flows from the deep fountains of real and unexaggerated feeling, and the mawkish affectation of mourning and grief, are, as was the constant saw of Napoleon, touching the interval between the sublime and the ridiculous, so narrow, and so little obvious, that it requires not only strong talent, but a tact and delicacy of perception in managing which belongs to but very few, to discover them, respect them, and keep on the right side of them. The common mode, which seems settled by prescription, is to spend no other thought upon the subject, than to accumulate a sufficient amount of eulogy, and to suppose either nature, and the whole human race in tears, or at least that part of the species and nature, that was within the range of the acquaintance of the deceased. We, who tarry behind, are compelled to see nature under a very different aspect; and to recognize in most of these efforts fancy paintings of man, or rather angels in the abstract. They are alike unaccompanied with the charms of fiction, or the convictions of truth.

Those, who have taken a higher range, have generally looked to Bossuet, as a model. There is certainly something imposing in the grandeur of his images, and the imperial splendor of his funeral pieces. He rolls along the full volume of his deep words, in all the nobleness of diction, and all the solemnity of glory and greatness departed, casting their rays back upon the earth from beyond the tomb. Of all funeral oratory, his is surely the most magnificent and Ciceronian. But here, in republican America, the standard of thought and expression is so entirely different from that of royal France, that the strain, which would be decorous and impressive in the one country, might perhaps be gorgeous, overstrained, and we had almost said ridiculous, in the other. The recollection of most of our readers will supply them with examples of funeral eulogy, which have proved failures, through the attempt at too close an imitation of the great French orator. Indeed to deliver a modest, simple, faithful, natural, eloquent, useful and pathetic funeral eulogy is no common achievement, though every one is ready to make the attempt. But few know rightly to unlock the deep fountains of tears, without compromitting the reverence due to God and reli-

gion, and the majesty of truth. Remembrances rush upon hearer and speaker. The grave is open before both. The mourners have their attachments and their weaknesses. There is no point in our brief career, where oratory may be allowed so much of the pomp of the buskin. It is expected, that the dread immunities of the tomb will screen from observation all, that the mourners might wish forgotten. Yet the stern requisitions of truth are to be held forth in the light of eternity. All these jarring claims are to be rightly adjusted on an occasion, which seems to allow no emotions, but those of tender remembrance, and the mutual disposition to forget every thing, but the virtues of the deceased, and the sorrows and the appaling penalty of our common nature.

In a passing notice of the sermon before us, our readers are aware, that the character of this journal interdicts any expression of our own views, in regard to the differences of opinion, which are well known to have existed in this quarter, in relation to the religious speculations, and the views of ministerial decorum and obligation, so frankly and fearlessly avowed by the late president Holley. Our whole concern is with the sermon before us, as a sample of funeral eulogy, and in this respect we consider it one of unusual elegance and felicity. There are two, or three expressions in it, a tribute, we presume, to the prevalent fashion in the polished circle, where it was delivered, that were new to our less delicate perceptions. But, taken as a whole, we could not but remark the difference of the orator's style and manner, from that, of which a speaker of less tact and discernment would have availed himself on this occasion. Mr. Holley must be allowed to have been a man of very unusual splendor of personal endowment; possessing the peculiar charm of a fine person, great natural quickness, an imposing manner, a brilliant and sparkling eye, and a voice of music, which hymned its sweet tones in the ear of memory, after he had ceased to speak. While some considered his orbit devious and eccentric, and the light of his path as not of benign aspect, in his extended and important sphere, all admitted, that his course was one of impressive and dazzling brightness. Imagination can not picture a situation more terrible, more full of fear and horror, and yet more thrilling and sublime, than that, in which, in the meridian radiance of his mighty mind, and the unwasted and unbroken strength of his powerful frame, he resigned his spirit to Him, who gave it. What an accumulation of epithet, what a multitude of exclamations, what a perfect bombast of thunder, storm, and commotion of the waves, together with numerous and terrible personifications of pestilence and divinities of the seas, and the whole phalanx of ideal existences, called up from the empty halls of imagination, would a common orator have played off on his audience on such an occasion! How beautifully unlabored, and simple, and

yet how impressive and sublime is this delineation from the few strong touches of Mr. Pierpont!

'You have seen him, you have felt him, when he has stood before you in the glory of his intellectual strength, in the beauty of his manhood, in the noon of his life; and, O how changed! we have seen him in the darkness of his dying hour. Of the throngs that have gathered around him to be instructed or delighted by his voice, and that even now come together where his name is to be named, not one was near him to hear the last faint whisper from his lips; not one to kneel in the night watches, as he had knelt by the death-bed of others, and commend his spirit to the God who gave it. It was in darkness that he lay; darkness of the skies and of the mind. It was upon the lone waters that he died.—Is not thus to die, to taste the bitterness of death?

President Holley was graduated at Yale College, 1803; commenced the study of law in New York; soon after relinquished it for the ministry, influenced, the orator supposes, by veneration for the late learned and virtuous president Dwight; was first settled in the ministry at Greenfield-hill, the same place, where president Dwight had been settled before him; relinquished it, to be installed pastor of the church in Hollis Street, Boston; left that church in 1818 for the presidency of Transylvania University; resigned that office last winter, and in March descended to New Orleans; remained there, until the latter part of July, a stay too late for a person so robust and unacclimated, and embarked at that advanced period of summer for New York. The passengers carried the latent germ of pestilence in their bosoms. The fierce ardors of a tropical sun, reflected from the sea, soon quickened the seeds of disease in their frames to fatal activity. It is best, that the orator should himself describe what followed:

'He embarked for New York on the twenty-second of July last. But he had remained too long on the fertile, but too fatal banks of the Mississippi. The plague that falls upon so many of the children of New England—the pestilence that walketh on those shores in darkness, and wasted on those waters at noonday—had marked our friend for its victim. When but a few days at sea, the yellow fever showed itself on board. One after another fell before the destroyer. It was a scene of suffering and of horrible fear. So intense was the heat, that the deck was the couch of the sick and the well alike. By night as well as by day, a canvass sheet alone shielded them from sun and storm. She who for so many years was with you, my brethren, in your daily walks, and your weekly worship, was the only one of her sex on board. She was herself wasting and withering under the dreadful malady. One fellow sufferer breathed his last at her side, in the dead of night, in the midst of a thunder tempest. He who had watched over her with a husband's love, and, with a father's fears, had trembled for his son, felt at last the blow upon his own brain. His reason reeled under the shock. His noble form fell down, when that fell down which was its glory. The mighty, in form and in mind, wrestled strenuously, wrestled madly, with Death: but what is the strength of man, when wrestling with that dread Angel

of the Lord! On the morning of the thirty-first our friend died; and at evening, the same day, his remains were let down into the deep.'

We know not whence the verses, which the author quotes near the close of the sermon were extracted. But they strike us, as beautiful, except an epithet in the last line.

> ''Oh! had he lived to reach his native land,
> And then expired, I would have blessed the strand.
> But, where my husband lies I may not lie;
> I can not come with broken heart to sigh
> O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf:
> His pillow hath no cover but the surf:
> I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
> Near his cold bed:—he slumbers in the wave!
> Oh, I will love the sea, because it is his grave.'
> 'Thou shalt not float upon thy watery bier
> Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
> Without the meed of one *melodious* tear.''

The spirit of the sermon is a discriminating eulogy of the late president. It notes with emphasis his almost unrivalled powers of extemporaneous eloquence, upon which his posthumous fame must rest, since he has left few printed memorials behind him. He notes the well remembered tribute to this eloquence, when a Boston audience, for the first and last time, broke over their measured observance of divine service by an involuntary theatrical applause of his artillery election sermon. On the whole this is a funeral eulogy, which, in most respects, we would desire to see followed, as a model for compositions of that kind.

Oration, delivered at the Court House in St. Clairsville, on Washington's Birth Day. By Thomas H. Genin, Esq.

Every writer understands the difficulty of writing an address upon a subject so trite and beaten. But the greater the difficulty of such an effort, the higher is the meed and the honor of surmounting it. Considering the narrowness and brevity of his compass of range, and the discouragement of seeing so many thousand footsteps of the strong and the weak impressed on the same ground, the orator has acquitted himself, as we think, with so small credit.

From the time of his lamented decease, the birth day of the *great and good Washington* has justly became a day of rejoicing and jubilee. It is right and just thus to refresh in the memory of the passing and coming generations the deeds and virtues of the truly

great and good. The verdure over their graves should never be suffered to become sear. Fresh tributes of laurel and cassia should still be strown upon them; nor should the theme of their virtues ever be allowed to pall on the ear by repetition. Fashion, intelligence, youth and beauty, all that attracts, and all that inspires homage, ought to be assembled on these occasions. The temples of worship, and the halls of legislation ought still to array their assemblies, to take such views of the departed, as religion and patriotism suggest. We regret to remark, that a day, which ought to constitute one of our proudest and most distinguished holidays, the birth day of Washington, is going into disuse, as a day of national observance. Here and there in the Atlantic country, it is still kept with martial show, and the sounds of music and the dance. We are pleased to see the practice reviving in the west. Independent of the fitness and utility of this observance, such addresses, as this of Mr. Genin, always tend to a salutary result. While the storm, raised by the miserable insanity of party fury, and the most deplorable of all party madness, that, which turns upon names instead of principles, is raging round us, it can never be without some beneficial tendency, to recur to the calm, unpretending and real greatness of the political career of such a man, as Washington.—Calling up the name and the deeds of such a character can not but have an effect to blench the cheek, silence the bluster, and palsy the exertions of noisy demagogues, and hollow pretenders to patriotism.

The oration before us has a little of the blank verse moulding of an ancient fourth of July harangue—but on the whole is respectable, both in style, manner and sentiment. It takes the customary views of the career of the great man, whom it eulogizes, and compresses as happy an abstract of his prominent acts and virtues, as could easily be comprised in so small a compass. If our readers will attentively peruse the following extract, they will not only be able to judge of the general tenor of this oration, but will receive a lesson, which, we earnestly wish, might be blazoned by a thousand tongues, and forced before the eye from all our presses, until the people should arise in the majesty of their strength, and instead of directing their angry zeal against each other, should pause, and question the motives of those, who are blowing up the coals of party strife and division among them.

'Soon after his retirement from the Presidency of the Union, the voice of his country again called him to lead her armies and avenge her injuries. Though unwilling, he felt it his duty to obey the summons. France had flagrantly violated our rights, and refused, or neglected to atone. Convinced of this, he would not "intrench himself behind his age and infirmities," but proceeded to organize the legions of war. On the accession of Bonaparte to the government of France, he composed the growing quarrel; but Washington was numbered

with the dead before tidings of this reconciliation reached our shores. Full of days and glory, he retired from the scenes of life, to slumber with his fathers.—Full forty-five, out of sixty-seven years and nine months, he had lived for his country. No man had conferred equal benefits on his nation, or on his race.—His fall drew tears from millions: the veteran warrior, who had waded with him through the gloom of his country's misfortunes—the matron who had been saved by his valor—the statesman whom his arm had shielded and vindicated—the blooming youth, whose ears had drank, whose heart had been fired by the story of his deeds—the philosophers, the friends of civil liberty, and the good of every clime, deplored his doom; for their common father was no more—their great exemplar had become the victim of all-conquering death—the instructor of nations, the pride of human nature, could only be seen and contemplated in his works—works pregnant with the happiness of man! Let those who bawl their party follies, and move the damning genius of faction, cast one look at the lesson of the mighty dead, and learn the impropriety of their conduct. Yes, ye who endeavored to alarm your simpler fellow countrymen with the appellations of federalism and democracy; you who live in the rays of peace, and gather harvests over the grave of the martyrs of liberty, listen to the counsels of the best of men and greatest of patriots, and resolve, if you revere his memory, respect his wisdom, or love your country, never more to nourish party spirit, so emphatically by him pronounced dangerous to its happiness and liberty. Or if you would judge for yourselves, uninfluenced by his opinion, search the long records of ages past: see Carthage ruined by factions—hear Athens groaning beneath her thirty tyrants—view Rome deluged in the blood of her citizens, and her government overthrown—see Poland rendered contemptible, and finally partitioned by her neighbors—observe France seeking shelter in despotism—and see the energies of our own country half paralyzed in the late contest with Britain, through the ascendency of party spirit. Go contemplate the miseries it has produced, the republics it has destroyed, the blood it has effused, and then be convinced, if you can, that parties are useful in a state to any but knaves—that they are not, in the language of Swift, "the madness of many for the benefit of a few;" the mean, which vice employs to set itself above virtue; which ignorance approves, because it exalts her over knowledge; which folly adores, because it raises her over wisdom; which the unworthy, the madly ambitious of every clime, have advocated; which the good and the wise of all countries have condemned; which Robespierre adored, and Washington despised.'

The following splendid extracts are from a biographical notice of the late Fisher Ames—the pride of American orators and good men, contained in the American edition of the New Edinburgh Encyclopædia, by Dr. Caldwell of Lexington, Kentucky.

'His speech, on the appropriations for carrying into effect the British treaty, was certainly the most august and resplendent exhibition of his talents; and may almost be regarded as constituting an epoch in modern eloquence. An English gentleman of distinguished attainments, who was present on the occasion, frankly acknowledged, that it surpassed, in effect, any thing he had ever heard in the British Parliament. He even preferred it to Sheridan's celebrated

speech in the case of Warren Hastings. It had, perhaps, more of the irresistible sway, the soul-subduing influence of ancient eloquence, than any thing that has been heard since the days of Cicero. The circumstances attending its delivery were peculiar. A brief recital of them will not, we flatter ourselves, be deemed uninteresting, or regarded as a departure from the duty of the biographer.

The debate on the subject of the treaty had been unusually protracted.—In the course of it great liberties had been taken in the exercise and expression of individual feelings; and the collision of party politics had been inordinately keen. The public mind, having felt a deep and lively interest in it at first, had become weary and exhausted by its unexpected length, and was now extremely anxious, that it should be brought to a close. The house itself, particularly the great body of the members who had already spoken, gave strong manifestations of the same temper. For several days, the question had been repeatedly called for, by numerous voices at once, with a vehemence amounting almost to disorder.

During all this time, Mr. Ames, in a feeble and shattered state of health, and bowed down by a load of languor and despondency, had remained a silent spectator of the conflict. He had even determined not to speak at all, because he felt himself unequal to the exertion, and had, therefore, made no preparatory arrangements. As the moment, however, approached when he was to join in the vote—a vote, on which, in his estimation, depended the future prosperity and happiness of his country, his resolution forsook him, and his patriotism triumphed over his prudence. From an expectation, on the part of some, that the question would be that day decided, and of others, that, perhaps, Mr. Ames would be induced to speak, the lobbies and galleries of the house were overflowingly crowded. The flower of Philadelphia was present on the occasion.

Under these circumstances, with a pale countenance and a languid air, the orator rose, and, in a voice feeble at the commencement, addressed himself to the chair. When he first took the floor, a murmur of approbation escaped from the audience, who in their keen impatience, that the debate should be closed, would have been tempted to frown on any other speaker. To this involuntary expression of the public satisfaction succeeded the most profound silence, that not a syllable might escape unheard. Animated, for the moment by the workings of his mind, and inspired, as it were, by the occasion, with a degree of life and strength, to which his frame had long been a stranger, the orator's ardor and energy increased, as he proceeded, his voice acquired a wider compass, and he carried the house triumphantly along with him. Never was man gazed at with more steadfast attention; never was he listened to with more thrilling delight. Pale and sickly, as it was, his countenance seemed at times, under the irresistible illusion of the moment, to be irradiated with more than mortal fires, and the intonations of his voice to be marked with more than mortal sweetness. We speak feelingly, for we heard him throughout; and never can his image be effaced from our recollection, nor his accents seem to fade on our ear. Even now, after a lapse of nearly sixteen years, his look, his gestures, his attitude—all the orator seems embodied before us, and we dwell in imagination on the sound of his voice with undiminished delight. He addressed himself to every faculty of the mind, and awakened every feeling and emo-

tion of the heart. Argument, remonstrance, entreaty, persuasion, terror, and warning, fell, now like the music, and now like the thunder of heaven, from his lips. He seemed like patriotism in human form, eloquently pleading for the salvation of his country. The effect produced, resembled the fabled workings of enchantment. He threw a spell over the senses, rendering them insensible to every thing but himself. We venture to assert, that while he kept the floor, no person present had the slightest consciousness of the lapse of time.

When he resumed his seat, the audience seemed to awake as from a dream of delight. So absorbed were they in admiration—so facinated and subdued by the charms of his eloquence, that no one had the proper command of his faculties. Conscious of this, a leading member in the opposition moved for an adjournment, that the house might have time to cool, and the vote not be taken under the influence of the overwhelming sensibility which the orator had excited. This circumstance was in itself a tribute to the eloquence of Mr. Ames far beyond what language can bestow. It was a confession, extorted from a political adversary, that even the spirit of party was vanquished by his powers.'

* * * * * * * * * *

'Although eminent as a jurist, and still more so as a writer, he was most distinguished as a statesman, and an orator. The style of his eloquence was peculiar to himself. We know of no model, either ancient or modern, to which it can, in strict propriety, be compared.—Too rich to borrow, and too proud to imitate, he looked into himself, and drew on his own resources for whatever the subject and occasion demanded. He sought, indeed, for information from every quarter; through the abundant channels of reading and conversation, no less than those of observation and reflection. But when knowledge once entered his mind, it experienced so many new combinations, and underwent such a thorough digestion, as to be completely assimilated to his own genius. Although it entered as knowledge derived from another, it soon took the character of the intellect it nourished, and went forth again, when required, to appear in a renovated and more radiant form. Nor was it in respect to its form alone that it sustained a mutation. It was augmented in its bulk, and multiplied in its ramifications, like a scion planted in a fertile and well watered soil. In relation to the modes of debate it pursued, and the abundance of instruments it was in the habit of using, a more pregnant, plastic, and versatile mind perhaps never existed. Nature and art were alike tributary to its amazing resources. With an ease and velocity which we never, we think, witnessed in any other being, it would bound through the range of space from pole to pole, and from earth to heaven, returning fraught with the choicest lights and happiest allusions, with all that was rare, and new, and beautiful, as means in illustration of some topic of debate. Capable of sporting with the lightest objects and of wielding the mightiest, it passed, with equal familiarity, from the dew-drop to the ocean, and the whispering of the breeze, to the roar of the elements. As circumstances demanded, its subject appeared either in a dress "*simplex munditiis*," elegantly simple, or clothed in a style of oriental magnificence.

In the different views entertained on the subject by different individuals, the oratory of Mr. Ames has been compared successively to that of most of the dis-

tinguished speakers that have flourished,—to the oratory, in particular, of Burke and Chatham, Cicero and Demosthenes. He has been even said, to have formed himself on the model of each of these illustrious standards in eloquence. The criticism is, in both its branches, erroneous. The oratory of Mr. Ames, although equally lofty, was less gorgeous than that of Burke, less full and swelling than that of Cicero, and, though somewhat similar in its sententiousness, energy, and point, less vehement and abrupt than that of Chatham or Demosthenes. In unstudied ornament, striking antithesis, fertility of allusion, and novelty of combination, it was certainly far superior to either. Nor is it just to the reputation of Mr. Ames, to represent him as an imitator of either British, Roman, or Grecian eloquence. That he was familiar with the best models of the art, both ancient and modern, will not be denied. He studied them, however, not with a view to servile imitation, but merely for the purposes of instruction and improvement;—with the intention, perhaps, of correcting faults, but certainly not of acquiring excellencies. Something negative might have been derived from them; but every thing positive originated in himself. After collecting the best lights, that extensive reading and enquiry could bestow, he retired within himself and followed the bent of his own genius.

In the various exterior qualifications of the orator, Mr. Ames, though not perfect, was certainly accomplished. His figure, somewhat above the common size, was well proportioned, erect and manly. His countenance, although not marked by the strongest lines, or the boldest features, was lively and intelligent, susceptible of great animation and variety of expression, when thoroughly warmed and illumined by debate. His voice was clear, distinct and melodious, of sufficient compass to fill the largest of our public buildings, and capable of great variety in its intonations. His action, although not, perhaps, varied to the extent that was allowable and even desirable, was easy, graceful, and appropriate; and, in his more lofty and impassioned flights, became sometimes dignified, bold and commanding. Without ever descending to what might be denominated the stratagems of oratory, he, notwithstanding, practised that command of temper, and never failed in the observance of that regard to the feelings and disposition of the house, which are such powerful auxiliaries to argument and persuasion.'

Errata.—Some errors escaped the press in the last number.—Among others the following:—Page 340, in 'Stanzas to a Mocking Bird,' 2d verse, 2d line after *thy*, insert *timid*. 14th verse, last line for *bleeding* read *breaking*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Want of space compels us to omit a review of the interesting novels of Charles Brockden Brown, which we had prepared, for this number. That, together with a notice of 'Early Lays,' and 'Lyrical and other poems,' by William G. Simms, jun. Esq. of South Carolina will appear in our next.

To our Louisiana friend, who enquires about the health, progress and prosperity of this journal, we answer, that so far as subscription and prescription can help the cause, we have no reason to complain. In the western part of that state, in particular, we number a great many patrons of the highest respectability. We receive advice, in ample abundance, and many a 'priest's blessing.' But nothing braces the whole system, physical, moral, and intellectual—all the departments of fancy, imagination and memory, all the powers of exertion and industry, all the nerves of hope and confidence, like prompt payment. Every remittance not only helps to smooth the brow of our paper maker and publisher, but contributes, as we believe, more than all the advice, and medicine, that we could take, to the birth of a good number for the next month.

To our friend, 'Occidentalis,' we beg leave to say, that his communication is for various reasons inadmissible. Let him not mistake our motive. A clear and cogent physiological discussion would not be refused, because it contained strictures on the views of the editor, or Dr. Caldwell; though, we think, that 'he has to learn,' with some other things, that it is drawing pretty largely on the magnanimity of an editor, to expect, that he will publish strictures on himself. When he shall have written a treatise upon *phrenology*, and have clearly made out, that it merits what, we presume, he intended to be the opprobrious name of 'phrenomancy,' and will do us the honor to lay that treatise on our desk, we will pledge our best exertions, and our utmost impartiality to the review of it. It is one thing to dissect a human body, and a very different thing to walk understandingly, and straight forward, through the dark mazes of metaphysical discussion.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1827.

[The following tale has come to hand from a friend, who lives in the bush. He seems to suppose us acquainted with the various editors of journals, who have offered premiums for the best written tales to be presented within a given time; and appears desirous, that we should transmit the following, that it may take its chance with the rest. We have not the honor to be acquainted with any one of them; though we are exceedingly gratified to find so many at once able, and disposed to act the part of Mecænasses. This circumstance, and that of the MS. being placed at our disposal, will account for our publishing it; though, we confess, the article is something out of our line. As exercising our critical function, however, we hope we shall not transcend our jurisdictional limits, when we say, that we have seldom read any thing more affecting. Indeed, we had once or twice, in reading it, a vague surmise, that the author was quizzing us. If we ever obtain the two volumes, of which he speaks, we shall, probably, understand his purpose more clearly. Meanwhile, in reference to the author's wish, that it may take its chance, as a prize essay, we can only say, that should it happen, in this form, to fall into the hands of any of the aforesaid gentlemen, they certainly can read it easier in print, than spell it out of the plainest handwriting. We know the writer to be poor, a poet, and an author, encumbered with a family. If these claims do not soften their hearts in his favor, we fear, that even this touching tale will not. If any of them, moved by a wish to encourage modest literary merit in distress, see fit to award thirty, twenty, or even ten dollars, or any sum, over or un-

der, down to five, and will remit the same to us, post paid, we pledge ourselves, that we will in like manner remit it, post paid, to the author.—Ed.]

VIOLETTA AND THOROUGHGRABB.

A TALE.

'If you have tears to shed,
Prepare to shed them now.'

In a beautiful square opening, cut out of a beech forest, in that part of the state of Indiana, bordering on lake Michigan, latitude and longitude neither recollected, nor material, is a log house, called by its tenants by the more pastoral name of cottage. In fact, it was named by the young lady, who is the heroine of the following story, *Tecumthe-place;* and the aforesaid wood, being three hundred miles in length by forty in medial breadth, was in like manner by her denominated *Tecumthe-park*; and the above named lake, *Tecumthe-place-water*. A sweet lawn, in the proper season covered with a tall and thick growth of gourd seed corn, and spreading an area of forty full acres, extended from the cottage, as a centre, in the form of an exact square. Many thousand rustic seats, we can not call them tripods, for they rested on but one leg, and they were vulgarly called stumps, rose in every direction to the height of two feet, formed for that purpose by a beautiful artificial slope from the circumference to the centre. Hence the shepherds and shepherdesses need never promenade more than ten paces at once, without finding a seat on which to repose, while enjoying the beauties of nature, and talking the flowing heart.—Here and there, to the number, perhaps, of an hundred, tall dead trees arose, either as ready planted maypoles, or memorials of the gone by generation of trees, or still bearing the furrow, which marked, that they had been scorched by heaven's lightning.

The cottage aforesaid had nothing in its external or internal appearance, to distinguish it from a thousand similar erections all over the country. But a whole history of one, or fifty folios of recollections, according to the fertility of the beholder's imagination, was naturally associated with the place, which it occupied. It was built among the ruins of an Indian village. Here, for countless ages, and unknown generations, had flowed the tide of life. Here Indian chevaliers and dark haired maidens had assembled in grand tournament, to receive, and award the high meed of valor. Here the warrior's bosom had swelled, and the eye of the lady of his love had melted. Here a thousand tales, intended for Love's own ear, had been whispered. Heroes more magnanimous than Æneas, and more valiant and triumphant than Hercules, had

'struck the post,' and had modestly spared other bards and warriors, the trouble of singing, and publishing their exploits; because, alas! there was in those days neither spelling book, nor grammar, paper, nor press; and they were driven to the painful necessity of blowing their own trumpet. Here the venerable and hoary headed priest had celebrated mystic and solemn rites, as he invoked the Great Spirit, and performed the awful pow-wow, and danced to the deep song, *he-aw-aw*. Here the almost inspired medicine man, looking benignly on the sick, had prepared his bitter decoctions, made from herbs gathered, while wet with the dews of the night, and cropped under the silent influences of the full moon; and with a disinterestedness and grandeur of spirit, wholly unknown to modern professors of the healing art, had taken the medicine himself, and charged no higher for his nauseous dose, than would have been a fair fee, if the patient had taken it. In one word, all that is tender and exciting in chivalry and love, all that is imposing in achievement, performed, and sung by the same person, all that crowds the brain in remembrance, all that is awful in religion, all that is disinterested in the aforesaid mode of practising medicine, had been acted over, again and again, in this village, for we know not how many generations. Memory could not fail to re-people these romantic shades with the noble forms of legions of warriors, returning from the buffalo hunt, and here received with the acclamations of their wives, sons and dusky loves.

Still further to raise the spell of imagination, high thought, and solemn remembrance, hard by was a mound. Our profoundest western antiquarians know not, and are thereby in a head scratching quandary, whether this huge heap of earth was raised for war, or defence, sacrifice, or a vegetable cellar, an observatory, or a manure heap, a *caveau* for wine,—in fact, it is by no means certain, whether the Indians drank wine, or not; a slaughter house, or a cemetery, a pottery, or a place, where giant children played puddles and pans. A cemetery is as likely to be near the fact, as any other conjecture, because, on digging into it, charcoal and ashes were found at the bottom. Though some will still have it, that it was, after all, an Indian ice house. We leave visions and conjectures to romancers, and stick to the naked and stubborn fact. In digging into this mound, there were found two pieces of rotten wood, vulgarly called punk,—the one weighing three pounds, and the other five; a number of leaves, which some learned naturalists affirm to be those of the bread-fruit tree of Otaheite, while others contend as earnestly, that they are leaves of the pawpaw of Scioto; two big bones, some say of the mastodon, some of the megalonyx. We for our part barely suggest with great modesty to M. Cuvier, whether they may not be two petrified limbs of a hickory tree. Seventeen clam shells; and a prodigious number of smaller bones, which we are not anatomists enough to determine, whether

they are those of porkers, or, as we say in the West, 'humans.' Whatever difference of opinion there may be in reference to these very important investigations, every one must allow, that the awful dubiosity of the subject is its most sublime attribute. Imagination, with a white handkerchief in her hand, and tears of memory and excitement in her eye, can not but love to walk in solemn meditation, round and round this mystic mound, and expatiate over this ancient and inexplicable heap. Here, where rolled the tide of life, where rose the acclamations of noble warriors, where trilled the nightingale song of the ruddy damsels, where sported the young and innocent children of these past generations, all is now solitude and silence, save the solemn hoot of an hundred owls, the screaming of parroquets and bluejays, at once most splendid in their plumage, and unprofitable in their song. Alas! these beauteous dwellers among the branches display their green and gold, exciting little regard in the romantic bosoms of the present occupants of this cottage. Tell it not to the fair damsels, that grow pale over the midnight lamp, and the leaves of Scott and Cooper! The gabbling of wild turkies, the quack of wild ducks, the cry of wild geese and swans, raising unhallowed associations—forbidding thought!—with rifles, lead, and dripping pans, are a thousand times more musical in their ears, than the prolonged strain of nightingales, of which there are none in the country, or the song of red birds and mocking birds, of which there are plenty. But these things, if a courteous public will only encourage us to set the whole matter forth in two volumes, bound in boards, shall all be told to their entire satisfaction hereafter. At present, suffice it to say in one word, that Tecumthe-place was the very metropolis of the tender passions and romance.

A respectable swain, lank sided, raw boned, and formed in nature's best mould for a great day's work, with a most flowing and venerable beard, except at the end of each fortnight, when the razor was let in upon it, clad in skins of beasts, which his own rifle had slain; a silent, laborious and faithful wife, the companion of his bed, and the partner of his toils, and the feeder of his chickens; six stout and jolly sons, and a fair daughter, the heroine of the subsequent story, inhabited the cottage of Tecumthe place. But though this mansion was named after the fashion of England's nobles, the tenement was no monument of feudal bondage, nor held from the tenure of baronial insolence. The present owner had been smitten deeply with its romanticity and associations with history, and still more with its promising aspect, as a corn field, before the wood nymphs had been alarmed by the resounding axe. The mercenary concerns of pen, ink and parchment had never been seen in this sylvan domain of nature. Birds, beasts and Indians had entered, and departed, as verdure, shelter or game called them here, or to another place. By the same motive the present

possessor had seen, liked, and—shall I speak, or forbear?—had squatted on it!!

But after four sons and the aforesaid daughter were born to him, and hundreds of people had manifested similar romantic predilections for various chosen spots in Tecumthe place park, the vile and appropriating mechanism of pen, ink and parchments found its way to this grove. Scramble and appropriation were followed by lawyers, and these sylvan sons of the forest feared, lest some whiskered soldier should come with his sword on one side, and a limb of the law on the other, and expel them from their sweet and secluded sojourn. These terrors circulated, even as the nerves convey sensation to the brain, to that grave assembly of sages, who, calm and fair spoken, as the gods, sit in high divan in the midst of the nation, looking benignly from this central spot to the circumference of their orb, to promulge laws, and vouchsafe protection. By them an assuaging plaster was soon applied to this grievous sore. In the upper world this was phrased *pre-emption right.* In the rural, but significant speech of the swains, this body is called Johnny congress, and the aforesaid relief, the *patton* of uncle Sam. The occupant of Tecumthe place had complied with all the stipulations of this law, and had become absolute and fee simple owner of this soil, by a tenure at once more valid, respectable, and absolute, than that, by which the autocrat of all the Russias sits on his throne.

Of the aforesaid six sons we do not now speak, and we shall tantalize the reader with eternal silence, unless he encourage us, to print the aforesaid two volumes in boards, when he shall hear all. Our feelings attract us irresistibly to our present concern with the aforesaid only fair daughter of the owner of 'Tecumthe' place.—She was called Violetta Lillietta Tabitha Killbear. The three first pastoral and appropriate names she received, as we surmise, in consequence of two odd volumes of two novels, which happened by one of those strange accidents, that seem to determine all mortal things, to stray into the house of her mother, before she was born. The soil of that good woman's mind being *tabula rasa* a land unoccupied, and untilled, the contents of the aforesaid volumes, being spelled out by the diligent application of her leisure hours for years, took root in the aforesaid fertile and vacant ground, and threw up a most profuse crop of weeds. Or, if we may change so fine a figure, the fire of the tender passion in the aforesaid volumes fell into her bosom, like a spark of fire into a barrel of gun powder. The whole premises, for ought we know, might have been blown up, had not her lucky star, about that time brought her in contact with Mr. Killbear, whom she married, and with whom she moved to Tecumthe place, as it was afterwards called. The romanticity, with which her bosom constantly labored, escaped silently, and usefully in the rural occupations of milking the cows, feeding the pigs and poultry, and other pastoral labors, until after

bearing four sons, as aforesaid, a circumstance, which more properly belongs to the two volumes, accumulated the elastic spirit once more in her gentle bosom to a dangerous excess. With the birth of our heroine, however, and with bequeathing her the name, which the reader has just read, the pent up mischief spent itself harmlessly. A complete lustration was performed in her whole nature; and sentiment, or word of romance never felt, or spake the more. But this last sin of romance in the mother seems to have been visited upon the daughter; for she grew up the oddest compound of romance and matter of fact, of beauty and gigantic size, and athletic power, of impulse and calculation, that we have ever known. She early learned to read from the two volumes, which had wrought so mischievously with her mother. When she had arrived in her teens, the propensity to read novels was already an appetite. Her father and mother doated upon her, and she wrought all her pleasure in the family. One of her first acts of authority was that of giving the log house the name of Tecumthe place—the wood Tecumthe park, and the lake Tecumthe place water. When she was born, her father had become, in the phrase of the country, 'forehanded, or well to do.' At fifteen, in order to preserve peace in the empire, she compelled her father, or her brothers frequently to journey to the county town, twenty-eight miles, to take novels from a circulating library. Her favorites were 'The Children of the Abbey,' 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' and 'The Wild Irish Girl.' It was edifying to the whole family, and to those strangers, that chanced to sojourn at Tecumthe place, to hear her give summaries of these interesting, and very natural, and probable stories. She did up Scott and Cooper and the other novelists of the day in a style, that leads us to think, there has been foul play, in regard to plagiarism, in some of our reviews. Hundreds of verses, both original and selected, had she carved on the rinds of the beeches of Tecumthe park. Often, white handkerchief in hand, had she listened to the evening melody from the amphibious songsters of the lake, and the solemn night birds of the hollow trees, until the star of night was waning behind the western woods. The extent of her range, which was more than a league, was by her transformed into a royal sheet of romance.—Every spot had its name, and every tree its verse, and not a hillock reared its head unsung. As if she had been formed to bring all contraries to concord, at the same time, that she was beautiful, she was Herculean in size and strength. At the same time, that she could mouth a tragedy speech, like an actress, she could milk the cows quicker, than any other girl in the settlement. A discourse, commenced in the highest strain of romance, would, perhaps, end in broad West country dialect. Although her 'eye rolled in a fine frenzy,' and the gazette of the county town bore witness, that she wrote verses over the signature of her three first names, she could

leap, like a deer, row a ferry-boat over an arm of Tecumthe place water in a storm, which no other ferry-man dared encounter, and had as keen a sense of her interest, as a Jew. When any of the swains of the settlement addressed her, for she was the chief flame within the distance of the county town, nothing could exceed the softness of her speech, or the flight of her measured prose, at the commencement of her conversation; and, perhaps, before the close, her swain received a box on the ear, or was thrown over the fence. Such was the fair Violetta Lillietta Tabitha Killbear.

Something more than three quarters of a mile from Tecumthe place was a log pen, roofed, ten feet square, with three wooden windows, and a white washed puncheon door, on which was carved an inscription in deep letters in the wood, which at first seemed Greek,—but on closer inspection the reader was enabled to make out, *Jairus Thoroughgrabb, attorney at law.* The intellectual bank stock within, consisted, beside an entire copy of Blackstone, of various dilapidated fragments of divers black letter law treatises. The venerable old fellows in the frontispieces had been cut out, and stood forth in their brave flowing wigs pasted on the logs within. There was a shelf, also, that contained a great deal of mutilated matter, lettered '*miscellaneous literature.*' The occupant was the only man, who claimed all the immunities and prerogatives of a gentleman nearer than the county town. He was moderately tall, had a long lank face, to use a very common word, of an unearthly, or rather a cadaverous pale, coal black hair, and whiskers of oriental length, commencing high on his cheeks, and, like two meeting thunder clouds, curving round almost to the corners of his mouth. He always exhibited great gravity of deportment and solemnity of demeanor; and as he was remarkably clever in working small matters up to a suit, or in other words, inclined to the easily besetting sin of lawyers, called barratry, he gathered lands and tenements rapidly, and was already foreseen to be one, who would throw light on the floor of congress. To the male inhabitants of the settlement he was an object of awe, and that sort of homage and admiration, which the Indians are said to bestow upon the devil, that is to say, the worship of fear.

The damsels all set their caps at him, for reasons, some of which are not easily explained, and some are obvious. Of the latter class was the fact, that he was generally known to be 'well to do'—The ladies in the fashionable world think, that they alone have the wisdom to be mercenary. But though love is a great matter in the woods, be it known to them, that it is now well understood all the way to Tecumthe place water, being taught either by native invention, or mama, that the pot must go on to boil, after matrimony, just as before. His star, too, was rising, and all foresaw, that he would be a great man. Every body, also, feared him, and that is much more fortunate, than to be generally loved; fear being

a much less capricious and changeable sentiment, than love. Lastly he was ordinarily a very silent man; and every one has heard, that deep waters are not noisy, and that a close mouth shows a wise head. The young ladies could not fail to remark at the same time, that he wore excellent broadcloth, high heeled shoes, and a corset —or as Violetta called it, when she talked in the common strain, a *dandy keg*. He sometimes talked about Broadway, and had been often at the New York theatre, and had been in at the mouthing and murdering of Shakspeare, and the more harmless felony of the more ranting tragedians. We do not claim to be original, when we affirm, that man is a little world of contradictions. Nothing could be more unlike what would naturally have been expected of Mr. Thoroughgrabb, than an extravagant fondness for the theatre. Nothing operated upon his imagination, like hearing any one spout mouthy, high flown, fustian snatches, the dropsical and wordy semblances of pathos, sublime, and prose run mad. He often indulged this propensity in extemporaneous spouting. It was a marvel, indeed, to the fair misses of Tecumthe park, to hear a man, generally so silent, at a party, or a dance, burst forth, like a thunderclap in a clear sky, into a tragedy speech. It was, like music sung in a foreign language, grander for being unintelligible. This trait in his character, no doubt, had its effect with the rest. His extreme ugliness and his terrible whiskers and his deep and hollow eye, so unlike all that they saw about them, seized upon their imagination; and it is not unlikely, that even his ugliness concurred to levy admiration for him.

Be the causes what they might, the effect was, that in a circumference of twenty miles diameter, there was not a marriageable girl, but what had Mr. Thoroughgrabb in her thoughts.

It so happened, that there was a great quilting at Tecumthe place, that assembled all the young people of the settlement.— The time was a fine autumnal Indian summer evening, and the sun, sinking in the haze, was about to bathe his broad purple forehead in Tecumthe place water. The girls were romping together behind a thick briar clump. Thoroughgrabb was musing in his tragicals, invisible upon the opposite side of the clump. His ear drank in the delicious draught of his own praises, and the conversation explained to him, more than a volume, how much he was an object of thought among the ladies. Vanity produced at once in his brain what the French call 'tete exalté.' Some of the girls called out to Violetta by her shepherdess name, which was Tab. 'Tab, give us a speeeh about Thoroughgrabb.' The fair Violetta, who was always loaded and primed, forthwith flourished her white handkerchief, and made a most tremendously melting and sublime apostrophe to Mr. Thoroughgrabb, little dreaming, that his ear drank in every word. Winds, floods, fire, thunder, lightning, heaven and earth were most deliciously blended, and compounded with love,

tears, despair and death in the speech. If we can obtain a copy, we intend to offer it, as a rich morceau, or Mosaic, to be dovetailed into some modern tragedy. Whatever critics may say of it hereafter, it was an arrow sped at a venture, which did the business for poor Thoroughgrabb, and smote him through the fifth rib to the heart.

Thereafter, Tecumthe place either became, or deserved to become famous in the annals of love, romance and tragedy speech-making. In the deep beech woods, beside the bayous and the resounding shores of the lake were seen on one hand Miss Violetta flourishing a white handkerchief regularly kept clean for the occasion, and making her moans in Ossianic to the moon and stars, the bears and owls. On the other hand and generally within hearing. Thoroughgrabb told his dolors to the winds and the waves, and with a surer prospect of their reaching the ear of Violetta, he told them to every one, he met. Oh! what were the sorrows of Eloisa and Abelard, compared with all this! We have heard, and we know two volumes of this matter, that the reader can only imagine. But our feelings oppress us, as we write, and we hurry to the catastrophe.

Every one remarked, that this inward storm had a most untoward effect upon the intellectuals of Thoroughgrabb. Whoever entered his office, saw the clean hewed faces of the logs scrawled with fragments of verses, in charcoal, or chalk; and oh! they were moving to a degree. Violetta, too, was not less in heroics.—Though her fair person were occupied at the churn, or the milk pail, or the spinning wheel, her spirit was constantly aloft with the elastic gas of love, like a balloon among the clouds. But her mind naturally carried ballast, and was not wholly upset. Alas! it was otherwise with poor Thoroughgrabb. Hitherto the capacious orb of his craniological domain had been tenanted by only two or three thoughts; and they went straight out towards lands, tenements and congress. But love raised such a hurricane throughout the whole inner man, that mere flesh and blood could not sustain it. The intellectual ship was manifestly capsized. The Methodist minister received a warrant for an assault and battery, committed, as was alleged, when he was drunk; and the real culprit was astonished at opening a letter from him, which began, 'Rev. and dear sir.' In these internal tossings, it occurred to him to write to Miss Violetta. Much did she marvel to open a letter, very fairly addressed to her on the outside, and to find within the following: 'To our sheriff of, &c. &c., greeting,'——in short, a writ, ordering her body forthwith to be brought before Mr. Justice Stumblefunk; with the customary minatory admonition, 'hereof fail not, as you will answer at your peril.'

About the same time, the sheriff of the said county was abso-

lutely dumbfounded, by receiving, in the well known hand of Thoroughgrabb, the following melting epistle:

'FAIR DAUGHTER OF THE SKIES:

'Alas! what is the vulgar dust, called money. Alas! where is the charm of that immense mass of earth, clay, mud and timber, called lands and tenements! To me how vain! My soul would none of them. Since the lightning of your eye has scorched me, I stand branchless, leafless and withering, like a blasted sugar maple, rising from a verdant corn field. Wo's me! wo's me! When sealing a letter, instead of putting the wax in the blaze of the candle, I recklessly scorch my own fingers. Pity me!—oh! pity me, fair Violetta Lillietta Tabitha Killbear. I waste away, like a hollow tree, consuming with inward fires, kindled in the punk. Like that, I shall soon fall with a crash to the earth, spreading ruin all around. The stars look on, and the sky, and the sea.—Pity, oh! pity, fairest Miss Killbear, your dying swain,

'JAIRUS THOROUGHGRABB.'

Though this most pathetic letter never reached Violetta, her native sagacity in being served with the writ, leapt at the nature and causes of the mistake; and, perhaps, this most palpable effect of overwhelming love wrought upon her tender nature more deeply, than would even the letter itself. Gladly would she have surrendered her body before Justice Stumblefunk to the keeping of Mr. Thoroughgrabb. The wits of the sheriff upon the occasion were more at fault. But we deem it right to announce, that neither the sun, nor the seasons were arrested in their courses by the effects of this direful mistake; nor was it long before all parties came to a right understanding, touching the affair. It may not be amiss to state, that a volume of letters, that passed between the parties on this occasion, can be had, in addition to the two volumes in boards. Various similar mistakes, caused by the revulsion of his brain, were made by Mr. Thoroughgrabb, to the confusion, and the evident falling off of his business. His friends advised him, at length, to resort to matrimony as a remedy, which the experience of ages had taught to be an effectual and sovereign remedy for love, at once curing the patient, and bringing him to his sober bearings. He was earnestly exhorted, to repair to Tecumthe place, make known his case to Miss Killbear, and solicit her hand. To this advice the despairing swain, nothing loath, did seriously incline, and hearken.

Two days after he had made up his mind upon the subject, he sent a billet, sufficiently magnificent and tender in the wording, to Miss Killbear. Notwithstanding its hieroglyphical profundity, she made out the purport to be, to invite her that evening to a meeting upon the shores of Tecumthe place water. Long was that day to Violetta; and when at last the shades began to mantle the

face of the universe, arrayed in her best, her cheek glowing with curiosity, and her brain full of an hundred speeches, fashioned to as many supposed modes of address, she repaired alone to the place of assignation;—alone, we say, and without any fear of suffering in reputation, or person, from the high wrought flame of the limb of the law. For the last, she knew, in her own phrase, 'if the worst came to the worst,' that she could throw him into the lake, like an infant.

Oh muse! I beseech thee for a lift on this occasion, if never before, or after. The moon now rode under a fleecy cloud, and now sublime, slowly wended along the deep azure of the sky. A huge catfish ever and anon sprang from the smooth bosom of the lake, breaking the solemn stillness by the dash of his returning body upon the water. It happened, that every owl, whose turn it was to sing that night, was of the smaller class, called screech owls; and it is well known, that their cries are meltingly tender, and like those of children in distress. Two or three patriarchal bull frogs, who had lain through the day on the slime at the bottom of the lake, now raised their sea green noses above the lily pads, and sung sublimely deep bass. Under such auspices was this meeting consummated. It grieves us to say, that Violetta was there first. But Thoroughgrabb soon followed. His eye was deeper in his head, than usual; and his prodigious black whiskers would have had a feeling of dry and feverish harshness from the internal fires, that had been consuming him, had he not taken the precaution to have them oiled, and scented with burgamot. But where would we find words for the delineation of this tender meeting? On the one hand was maiden coyness, struggling with impatience for an opportunity to utter the short affirmative monosyllable. On the other hand, never had the exalted imagination of Thoroughgrabb been offered so fair an occasion for producing tragic effect in a speech. The damsel had her perplexities, lest she might be too long, or too short, too obscure or categorical, to bring the affair to the right termination.

The business was enacted, as we have said, by moonlight; and whether fate had so ordered it, or whether the bull frogs were obliged to suspend their melody, to wet their whistle, we dare not pronounce; but so it was, that when the lovers commenced in alternate strains, they were as hush as death, and not the slightest noise was heard, but the never ending creakings of the catadeds. Thoroughgrabb saw, that if he did not take up the strain, Violetta would have the first *speak*. Therefore, after divers manual movements, and flourishes of oratory and pathetic, as preludes of what was to come, he laid his right hand upon his left breast, standing a little inclined towards the fair maiden, and resting the greater weight of his body on his left foot, and with an accompanying cast of his eyes, not towards heaven—for they were too deep for such

a movement—but towards the shaggy parapet of his eyebrows, uttered the following words in a tone of sepulchral tragicality:—'Violetta Lillietta Tabitha Killbear, perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee.' More said he not, but more essayed to say. Violetta, incontinently impatient, waited not to see if there was more behind; but forthwith replied in alternate verse: 'Oh! Thoroughgrabb, art thou not fickle, as the rest? Men lighter are than floating cork. But, Thoroughgrabb, mind you, marriage is a serious business. Is this foolish talk one of your flourishes, or am I in good truth, to receive it as a declaration of love? I am for no sham in this matter. Please to tell me in plain English, what you want of me.'

Th. Immortal powers, forgive the vile necessity, that clothes high thoughts of love in plain and common words.

Vi. You are right, Mr. Thoroughgrabb; if you have any thing to say to me, say it in plain Kentuck English.

Th. Well, Tab, I love you, and want to marry you. Will you have me, or not?

Vi. I reckon, Mr. Thoroughgrabb, I will. *But white men are very uncertain*, as the Indians say. I want you to put it down on paper, or say it afore evidence, that I can take the law on you, if you dont keep your word. I reckon one must be sharp to deal with such as you.

Th. Why, as to that, Tabitha, if I war'nt in the mind, I reckon, I needn't say so. As to taking the law of one, like me, that is right funny. Excellent wench! I do love thee. Let the stars hear it, and the sea.

Vi. Call me wench again, you blackguard, and I'll throw you in the lake! Tell me, in yearnest, do you axe me, if I will marry you?

Th. Dear, angelic maiden, I do. I'll swear it. Let the stars hear it, and the sea.

Vi. (*flourishing*) I say yes, I will marry you.

> Though Damon as the morning star were fair,
> And you more treach'rous than the stormy sea;
> He constant, you more fickle, than the air;
> Yet would I live, and love, and die with thee.

Th. Ravishing words! Peerless maiden! How base is gold! how miserable lands and tenements, compared with thee!

Vi. Hold, Mr. Thoroughgrabb. There's another thing I must know. I axe you now, if you mean to make me tote water, like a nigger, and dig the taties, and milk the cows, and tend the babies, and work like a dog in doors and out.

Th. That's as you behave, Tab. I mought, and then again, I mought not.

* * * * * * *

[Here, at this eventful crisis, this tale breaks off. We suspect, the design is, to raise strong curiosity and desire for the two volumes bound in boards.—Ed.]

DUELLING.

We number many, who were our acquaintances, and some, whom we called friends, who have fallen in duels. We love, and have many reasons for loving, and honoring that portion of our country, where it is a prevalent impression, that when a person is invited to the field of honor by 'a gentleman,' as the phrase is, he owes it to his duty and reputation, to accept the challenge. Can a benevolent man behold such a prevalent and delusive impression with silent indifference? We at least can not. We deceive ourselves, if any other consideration, than that of duty, impels us to offer these desultory thoughts, touching this horrible vestige of barbarism. We do not at all flatter ourselves, that in consequence of our remonstrances, duellists will throw down their weapons, and renounce assassination; nor that we can use words of sufficient power, to extirpate this deeply rooted prejudice from the minds of our readers in the south. But the moralist has no warrant to renounce his vocation, because the world will still act, as it has done. Every faithful delineation of the moral aspect of this prejudice is neither an useless, nor unacceptable service to humanity.—The oftener we force it before the eye, the more we multiply the chances of enlightening some mind, and causing the murderous weapon to fall from some hand.

Most moral writers have seen in the duellist, not only an Atheist, a contemner of all hopes and fears beyond the grave, a person reckless of all the ties, that bind him to kindred, society, his kind, and human nature, but a man destitute of all true courage. If courage be, as we contend, a moral quality, and sustained by any sense of moral obligation, there can be no doubt, that this last representation is just. As we all admire true courage, and despise its opposite, cowardice, as we all associate every thing, that is noble, with the one, and base with the other, and, as an idolatrous homage of courage, real, or fictitious, is the basis of the worship of those, who believe in the necessity of duels, let us, for a moment, attempt to fix some ideas of courage, that, we hope are just, and examine the nature of its obligations.

We would not introduce tedious and prosing definitions of courage, even if we could persuade our readers to follow us. Nor have we any idea of extracting from the volumes, which have been

written upon this subject. We offer them such thoughts, as have arisen in our own mind, and such reflections and feelings, as have resulted from what has passed under our own eyes. The only definition of courage, which we shall attempt to give, is this, *fearlessness of danger, pain and death.* The general term embraces two species, *physical* and *moral* courage, and if we purposed a philosophical treatise, we should add, that these again subdivide into *active* and *passive* courage.

In regard to one of these species, *active moral courage*, we conceive, that it has been at no time, or place, contemplated with too much admiration, that its obligations have never been too strongly felt, nor the men, who manifested, that they acted deeply under its influence, too much objects of general homage. The grand deception, which requires, as we suppose, to be rectified, is, that most men mistake *physical* for *moral* courage, and pay to a brutal and sanguinary propensity the homage, which is only due to the highest ascendency of reason and reflection, and the noblest attribute of human nature.

Moralists and divines have sufficiently expatiated upon the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, in furnishing us with that apprehensive shrinking from pain, danger and death, which is obviously designed, to cause us to stand out our watch, and not desert our assigned post of discipline and duty, until we are relieved by the death of nature. There is equal wisdom and goodness in that organization, which recoils at the image of death, and surrounds it with undefined and dark imaginings, and shuddering aversion; and which has thrown over our conceptions of an unknown, future and eternal existence, such associations of awe and mystery, such dread of unchanging retribution, and the visible presence of our Maker. To entertain these views, to manifest these instincts, to evidence these shudderings is, in a greater or less degree, the common law of our nature. There are but few, who have not material of poetry enough in their constitution, to imagine the feeling of cold steel, urged by the spasmodic thrust of revenge through the different compartments of the heart; or to recoil from the strong conception of the feeling, caused by the whizzing gyrations of a rifle-pistol bullet, as it cuts its lightning course through the lungs. When this apprehensive poetry of anticipation is the predominant instinct, triumphing over reason, reflection, and a distinct sense of the obligations of honor and duty, we inwardly despise, and ought to despise the subject of this triumph, and brand him with the justly opprobrious epithet, *coward.* The sensation of apprehensiveness, or fear, is innocent, natural, and the most universal instinct of our nature. Every one is capable of being so disciplined, as that reflection and a sense of honor and duty may gain an entire ascendency over this instinct.

Among other anomalies of nature, it so happens, that there are a few monsters among the races of men, who are said in the language of duellists, to have '*nerve*,' but who are, in fact, born without nerves, and wholly incapable of the poetry of anticipation, or the capability of imagining pain and death, until they feel them.—These nerveless, unfeeling, unshrinking, uncalculating and unapprehensive bully-monsters of nature, possess that physical endowment, which the multitude admire, under the name of bravery, or courage; and this is what we denominate physical courage. It is an endowment, which by itself is so far from being respectable, that it is generally the index of all, that is repelling and abhorrent in human character.

We trace this physical organization in all the races of animals, as well as in man. Buffon has described with strong fancy and eloquence the generous courage of the lion, and the cruelty of the tiger and panther. But the fabled forbearance and magnanimity of the lion is as strictly an instinct, as the purring treachery and the insatiate cruelty of the panther. Both tear their victim alike, when they are hungry, or in wrath. Both equally quench their thirst with blood. If there were any moral preference, it ought to be assigned to the tiger, because his unchanging character inspires no confidence, and because the occasional forbearance of the lion, depending only on the mood of the moment, tends but to throw the victim off his guard, and to lure him within the reach of his teeth and talons. More, or less, of this seeming difference is seen through the whole range of animal nature, and the brave and '*combattive*' qualities of the lion and the tiger and the panther and the eagle, are of the same moral complexion with the callous indifference to pain and death, which designates the duellist.

We grant, that if this instinctive unapprehensiveness were accompanied with kindness of heart, and other estimable moral qualities, it would be a most desirable endowment. It exempts the possessor from fear, certainly one of the most distressing evils of our condition, however necessary to fulfil the designs of Providence. It is desirable, too, from its semblance to the noblest and best attribute of our nature, true moral courage. The counterfeit is so exact, and the imitation so difficult to detect, that the undistinguishing multitude have agreed to receive it, as the real and genuine impression.

Where is this natural endowment situated? How happens it, that when danger is presented before one man, his coward blood retreats to the heart, and he becomes pale, trembling, and palsied to all exertion, but devising expedients of escape and flight; while it braces the nerves of another, and shuts his eyes upon consequences, and gives him the menacing attitude and the inward feeling of the lion moving upon the combat. Whether the seat of this endowment be in the nerves, as some say, or in the stomach,

as others affirm; and with the better show of reason, since the first sensation of fear is said to be a feeling of weakness at the stomach; or in the brain, or in the heart,—in whatever organ, or depending on whatever state of the general organization, there can be no doubt, that it is a mere physical mode, or property. Hence we see it varying in the same animals, or men, not only with the state of their health, and the different periods of time, and stages of their existence, but changing even with the changing views and feelings from hour to hour. The same man, who in this sense is brave after a full dinner and a bottle of claret, may be an arrant coward at the indigestion of midnight. In these respects, precisely the same law appears to operate upon the lion, the tiger, the bull, the bull dog and the bully. Neither of them have any more just claims for respect, on account of their fearlessness, than a rock has for its hardness, or an Irishman for his brogue. The same man has been found to be an Ajax at a duel, and a Thersites on the battle field; the champion of the tavern, and a selfish coward beside the sick bed of his friend. Such is the true moral value of that stupidity of organization, which furnishes the tavern brawler with his material, the boxer with his prowess, the duellist with his leaden and sanguinary hardness of heart, and the cat with her propensity to tear, and destroy, after her hunger is sated.

Let us now take a passing glance at, what we consider, the aspect of true moral courage, the noble reality, of which this endowment is the worthless semblance. We premise, that every thing in human nature, which is worthy of the slightest estimation, results from the ascendency of reason, deliberation and high moral purpose over the instinctive propensities and the physical tendencies of our nature. The triumph of reason over the brute animal is what properly constitutes us men. The man of true moral courage feels danger, and has the apprehensive '*bump*' developed in his cranium, as it is in that of the coward. He feels the ties of kindred, country and existence in all their tenderness and obligation. He is aware, that the Almighty has assigned him a post, that he may not desert, except from a still higher sense of duty, than to keep it. The same awe of eternal retribution, which was woven with the web of our existence, dwells habitually on his mind. But an emergency occurs, where pain, danger, death and eternity, with all their associations of instinct and imagination, present themselves on the one hand, and on the other a clear and predominant sense of duty to encounter them all. He measures the fearful chances with a calculating eye; but his purpose rests upon the point of duty. Reason and honor, God and nature unite in declaring to him, that he must do his duty, though the heavens rush upon his head. Reason summons alike the physical and intellectual energies of his nature before her, and issues her final orders in the case. A predominant feeling reaches the remotest

capillary, and enthrones itself over the whole man. A high purpose, '*which casteth out fear*,' is aroused. It braces against the sense of danger, and inspires calm and deliberate firmness to walk sternly to the point of duty, and trust all consequences to Him, who saw fit to impose this inexorable law of our being.

To show the influence of this courage in action:—By the uncertain glimpses of the moon, the commander sees the front of a battery above him on an eminence. He has experienced, that it is served by a phalanx of veterans, who know not to fly. He hears the deafening roar of Niagara interrupted for a moment by the blazing burst of cannon, that sweeps away whole masses of his column. He is asked, if he can storm that battery. He has previously settled the question of duty; and he answers, 'I'll try.' Or superstition has fixed his conviction, that, if he throw himself into the gulf, his country will be saved, and not otherwise. He feels the obligation of his belief, erroneous, though it may be, imperious; and he throws himself into the gulf.

Let us see the very same spirit operating on an occasion less splendid, and therefore worthy of higher admiration. A friend lies sick of a pestilential and mortal disease, from which his duelling companion retreats in selfish dismay. The man of true courage goes, and sits by his friend; wipes away the sweat of death from his face, and sees the last decent rites performed over his remains. This is the courage of reason and reflection, of virtue and true glory. To say every thing in one word, *it is the courage of duty*. This is the courage of the great and the good, investing their deeds with a hallowed radiance, which time, instead of tarnishing, renders permanent and holy. This propelled Curtius down the gulf. This led the noble Romans never to despair of the republic. This induced the great Turenne to return his sword to its scabbard, instead of sacrificing the young man, who had offered him the highest possible insult. This courage led Howard to the pestilential prison; and Washington to every battle field; and this was the animating motive of all, that has been achieved, of great and glorious in our world. This is the attribute, which we contemplate with a veneration, which we want terms to describe. God be praised! this is a courage, which may be attained by a man of the weakest nerves, and the feeblest frame.

Let us attempt to place beside a person, endowed with this courage, a portrait as faithful, as we can draw, of a modern duellist—and see what points of resemblance we can find between the two species of courage, that actuate the two characters. Nature has endowed him, it may be, with a well formed person, and an athletic frame. His lot is happily cast in a country, where the deplorable impression has seized the minds of the community, that no man's character is thoroughly established, until he has sealed its lustre in single combat. He has no nerves, sensibilities, or apprehensions;

no susceptibility of the power of fashioning and forestalling 'uncertain ills.' He is equally destitute of affection for kindred, or friend, any sense of tie, or obligation to God or man; in short, a cold, leaden-hearted vampyre, equally devoid of feeling and conscience, hope and fear, and from whose touch, much as this same character is likely to charm her inward thoughts, the innocent, and kind-hearted maiden ought to shrink, as from that of the cold and scaly back of the adder. He is aware, that he has but one poor chance for notoriety; and he is as dextrous in the exercise of the small sword, and shooting the pistol, as if not only honor, but subsistence depended upon this adroitness. He must be a cosmopolite, and have seen many men and cities; and must have been extensively, a *walker* '*up and down the earth, and to and fro in it.*' A part of his glory consists in his fame, as a debauchee, and an adept in all the mystery of cards. As he enters the tavern, the dissolute and idle young men contemplate him, as good children viewed La Fayette, and whisper the recital of his courage, his combats, and the name or names of his trophies.

The hopeless scramble of competition in the anti-duelling regions has driven to this same country—a modest, well-principled, and educated young man, to seek his fortune; and it may be, to furnish subsistence to aged parents, who have increased their poverty, to give the son of their hopes an education. He fixes himself there. His rapid advance in the confidence of the people, and in his employment, gives umbrage to black-hearted envy in aspirants, who see in his success their own displacement. The champion gradually catches their impressions. Not exactly certain of what stuff the young man may be composed, the bully receives a cue, by distant stratagem of management, to find occasion to test his nerves.—Good natured, amiable, and not jealous, it is, probably, some time, before he suspects the intention; and even afterwards, he affects not to see many things. He parries somethings, and bears more.—The champion reports progress. The friends shrug, and declare in their slang-phrase, that they were sure from the first, that he had no '*stamina.*' Insults, which, during the trial, were petty and imperceptible, are now palpable and aggravated by system. The young man finds his friends avoiding him, and the public eye gradually averted. He feels an instinctive shuddering at the thought of shedding the blood of his kind. He has been reared tenderly; and has knelt with brothers and sisters at morning and evening prayer. The thought of God and eternal retribution was inwrought with his earliest and governing sentiments. Conscience still whispers to his midnight reflections. He remembers dear parents, kindred, and perhaps some one, dearer than all, whom he has left far behind him; and in that desolate region his heart clings more tenderly to their memory, than while he was yet with them. The hope, too, of returning with fame and wealth, to gladden the even-

ing of the existence of his father and mother, had been dear to his heart. While his bosom is alternately burning with indignation, and melting with these reflections, the final insult, with all the studied aggravations of malice, is given; perhaps before his constituents at an election; perhaps while he is taking the hand of his fair partner in the dance. Every dispassionate and thinking mind can see what he ought to do, and what he would do, if he had true moral courage in this trial. But his discipline has not yet reached it. He can not bear the averted looks of his friends, and his partner. He can not endure the idea of retreating for refuge from general contempt, and from the scene of his rising hopes. The torture of shame, instincts, which he possesses in common with other animals, deep revenge, perhaps a sophistical impression, that a case of such wanton and aggravated outrage will justify the measure to heaven; all these, and a thousand other thoughts, that no pen can class, and that the mind only can adequately feel, urge him on. His good angel forsakes him, as he pens, and sends a challenge.

His misjudging friends return to him, upon this manifestation of '*stamina!*' The details of arrangement between the belligerents would be scarcely less voluminous, than those, which delineate the note of preparation between two hostile monarchs. The high-minded young man spurns all counsel of management, but that of confidence in the justice of his cause, the steadiness of firm purpose, and to submit himself to the usual chances of the combat.—But on the other part there are conclave meetings, and all the possibilities, that the youth may prove unflinching, and of the sternest stuff, are discussed. The meeting dissolves, however, by seeing what they wish to see, that his eye will quail, his countenance blench, his hand tremble, and his fire take no effect. A piece of money is let fall at ten yards distance, and the champion hits it, as it falls, and at this proof of diabolical adroitness, they shout applause, and drink the blood of their enemy by way of anticipation.

We say nothing of the mental horrors of the other party by day, nor the coloring of his nightly dreams, when the images of his grey headed parents, his brothers and sisters, the loved one, and the venerable minister come over his mind 'like a cloud.' He awakens in agony, only to meditate the baseness of deserting all their claims, and rushing stained with his own blood, and murderous purpose to spill that of his enemy, into the presence of that Creator, whom he has been taught to '*remember in the days of his youth.*'

All the whisperings, and rumors, and miserable babblings of the community and the intermediates have at length transpired. The important preliminaries of seconds, and surgeons, and position, and distance, and place, and time have been settled. A whole volume of masonic secrets, and traditionary legends, hermetically sealed, and appropriated only for occasions like this, are delivered with oracular gravity to either party by patriarchal bruisers, of valor-

ous presence, who have each slain his man. The young man repairs to the field of battle, drilled all the way with these instructions of experience, while his heart and his conscience are bleeding, and the thoughts of home and eternity rush upon his wildered mind.

He sees his antagonist already on the ground in the attitude of a butcher, and sneeringly watching his countenance. He, too, has been fortified by a thousand maxims, which have been tested on similar occasions. They chiefly relate to expedients to intimidate his adversary, and so to watch the signal word, as to gain the first fire, and reach his enemy's bosom, and palsy his arm, before he can have given his bullet its true direction. We have supposed him a vampyre bully, sufficiently devoid of nerve, brain, or heart. But he has felt some scanty, lingering remains of humanity about him, that required management and extinction. Unknown to his idolators, to his honorable second, and those friends, who flattered themselves, that they shared all his secrets, he has taken repeated small doses of brandy, camphor, musk and opium, and he comes to the field every way fitted '*to run a muck.*'

The honorable personages, called seconds, who promise themselves the pleasant spectacle of murder without danger, or paying for the show, and who will be able to say with the soldiers of Napoleon, 'I was at that great battle,' measure the distance. The parties take their positions, and are ordered to wheel, and fire. If a special Providence do indeed preside over these horrid acts, it generally ordains, that the more innocent party should fall. The young man receives the ball of the duellist, carrying with it the maternal cypher, torn from the linen, wrought by his sister, through his lungs. He falls with the paleness of death on his face; and the blood gushes from his mouth, his nostrils and his ears. Now mark the highest touch, and the ultimate finish of gentlemanly acting. The murderer walks with theatrical step to the youth, weltering in his blood; makes him the politest of all bows; regrets exceedingly what he has done; is fearful, that the wound in his breast pains him; begs, that in token of forgiveness, he will extend his hand to him; and politely requests any commands, that he may have to his parents, and his sisters. He has been poised during this speech with due decorum on his left leg; but he now shifts to the right, to take the second gentlemanly position, and to make the second bow. But before he has finished his second course of compliments, sounds have died upon the ear of the ill-fated youth, and the universe has become as dark as the tomb. We drop the curtain over the scene of his distant home, and shut our ears upon maternal wailing for the first-born, when his parents hear, how he fell. We say nothing of what this man has robbed society. We dare not follow the mourning spirit, prematurely hurried to the presence of his Maker.

Circumstances may vary infinitely; but here is the substance of every fatal duel. The valorous slayer goes home, to shout *Io Pæan* in copious libations to Bacchus. He walks taller, by an inch, than had been his wont; and strange to tell, men, that are not fiends,—men, that were born of women, and nursed at the breast,—men, that have sentient flesh, and warm blood in their veins,—men, that would not slay a sleeping infant, as they passed, praise this deed, and honor the doer, and think the better of him, for what he has done. Would to God, that we could hold up a mirror, a *kardioscope* to every lover of duelling, that he might see the complexion of his own heart.

Do we mean to say, that this is the fair picture of every man, who has slain his man in a duel? Heaven forbid! for it would not be true. The misfortune is, that there are enough men, intrinsically amiable and noble, led away by this horrible infatuation, to keep duellists in countenance. Prejudice, blind, brutalizing prejudice is the monster, we wish to assail. This is the Juggernauth, the Moloch, that is the author of these deeds. Let none admire, that men have sacrificed their children in the flames, and beat drums, that they might not hear their death-wail. Let none think it strange, that human victims have been offered in worship, and that men have crushed themselves under the car of the Brahmin idol. Let none feel abhorrent, that women burn themselves on the funeral pile of husbands, that they hated, while alive. Let us admire rather, that in such a country as ours, men meet by appointment to kill each other, and are after called men of honor. Men under the influence of prejudice can become demons. With the great heathen warrior, and with Christians, and with wise men, and brave men, and good men, let us supplicate light, and strive to diffuse light.

POETICAL.

[The amiable and high principled writer of the following monody would be, we are sure, the last person to furnish an irreligious inference, in reference to the moral character of duelling. Some of the stanzas contain true pathos, and exquisite feeling, or we know not to appreciate them. It would be to us a source of pleasure, to be in any way instrumental, in turning public attention towards the poet of sympathy and benevolence, who has sung virtue and suffering so well, and so unheeded.—Ed.]

MRS. MASON'S MONODY

On the death of her husband, general Mason, of Virginia, who was killed in a duel in the early part of the year 1819.

Oh the lord of my bosom is dead!
He lies cold in his grave,
Near Potomac's blue wave;
And my heart to his mem'ry would wed.

And no more, on the earth, will the light
Of his love beaming eye,
Like the day-star on high,
Cheer the gloom of life's long, dreary night.

Oh thou dearest and first lov'd, thy wife
Sheds the still tear of wo,
Finding no place below
Of repose from the tempests of life.

For the breast, where my sorrows could find
Response kind, and true,
As affection e'er knew,
To the mansion of death is consign'd.

On my cheek's chosen pillow, that breast,
So exalted, and pure,
Till by honor's false lure
'Twas betray'd, the cold hillock is prest.

My forebodings, alas! were too true,
When our farewell embrace
Wrung the tear from his face,
Which to hide, he turned, and withdrew.

In that moment whole ages of grief
Shed their woes on my heart,
As I saw him depart,
With sorrows, which admit no relief.

All the scenes, that his presence once knew,
Now in mourning array'd,
Seem to lend their sad aid,
To recal all his worth to my view.

Soon the ruin, that Winter has spread,
Will be covered with flow'rs;
While gay Spring from her bow'rs
On the breezes her fragrance shall shed.

And again her rich mantle of green
Will adorn ev'ry grove;
And the music of love
Will give transport and life to each scene.

But her melody, robes, and perfume,
Can not cheer the dark waste,
Where Affliction has trac'd
In this bosom deep touches of gloom.

Hush, my babe! In thy sweet infant face,
Still unscathed with the care,
Which thy mother must bear,
Thy lov'd father's resemblance I trace.

Here repose on this widowed breast;
While my grief-stricken soul,
As the scalding tears roll,
Shall contemplate thy innocent rest.

Holy Parent of mercy divine!
Let some spirit of love,

From his mansion above,
Shield this fatherless infant of mine.

And this bosom, companionless now,
In its mis'ries sustain;
Bid it cease to complain,
And resigned to its destiny, bow.

Raise its views from the visions of time,
Which but gleam, and expire;
And on holier desire
Wing its hopes to a happier clime.

And, when lonely, 'neath evening's dark bow'r,
Through the gathering gloom,
I revisit thy tomb,
May thy felt spirit hallow the hour.

When, releas'd from this bondage of clay,
My freed soul takes her flight,
May she sweetly unite
With my consort in heavenly day.

D. B.

Alexandria, D. C.

REVIEW.

Elements of Phrenology. (*Second edition, greatly improved.*) By Charles Caldwell, M. D., *Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice in Transylvania University.* Lexington, Ky. A. G. Meriwether.—pp. 279.

Much opprobrium has been heaped upon the term 'phrenology,' and yet every scholar will allow it to be a more significant one, to indicate the discussion of the science of mind, than metaphysics, the import of which can hardly be traced in its derivation.—Whatever be the ultimate fate of the system before us, in the general simplification of all technics and names of science, it is time, that a more appropriate name than metaphysics should be assigned to that science, which treats upon mind. Why not 'phrenology,' which literally imports a discourse upon mind?

Of all subjects, to which the powers of thought can be applied, this is beyond all comparison the most important. Mind, which places man alone in the material universe; mind, which allows him to hold such large and glorious discourse with nature and the God of nature; mind, which connects him with what is glorious and good in the higher and invisible ranks of existence; mind, which alone has hopes and joys, without which existence would be a burden; mind, which alone neither changes, nor grows old in the midst of a mutable creation, that seems hastening to decay; mind, which shall purify its affections, rekindle its fires, and arrive at the term of its aspirations in the regions of immortality, surely if there be any pursuit, which can exalt us above the low and debasing passions and cares, that appertain to this transitory existence, it is the study, the humble and docile, but earnest and persevering study of mind.

This is not only the most exalted and ennobling of all studies, but, unhappily, it is also the most difficult. In the midst of an universe of mysteries, the greatest mystery of all is our own mind. It has measured one firmament of stars, and *called them by their names.* It is intently pushing its telescopic researches into other depths of ether. It has calculated the harmonies, the movements and laws of the universe. It travels down the eternity of the past, and runs out towards the eternity of the future. But the central light, from which these high speculations radiated, these aspirations and eternal hopes emanated, remains a dark and inexplicable mystery to itself. We may agonize with the intensity of

desire, to known the fearful secret of our existence, and scan the celestial visitant within us, that reasons, hopes, and is immortal, until the very earnestness of the contemplation suspends the mental powers in delirium. But it still eludes the inspection behind the curtain of invisibility. Like the eye, the mind can contemplate every thing, but itself. For reasons, known only to Him, who gave us this fearful and wonderful being, it can not retort its vision, and comtemplate its own nature and essence.

Of the substratum of the properties of either matter, or mind, we know nothing. We can only collect, class, and reason from their properties by observation, and experience, the true and grand sources of human knowledge. Science has not made a single step of advance towards the nature of matter or mind, since the days of Moses and Zoroaster. Metaphysicians talk, indeed, with an imposing air of science about the substratum of matter and spirit, and they have woven whole volumes of theory, to explain, how gross and divisible matter can communicate with immaterial and indivisible mind; and how they can mutually affect each other by impulse. To bring about this communication, they have generally imagined some attenuated, and etherial substance, intermediate between them. And yet it is an obvious thought, that electricity, caloric, or even matter more etherial, if such could be supposed to exist, so long as extension, gravity, and the other properties of matter could be predicated of it, would be no nearer to mind, according to the definition of it, and no more adapted to communicate with it, in consequence of its attenuation, than would be matter in the form of a granite cliff. Since, then, from the present constitution of our minds, it seems impossible, that we should ever know more about their nature and mode of communication with matter, than that they do exist, and do mutually communicate, why should we continue to dream on in idle speculations, *a priori*, about their essence and modes of acting, pursuing theories, which have had no other effect for so many centuries, than to retard knowledge, and fill the head with vanity and the *east wind*, instead of science? Why not admit at once, that all speculations about the nature of mind, and the place of its residence in the material frame, however refined, and imposing, are only *darkening counsel by words without knowledge?* Why not direct the study of mind simply into the channel of observing its faculties, noting, and classing its laws, and founding a system predicated upon the sure lights of observation and experience?

In proof, that the conceptions of men in all ages and countries, have been gross, and drawn from analogies, furnished by matter, in most of the known ancient languages, as for example, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, the *mind*, or *soul* has received a name equivalent to *air*, or *wind*. Such, as every one knows, are the import of *pneuma*, and *spiritus*. By the unerring criterion of deriva-

tion, we discover, that the popular conception of the soul supposed it a kind of etherial and attenuated matter, which had not lost the property of taking a visible form, and filling space. But equally on the authority of Divine revelation, and the circumstance, that thinking is a faculty, which does not seem capable of belonging to any of the known properties of matter, we infer, that the power of thought inheres in an indivisible, immaterial and naturally immortal substance to which we give the name of spirit, or soul, and about which we are compelled to admit, we know nothing, but its properties. Even this vague persuasion of the nature of mind we obtain by negative induction, and by perceiving, that it shows properties, which are wholly unlike any, that have ever been discovered, or even conjectured to inhere in matter. It may be an invariable law, impressed upon all created beings in the universe, that, however capable of the most enlarged views, and the farthest ken of angelic calculus, in looking abroad, the highest created intelligence must still bear the mark of inferior and subordinate nature, in being rendered incapable of retorting the mental eye, looking in upon itself, and contemplating its own nature and essence. It is a sublime, and, probably, a just conception of the Great first Cause, that He alone is capable of contemplating his own Divine essence; thus enjoying a high and ineffable satisfaction, which, speaking reverently, he could not communicate, without ceasing to be God.

Phrenology undertakes to explain the mysterious phenomena of mind by a new system, which has little in common with the former and received opinions upon this subject. It is singular, that the parts of this system, upon which the most unsparing ridicule has been heaped, are not the fundamentals, but the remote consequences, on which its advocates do not insist, as matters of certainty—but as plausible, or probable consequences. Some of these, in our view, are clearly postulates, assumptions, gained by what is called in familiar language, 'begging the question.' But so far as phrenologists predicate their opinions upon anatomical research, upon noting, and classing mental phenomena, and reasoning from observation, instead of theory and arguments *a priori*, so far, we think, all will allow, that they are on the right track of induction. We are clear, that there can be no reasoning, and nothing better than idle assertion, to support the position, that the races of men are alike in mental powers and capabilities. Whoever asserts, that the Calmucks, New Hollanders, and Central Africans, instructed along with Europeans, and sharing the same advantages, will acquire, in a given time, as much science and intelligence, asserts what contradicts the common experience, and revolts the most obvious perceptions of common sense. That there are prodigious differences of aptitude, or capability, of nature's own appointment, among children of our own race, may be denied by men, who assume to be

philosophers. But, we think, few parents, and schoolmasters will subscribe to their dogmas. What mother, but can tell you the differences, which she discovered in the aptitudes and dispositions of her children, even from their infancy? Who will be convinced by any reasonings, that Milton and La Place.Bowditch and Lord Byron, Zerah Colburn and Mrs. Hemans could have changed pursuits, and have gained the same eminence?

Trace the same differences of aptitudes in the irrational tribes. Will any discipline prevent the duckling from making for the water, as soon as disengaged from the shell? Will any possible training give the animals of one tribe the aptitudes of another? Among men some will learn a tune by making it out on the keys of an instrument, at a single sitting. Others, with better capacities for other pursuits, will scarcely learn it in a year. Some children reason mathematically, before they know the names, or uses of figures. Others lisp in numbers almost from infancy, 'for the numbers came.' Observations, so trite and obvious, would seem idle, if there were not men, called philosophers, who actually, or virtually deny all these things. It is matter of common experience, that some children are predisposed to learn languages, and others music; some to sing verses, and others to invent and construct machinery; some to be irascible and pugnacious; and others mild and forbearing. We should deem argument lost upon those, who deny these facts.

Phrenology affirms, that these differences arise from the different developements of the brain; and when one has an undue preponderance over the other—that it is the grand aim and end of discipline and education, to change them; and by fostering the feebler developement, and counteracting the stronger, to strike the mental balance, and restore the requisite equilibrium. The grand charge against the system is, that if these differences of character result from developements of the brain, they are mechanical, and unavoidable effects; and can not be reducible to any moral rule, or proper subjects of praise or blame, reward or punishment. The only question with us is, do these differences exist in the original conformation? If they do, it seems to us perfectly immaterial, whether, with metaphysicians, they exist in the mind; or, with phrenologists, in the brain. We think, the whole enquiry ought to be limited to the point, whether such is the fact? It is too late in the day for any one to promulgate the doctrine, that any harm can result from a full disclosure of the truth, whatever it be. It is altogether preposterous, first to settle the question, whether any harm can result from an admitted doctrine, and affirm, or deny the truth of the doctrine, according to this conclusion. We may safely assert, that all truth is not only innocent, but useful, and of the nature of God. If we can not see the beneficial tendency of a given truth, it must be owing to partial views and shortness of vision. Let

us look at a single argument of this sort. If children are born with aptitudes to love, or irascibility, they will indulge in love, or anger, mechanically and fatally; and will, therefore, be the proper subjects neither of praise, nor blame. Therefore, children are not born predisposed to love, or irascibility. Who can not see the absurdity of such induction? We first lay down the supposed moral tendencies of the principle; and thence conclude, that it is true, or false. True induction would begin, by enquiring, if the position was true, and if so found, would conclude, that they mistook, who supposed the tendency immoral.

Again, this system has been charged with leading to materialism. The fundamental position of the adepts is, that *matter* can not operate without *mind*, or *mind* without *matter*. They solemnly deny, that they are materialists. We should regard their opinions with dread, if we supposed their tendency was such. Nor can we discover any just foundation for the charge of irreligion against a system, which affirms, that the developement of *veneration*, in a greater or less degree, is a part of our organization, and that the principle of religion is interwoven with the very texture of the brain. But we find ourselves straying from our goal. We, perhaps owe an apology to our readers, for what they may consider an episode—and we make our *amende honorable*, by attempting henceforward to keep as close, as possible to the book before us.

We do not assume to be sufficiently acquainted with what Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, and other European phrenologists have advanced upon this subject, to explain to our readers in what degrees and proportions the book before us contains their system, or that of Dr. Caldwell. A philosopher, so discursive, and imaginative, could hardly be supposed capable of exploring so much *terra incognita*, as belongs to this system, without incorporating no inconsiderable proportion of his appropriate and peculiar views with it. In the following remarks we shall be understood to speak of phrenology, as explained, expounded, enforced, and defended by Dr. Caldwell, and by no other person.

We shall take two very brief views of the book before us:—1. Of the manner. 2. Of the matter.

1. Touching the manner of this gentleman, every one must have remarked, that it is singularly *unique* and *sui generis*. We have so recently adverted to the same point in this journal, that we need do no more here, than remark in brief, that this book exhibits the same discursive eloquence and vigorous reach of thought, the same brilliance of fancy and imagination in poetical analogies and illustration, which dazzle, if they do not convince, which we have remarked in his writings, that we have already noticed. He walks through the mazy and mysterious labyrinths of mind with a step, singularly firm and confident. Opposers may ridicule and deny his doctrines; but dispassionate and competent enquirers will allow,

that he manages his subject with an unusual grasp of power and profoundness of research; and will read his book with interest, whatever they may think of the verity of the system. We think, they will concede to him the energy of a highly endowed mind, and the development of a great many truths, which coincide with their own remembered observations, when noting the phenomena of their own thoughts. At the same time, we regret to add, that the professor, in the buoyant confidence of his own finely developed head, mounts his philosophic Pegasus, and rides through the airy halls of speculation with an air and horsemanship, that seem to warn less ventrous riders to clear the road. His language is rather too 'combattive' for the calmness of philosophical discussion. He is clearly too liberal in the use of his *argumentum ad stultitiam;* and in virtue of claiming jurisdiction over the province of the head, he is too ready to draw a fool's cap over the cranium of his antagonist, without his own proper consent. His sentences often have a harshness of construction; and he is addicted unduly to antitheses, conceits, and the glitter of showy words, and false splendor. Some of his scientific terms are new to us, and singularly happy; and to some of his new phrases we decidedly object. It is one of the besetting temptations of gifted men, to invest themselves with a prerogative, that has generally been considered one of the highest attributes of sovereignty, to emit a coinage of their own words,—a coin, which has still more power, than money, or opinions. We grant, that if any individual might assume this responsibility, few have higher claims, than the professor. Yet we would rather a writer, however gifted, should leave the language, as he found it.

2. We proceed to the subject matter of the book. Having recently touched upon the 'Preliminary Discourse,' which is the commencing chapter, we here pass on to the 'Introduction,' where we find the definitive terms of the science to be, *Phrenology* proper, and *Craniology.* The former treats of the *influence and connexion of the mind and the brain.* The latter of *the dimension and figure of the brain, as manifested by the size and form of the cranium.* The fundamental proposition is assumed, as a postulate, that *man is compounded of simple spirit, and organized matter.* The mutual co-operation of mind and matter is necessary to intellectual action. *The brain is the organ of intellect,* and the only one, by which mind manifests its existence and power. The *brain is a compound, or multiplex organ.* For the *exercise of each primitive mental power, a specific cerebral organ is necessary.* This system differs from other theories of mental philosophy, in asserting the union and concurrence of matter and mind in every intellectual process. It asserts, that every *specific, intellectual operation* can be performed only by a *specific and appropriate organ.* The growth of these organs so *modifies the figure of the head,* that their *situation and relative size can be discovered by the inspection of it.* It affirms, that neither *acci-*

dent, nor discipline can add a new faculty; and that the sole *aim of discipline and education is to awaken, regulate, and improve those derived from nature.*

These are the fundamental principles of the science. The whole system is the carrying out of these principles to their remote consequences. The reader may, perhaps, discover the ridiculous character, and horrible tendencies of these premises, which so many seem to have found in them. For ourselves, we confess, that we are not capable of discovering either the one, or the other. The doctrines seem to us to be plausible, and to have a fair claim to an investigation, the result of which is not prejudged.

But when phrenologists, with that disposition to theorize, or dogmatize, which has been so characteristic of all former metaphysicians, proceed to speculate, and to follow out their doctrines to remote consequences, and by deductions, based upon reasonings *a priori*, go on to lay down a map of the brain, and assign in that narrow empire thirty four different provinces to as many distinct intellectual functions, we reply with the French shrug, *Je ne scais pas. Peut etre; peut etre non.* We want the evidence. We know of no way to arrive at it, but our own individual consciousness. Observation of the protuberances of inanimate skulls seems to us a loose method of arriving at such very definite conclusions. We do not know of what intensity of consciousness others may be capable. We know, that with a serious earnestness, proportionate to the importance of the information sought, we have asked of our own tenement about the locality of the powers of its tenant mind. We received no other reply, than the response of mental echo.

It seems to have been a popular opinion of all ages and countries, to refer thinking to the brain. Even this may have been the result of the same habit, which regulates all our local perceptions and consciousness. But if even the enquiry, where dwells the single and entire thinking power, can receive but a vague and dubious response, what shall we say of the precision of a map of the brain into thirty-four divisions, and the assignment to as many organs of a distinct and local boundary? The professor thinks, that any man by intense and fixed observation of his own mental functions, can trace the leading faculties to their distinct provinces by consciousness. We confess, that this is a distinctness and divisibility of consciousness, of which we know nothing from our own observation.

The book is divided into sections. The first section illustrates the point, that *man is a compound being*, and that we have no evidence, that *mind can act without matter.* Mind is considered the superior principle; but since the subordinate, *matter*, is necessary to its action, there can be no reason for exalting the former at the expense, and for the degradation of the latter. He quotes the

trite and beautiful distich, 'The soul's dark cottage,' &c. only to affirm, that the illustration of the verses is not correct; but that the mind waxes in vigor, and wanes in infirmity and decay, with the corresponding changes of the body.

The second section is devoted to the discussion of the question, *can the mind, a unit in essence, possess a plurality of faculties?* By various arguments and illustrations, he arrives at the conclusion, *that it can not.* One of the positions, assumed for this proof, is a principle, asserted in the 'Preliminary Discourse;' viz. that to *change the state of a simple substance is to change the substance itself.* If asked, how a simple substance, as for example, mind, produces such a variety of results—he answers, by being united, in the different organs of the brain, to a variety of means. Steam, he remarks, is a simple power; but is greatly diversified by the purposes, to which it is applied. Gravitation is a simple power; but, in like manner, acts by means to an infinite diversity of results. Mind, too, acting through the agency of the brain, produces at least thirty-four distinct mental operations.

Section third asserts, that the *brain is the organ of intellect.* The proof is, that the persuasion is universal, and as old as the world; or at least, as the science of metaphysics. Cerebral matter in all living beings is accompanied by intellect. The amount and complexity of intellect always correspond to the amount and complexity of the cerebral mass. It is proved by the influence of diseases of the brain. It is proved by the fact, that mere organic life, and life in *acephalic* monsters are unaccompanied by intellect. It is proved from the circumstance, that the number of faculties corresponds to the complexity of the cerebral structure; and equally from the growth of the brain, and all its forms of developement. In old age, it is not the mind, which decays; but the brain, by which it operates. The author establishes his conviction of the immortality of the soul, on his persuasion, that the mind can neither grow old, nor die. If the developement of the brain be rapid, or tardy, so also is the corresponding manifestation of intellect. The difference between the male and the female intellect, which, according to this system, exists, is simply owing to the difference of the organization of the respective heads. Intellectual faculties are transmitted by birth. Engaged in intellectual operations, we are conscious, that the brain is exercised, in the same way, as we are conscious of exercising the muscles of the legs and feet in walking.

At the next position of the professor we startle; and, as we have remarked, are ready to confess, that we possess no such distinctness of consciousness. It is this:—'Nor is this all. When intellectually engaged, we are conscious of exercising some one portion of our brain, more than any other. For the truth of this,

of Christ is always thus delineated. Female heads are thus characterized; and women are more remarkable for piety than men.

'The full developement of this organ produces early baldness. Hence the heads of saints and pious men, are usually represented with that accompaniment.

'Those who have been observant of the circumstance, assert, that, of any given number of men of equal age in a place of public worship, those who are bald, and have the organ I am considering well developed, other things being alike, are most devout.

'From personal observation, I am persuaded that this representation is true. The expression of the countenances of bald-headed men is very generally in accord with the *sentiment* of *veneration*, unless where their native feelings have been perverted by a bad education. The insult of the children to one of the most pious and distinguished of the prophets, "go up thou bald-head," is a fact corroborative of the foregoing statement.

'This sentiment is the source of that profound veneration, which many persons feel, some in a degree much higher than others, for every thing that is ancient—ancient opinions, manuscripts, and buildings; and, I regret to add, ancient errors, prejudices, and superstitions.

'To the same sentiment must we look for those emotions of reverence and awe, with which we approach the ruins of temples and palaces, the graves of our ancestors, and the places generally where the ashes of the great and the virtuous repose. Nor can we derive from any other source, that potent impulse, which, through such toils and privations, sufferings and dangers, leads to Jerusalem and to Mecca, the pious pilgrims of the cross and the crescent.

'A positive propensity to profanity and profligacy, is not the necessary consequence of a deficiency of veneration. But where such deficiency exists, the general barrier against the pernicious excesses of the lower faculties, is certainly weakened. A less potent temptation, therefore, will allure to vice.

'Both the existence and strength of this sentiment are proved by the fact, that all individuals and nations *venerate* and *worship* a God of some kind, while their reasoning powers, are incapable of directing them to a suitable object.—Hence the practice of the worship of idols, and inferior animals.

'One of the most important considerations connected with this sentiment is, that it proves religion to be founded in the nature of man. And if it were not thus founded, *it could never be implanted.* Religion, then, would be a *trick* and a *name.*' p. 114.

Tune, producing love and enjoyment of music. This developement gives fullness to the lateral parts above the external ends of the eye brows. *Language*, when strongly developed, produces the same prominence under the eyes. *Wit*, when thoroughly developed, gives breadth to the upper part of the forehead. For its specific position we can only refer the reader to the map. In Chaucer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Sterne, the developement of this organ is peculiarly striking.

In section seventh, he vindicates this system against the charge of materialism. He says, that phrenology furnishes no other ground for this charge, than in affirming, that in intellectual operations, it is

necessary for matter to co-operate with mind. We frankly admit, that we have never seen the relevancy of this charge; for in so far, as materialism might affect the grounds of hope and belief of the natural immortality of the soul, none of our readers can entertain more horror, in view of the doctrine of materialism, than ourselves. Arguments for the eternity of matter, and the possibility of its being the substratum of thought, we hold to be perfectly gratuitous. Berkeley's argument was to us a sound one, as far as it went. *We think*, and are, therefore, certain of the existence of mind. But consciousness does not thus prove the existence of matter; much less can any argument prove it eternal, or capable of being the substratum of thought.

To vindicate the system from the equally undeserved charge of fatalism, among many arguments we quote the following, as an illustration, which struck us, as being highly ingenious and acute:

'A strong *propensity* to commit a crime, by no means implies a *necessity* to commit it. In every case where *insanity* does not exist, the higher faculties *can* govern the lower, provided they are properly called into action. If they be not thus called, the fault is not in *nature*, but in the individual who misemploys her gifts. The will is the paramount power of the mind, and *can* at all times controul the others.

'Suppose an individual, sound in intellect, is about to commit a crime to which he is propelled by the strongest propensity. Let it be a violation of female honour. A witness unexpectedly makes his appearance. The ruffian abandons his purpose and flies. But the mere appearance of a third person does not here confer on the culprit any new intellectual faculty. It only induces him to employ those, which he before possessed. In this instance the offender knows that he is committing a crime, and, at the same time, feels that he is *perfectly free*. His sudden and voluntary abandonment of his object is proof of both. His organs of *cautiousness* and *reflection*, excited into powerful action, by the appearance of the witness, remove, on the principle of revulsion, the superabundant excitement of his amatory organ, and his victim escapes. p. 148.

Section eighth points out the difference between the systems of phrenology and metaphysics. *Perception*, *memory*, *imagination*, *judgment*, *abstraction*, *attention*, *association*, &c. are called by metaphysicians, *faculties of the mind;* by phrenology they are considered *functions* of one, or more of the *primitive faculties*. This section evidences, as we think, more profound research, than any other in the book. The writer appears in it to be thoroughly acquainted with the ancient systems. It contains a train of reasoning and thought, which would be marred by any attempt at abridgment, and we have not space to quote it entire. We can not refrain, however, from adverting to the new view, which he gives of the phenomena of *association*. It is, in brief, that *association* does not exist, as has been supposed, between *ideas*, but between the *organs* of those *ideas*.—The illustrations, which he cites, in proof of this position, seem to

us both ingenious and plausible. He proceeds to explain a great number of mental phenomena on this principle; and the arguments have to us much interest, whatever may be thought of the logical accuracy of the inductions. In virtue of the uncommon developement of *constructiveness*, Master Hankes evinces such premature talent in cutting likenesses from paper. Ovid and Moore are examples of the predominance of amativeness in writing, and Rafael in painting; Milton wrote his 'Paradise lost,' under the influence of predominant *veneration*; and Horace his satires under the predominance of the organs of *wit and destructiveness*. We suppose, the professor need not be reminded, that Horace admits, that he had little taste for fighting, and laughs heartily over his cups, about his running away in battle, and losing his shield '*haud bene relictam.*'

Genius by this system, instead of being, according to former opinion, a *distinct intellectual faculty*, or endowment, consists in a happy combination of all of them.

The astonishing and hitherto deemed inexplicable phenomena of instinct, next come under consideration. We recommend the perusal of this section, as one of great interest and full of instruction. He gives certain examples of indications in plants, that they possess faculties, exactly analagous to instinct in animals. These examples, as well as those of the mysterious power of instinct in various animals, strike every thinking mind with astonishment. Not only man, but all things are 'fearfully and wonderfully made!!!'

Under the general head of *expression*, we have the history of *physiognomy*, which seems already to have passed into oblivion, and the correspondence between language, sounds, attitudes and gestures, and the internal character and feelings. The effect of these inward feelings is pourtrayed in the expression of *combattiveness*, *destructiveness*, *secretiveness*, *adhesiveness*, *the love of approbation* and *veneration*. He accounts for the mysteries of *ventriloquism* on the principles of *phrenology*.

He proceeds to pass strictures upon some examinations of Dr. Warren of Boston, tending to show from anatomical research, that some of the commonly received opinions of phrenology do not correspond with the results of this investigation. Dr. Warren instances the skulls of lions and large dogs, in which he affirms, that the organs, called those of *combattiveness*, were scantily and badly developed. Dr. Caldwell replies by questioning the common opinion, that the lion and dog are courageous. He supposes them only quarrelsome, and believes that propensity may consist with such developement. In the same manner Dr. Warren found the organs of *amativeness* and *tune* wanting in animals, that were supposed to possess them in the highest degree, as for instance, baboons and singing birds. These results the professor refutes, or explains away in his usual mode of ingenious argumentation.

In regard to the female head, as we have already intimated, Dr. Caldwell, though otherwise one of the French *preux chevaliers*, entertains the most startling opinions. Dr. Warren, on the authority of careful inspection of the respective skulls, can see no difference between the male and female cerebral organization. The author, on the contrary, insists, that there is a striking and uniform difference. The male strength of developement, he says, is situated in the forehead, the seat of intellect, and the latter in the posterior portions of the head, the seat of moral sentiment. Hence, men are more intellectual, and women more sentimental in character. In other words, men are wiser, and women better. We earnestly hope, that the kinder and better part of the species will be satisfied with this assignment of the professor. No one ought to hesitate a moment, were the choice offered. We doubt, however, the general acquiescence of the fair in this distribution.

The work approaches its close in a comparison between phrenology and metaphysics; over which he assigns the former an immeasurable superiority. He goes into more extended illustrations of points upon which he had only touched before. In reference to the utility of this science, he remarks, that it must be exactly proportioned to the importance of the subject, upon which it treats, the study of mind, and the intellectual character of man. The interests, which it will most eminently subserve, are those of *education*, *criminal legislation*, *jurisprudence*, and the treatment of diseases of the *intellect*. He considers it the only science, which leads to a knowledge of the proper pathology and treatment of *insanity* and *mental disease*. This science alone teaches 'to minister to a mind diseased and raze the written troubles of the brain.'

This part of the volume closes with an eulogy of Dr. Abernethy of London, a man distinguished for his intellect, and his eminence as an anatomist. From being a bitter persecutor, he has become recently a warm advocate of phrenology. The remarks, quoted from this gentleman, are in general confirmation of what has been advanced in the book. They are acute, sensible and eloquent in no common degree. He has been distinguished, too, by his writings in opposition to materialism; a proof, that he at least does not consider the system in hand, as tending to that doctrine.—The history of the translation of Enoch and Elijah, the resurrection of our Lord in the body, and the sublime views of the resurrection of the body by St. Paul, are adduced in proof, that the testimony of the Scriptures and of the doctrine of phrenology coincide, in declaring the necessity of the union of body and mind, even for the functions and enjoyments of the upper world.

Appended to the volume is another dissertation upon this subject, of 76 pages, which appears to have been read at a debating society. The length to which these remarks have already extended, limit us to a very concise notice of the matter of this appen-

I confidently appeal to the consciousness of any individual, who will be strictly attentive to his own faculties.'

Section fourth considers, and obviates objections, chiefly such, as are supposed to be furnished by physiology.

Section fifth lays down one of the fundamental axioms of the system; that the brain is a *compound or multiplex organ.* The steps of proof are, the antiquity of the opinion. The Roman metaphysicians had their mental divisions of *animus*, *anima* and *mens* in the same mind. In the 13th century, Albertus Magnus gave a map of the brain, predicated on its multiplex character. In common with the Arabian physicians, he placed *common sense in the forehead.* Various other *scavans* have come to the same conclusion. Dissection of the brain demonstrates it; and analogy goes to confirm the same doctrine. It is proved by the different aptitudes of the various individuals of the species. It is proved from the minds of inferior animals, which are the same, as those of men in kind, and only differ in degree and character. The corporeal faculties manifest a progress, corresponding to that of their specific organs. So do those of the mind.

A proof, that the brain has different organs is derived from the fact, that when one organ is fatigued, another may be refreshed.—We pass with pleasure from the wearying pursuit of mathematical investigation, to music. If it be objected, that in passing from one study to another, we do not change the exercise of the organ, but only remit the ardor and intensity of the study; he replies, that fatigue is an actual dissipation, or diminution of the part fatigued.—Nothing, therefore, is capable of suffering fatigue, but that, which has parts.

The phenomena of dreaming are irreconcilable, except with a plurality of thinking organs. *Sleep*, *somnambulism* and *mono-mania*, tend in proof to the same point. If to this it be objected, that a plurality of organs must imply a plurality of consciousnesses, he happily replies, that with a plurality of organs of vision, hearing and smell, our perceptions are single. They should be plural only, when the two hemispheres of the brain do not act in unison and concert.—This actually takes place in *mono-mania.*

He proceeds to examine anatomical objections. He affirms, that dissections of the brain, before those of Gall and Spurzheim, had not been scientifically, and correctly conducted. At this point he starts an important question, *on what do the energy and excellence of the brain, as the organ of intellect depend?* He answers, on its *size, configuration and tone; its extensity and intensity.* Here he arrives at the assertion so appalling to those, who have small heads. *The heads of individuals, pre-eminent for intellect, are uniformly large and striking in figure.* He illustrates this position by the analogy, that all glands and muscles are powerful in proportion to their size, fullness of organization, and vitality.

The better half of the species, according to this system, must rest content with the possession of more beauty, delicacy of organization, tenderness of moral feeling, and strength of moral sentiment—for the professor decidedly asserts the superiority of the male over the female intellect, in strength. The male brain, he affirms, is larger, and the organ of reflection more fully developed. He states only as an opinion, that the fibre of the brain is stronger, and firmer in texture.

That the intensity of the brain influences its vigor, he contends, is proved by the fact, that all strong action of the brain is accompanied, either as cause, or effect, by a rush of blood to the brain. The stimulant effect of wine and opium upon the brain is accounted for in this way. Some speakers never undertake powerful efforts of speaking, except when under this influence; and others allege, that they can never become eloquent, until they have warmed themselves with their own subject.

He thence ascends another broad step of phrenology. To the question, *is it possible, during the lives of individuals, to distinguish with any degree of accuracy their cerebral developements?* He returns a decidedly affirmative answer. Again he asks, *whether the cranium gives form to the brain, or the brain to the cranium?* He answers, beyond question the brain to the cranium. We remember to have been delighted with the beautiful arguments for a Providence, in the *memorabilia* of Socrates, derived from the obvious uses of different parts of the human form. We do not recollect, that he mentioned the circumstance of the adaptation of the firm parietal structure of the cranium, as a defence for the delicate, sensitive and all-important organs of the brain. We have no doubt, that such, in the Divine archetype of the human structure, was the intent of the cranium. The only argument, that could prove, that particular developements of the brain are related to excrescences, or protuberances on the skull, as cause to effect, are a sufficient number of observations, fairly conducted, and adequately attested. We make this remark, because, we believe, that physiological researches and anatomical observations upon this subject have been hitherto conducted by ardent followers, or bitter enemies of the science. They ought to have been taken by those, who were neither friends, nor enemies; but disposed to investigate the science with a fairness and attention, proportioned to the importance of the enquiry. It is well known, that examinations of the same skulls have led to diametrically opposite conclusions; a clear proof of the bearing of prejudice upon all investigations, so conducted.

In section sixth the faculties of the mind are divided into *feelings* and *intellect*. The *feelings* are subdivided into *propensities* and *sentiments;* the *intellect* into *knowing faculties* and *reflecting faculties*. In reply to those, who think, there may be truth in phrenology, and none in craniology, he judges the latter quite as well estab-

lished, as the former. His expressions are general, and guarded, when he asserts, 'that it is possible to acquire a knowledge of the intellects of some individuals by a skillful inspection of their heads.' But he is clear that this inspection ought to be conducted by an adept, and not by a crude and seperficial examination of an uninitiated observer. By a passing pressure of his experienced hand upon the gentle skulls of the fair, he arrives at the following remarks:

'Where the intellect is *common*, equal or very nearly so, in one thing to what it is in another, but distinguished in nothing, (and such is the case with the intellects of a majority of the human race) the craniological marks are exceedingly faint; so faint, indeed, that, like faded letters, no one can decipher them without great difficulty. And that such MUST be the case, is one of the plainest dictates of reason—no strong manifestation of intellect, no prominent developement of head—an ordinary intellect, an ordinary head. On the principles of Phrenology, common sense announces that these phenomena must be united. The cause being wanting, the effect can not present itself.—But has the individual a *real character?* Is he distinguished by any strong intellectual manifestations? Is he eminent as a poet, a painter, a logician, a mathematician, an astronomer, a linguist, a philanthropist, or an architect? If so, then is he also distinguished by craniological developements. Then is there something striking in the appearance of his head—something that designates him as a man of intellect. If to this rule exceptions be found, they are *but* exceptions, and weigh nothing in the scale of solid objections.' p. 96.

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'In the opinion of the most disciplined and practical phrenologists, by far the greater part of these faculties and the seats of their appropriate organs are *certain*, i. e. satisfactorily ascertained. A few of them are *probable*, and a few only *conjectural*. When considered in detail, they should be thus distinguished.'

PRIMITIVE FACULTIES.

'PROPENSITIES. 1. Amativeness, 2. Philoprogenitiveness, 3. Concentrativeness, 4. Adhesiveness, 5. Combattiveness, 6. Destructiveness, 7. Constructiveness, 8. Covetiveness, 9. Secretiveness.

'SENTIMENTS. 10. Self-Esteem, 11. Love of Approbation, 12. Cautiousness, 13. Benevolence, 14. Veneration, 15. Hope, 16. Ideality, 17. Conscientiousness, 18. Firmness.

'KNOWING FACULTIES. 19. Individuality, 20. Form, 21. Space, 22. Resistance, 23. Colour, 24. Locality, 25. Order, 26. Duration, 27. Number, 28. Tune, 29 Language.

'REFLECTING FACULTIES. 30. Comparison, 31. Causality, 32. Wit, 33. Imitation, 34. Wonder. *These five are proper to man.*' p. 98.

We should be glad to continue such a kind of abstract, through the volume. Our readers would alternately smile, doubt, oppose, be dazzled with the eloquence, amused with the ingenuity, or in-

structed with the research of the writer. We frankly confess, that our light went out, when we entered the thirty-four labyrinths of the brain. The professor still has light, and proceeds to map the cranium, as will be perceived in the engravings, which front the title page of this volume; and assigns to each one of these thirty-four faculties its appropriate province in the brain.—We need not inform the general reader, in what manner this notion of mapping the brain has been generally treated; nor that, if the map has been engraven on slight authority, the ridicule and rejection of it has been on still slighter.

We shall barely point, in passing, to the provinces in the brain, where, according to this engraving, the principal *sentiments* and *faculties* are seated. *Amativeness;* lower part of the occiput, between the mastoid portions of the temporal bones. *Philoprogenitiveness;* the occiput immediately above amativeness. *Concentrativeness;* just above the former. *Combattiveness;* a double organ on each side of the head, marked No. 4. in the map. *Destructiveness;* a double organ on each side of the head, partly covered by the ear. *Constructiveness;* a double organ on each side of the head, just behind, and a little above the external angle of the eye. Our countryman, Mr. Perkins, he says, is strongly marked by the developement of this organ. We have no way of designating the seat of *covetiveness*, and many other of these faculties, except by reference to the map of the brain. He mentions a Prussian chaplain under the influence of this developement, who used to steal penknives, pocket-handkerchiefs, books and ladies' stockings! and he instances similar propensities and results in the case of a lady.

In the same manner the author disposes of the *sentiments* and *knowing faculties*. Among the sentiments, we call the attention of the reader to his remarks upon the sentiment of *Veneration;* in proof, that Dr. Caldwell, so far from manifesting dispositions, to exclude religion from his system, as some have charged him, finds the religious sentiment not only inwoven with the texture of the brain, but indelibly indicated even by the external form of the head. We give the following, as his own exposition of his views:

'14. *Veneration.* A single organ. Seat. Directly behind and immediately adjoining No. 13. The sagittal suture passes through its centre.

'The function of this organ is a sentiment of *veneration towards superior beings*, elders, parents, God. Considered in its relationship towards God, it is more especially denominated piety, and produces adoration. But not being a *knowing* faculty, it indicates nothing as to the nature or perfections of God.—It merely points towards a God, such as the intellectual faculties, aided by revelation or otherwise, portray. Hence it may act as vigorously under the impressions of a false as a true religion—under Mahometanism as under Christianity.

'When fully developed, this organ produces on the top of the head always a fullness, and often somewhat of a ridge, which makes the hair, if long, separate along the course of it, and fall gracefully on each side. Hence the head

dix. It gives us, substantially, the same views of the science, which we have just been contemplating, somewhat modified, in their mode of presentation, by the different occasion, on which they were offered. In dwelling at some length upon the treatment, which this science has received, the professor manifests here, as elsewhere, strong developement of the pugnacious protuberance. This whole volume bears obvious marks of the same influence, and shows, that instead of possessing the cold and dispassionate temperament, which is supposed to be appropriate to philosophers and metaphysicians, he belongs rather to the '*irritabile genus vatum.*'— Over the heads of distinguished opposers he draws the gay cap.— Their language he settles, as that of Billingsgate; and their domicile he fixes in Wapping. By way of contrasting authorities, he opposes to them the phrenological *scavans*, Combe, Blainville, St. Hilaire, Royer, Otto, Chalmers, Welsh, Johnson, Mackenzie and Abernethy. We may be allowed to add last, though not least, that of the professor himself. He thinks, that the science has little to fear on the score of contrasted authority. He dwells with emphasis upon the certainty, direction, force and importance, which, he thinks, this science will give to education, the most important of all subjects, to which philosophers, legislators and moralists can attend. He touches, too, in passing upon its bearing upon morals. He combats the views of Dr. Pritchard, Mr. Everett, the author of 'America,' Dr. Good, and others, who have asserted the absolute intellectual equality of all the different races of men. Against this position, Dr. Caldwell brings to bear all his peculiar powers, wit, caustic, satire, and sparkling analogies. So far as we are qualified to judge, we should deem him an adept in physiology and anatomy; and he is liberal in illustrations drawn from those sciences. After all, we should think it a sufficient reply to this position, that it evidently contradicts the common sense, and revolts the simplest perceptions of mankind. We are perfectly willing to leave philosophers, who choose to fence with windmills, to the sport of their own choice.

Toward the close of the dissertation, with a frequency of recurrence to the subject, which marks either soreness of conscience, or great tenderness for ladies, he seems disposed in every way to satisfy them with the allotment of Providence, which, according to him, assigns more intellectual heads to the male, by allowing them handsomer, if not better heads; by awarding a prodigious balance in their favor of goodness, tenderness and religious aptitude. For ourselves, we would rather be good, than great.

We are aware, that to some readers, this article of unwonted length will be deemed misplaced. Few will be so wantonly prejudiced, as not to allow the author great talent, whatever views they may take of his system. A book of mental philosophy, of great originality and reach of thought, written by a professor, and a ci-

tizen of the west, surely ought not to come from the press, under our eye, without a respectful notice. There are half a dozen important works of the western country, which we are precluded from touching by the prevalent madness of politics. We could have no pretext for passing by such a book as this upon a philosophical subject. The reader will see, that this article must have cost us labor. He can not appreciate all our difficulties, in attempting to spread a brief and readable summary of a great mass of thought before him. After all, long as this article may seem, those, who shall master it, will rather complain of its injustice to the author, on account of its brevity, than its length. In discussing this subject, we have longed for the spacious halls of the quarterlies, and have desired that our readers may command the patience, with which they sit down in those profound repositories.

We have preferred an abstract, to extensive quotations, and have given ourselves much trouble to present the reader a fair outline of the system. Most of those, who have made it an object of their wit and ridicule, have in fact known nothing of it, but a few of its terms. Let them read, and digest the system, and then they can be witty understandingly. No one can have an idea of the developements of the system, the exposition and defence of its doctrines, and its mode of meeting, and refuting objections, in any other way, than by reading the book entire. To that we refer them; and are sure, that those, who differ in sentiment from the author, will allow him uncommon talents, and will rise from the perusal, instructed in one of the most interesting and important subjects of philosophy.

With a remark or two, appropriate to our own views, we close. The fundamental axioms of this system seem to us to have great plausibility, and to accord better with the observation and experience of mankind, than those of any other system of metaphysics, with which we are acquainted. We received new views from the very interesting section upon the *association of ideas.* This solution of the doubt and uncertainty, that have hitherto hung over the subject, seemed to us both striking and satisfactory. It seems strange, to suppose, that a volume upon metaphysics can be read with interest and for amusement; and yet, we think, this book can be so read.

Upon one point we not only claim to be serious; but we could not answer it to our conscience, to dismiss this article without a few final remarks upon the supposed religious tendency of this volume. Dr. Caldwell must *gird up his loins*, and prepare himself to meet ridicule and abuse. As a philosopher, he ought to do it with calmness. But as his talents seem to lie strongly not only in the line of defence, but carrying the war into his enemy's border, we may safely leave him to manage this concern for himself. But if we thought, this system tended to immorality, or unbelief, in

the same proportion we should doubt the truth of its fundamental axioms. We trust, that none of our readers can have a greater aversion to opinions, that lead to such issues, than ourselves. We are clearly and unequivocally, in mind, heart and conscience, and we hope, we may add, in example, diametrically and forever opposed to speculations, that even appear to lead to a subversion of the master principles of conduct and religious hope. The speculations of the professor, other than as we find them in his writings, are wholly beyond our province. In these he expressly disavows materialism and irreligion, and assigns to the religious developement an immutable dwelling in the mind. If he has been driven, in the bitterness of controversy with theological opponents, beyond his purpose and his principles; if he has any where in his writings seemed to incline to materialism; if he has any where discussed the doctrines of Christianity in a spirit of harshness, levity, or ridicule; if he has any where expressed himself with a latitude, which was liable to misinterpretation; if he has any where advanced a sentiment, which tends in the slightest degree to weaken the sense of moral obligation, and the chain by which a Christian holds to his immortal hopes; we trust, we shall not seem unseasonably enacting the part of Mentor, in reminding him, how much influence a man, so gifted, must exert over the minds of the young and the wavering. We hope, he will pardon our recommending to him more explicitness, and more cautious avoidance of the chances of misinterpretation. We think, that a good man and citizen, however gifted, will prefer to commit all his writings to the flames, and all his theories and speculations to the winds, before they have been stamped with the irrevocable seal of the press; that he will renounce all intellectual estimation, and extinguish all the pride of authorship, rather than shake one pillar in the temple of virtue, or in the slightest degree bring the chilling influence of doubt over that faith, *which is the anchor of the soul.*

The Novels of Charles Brockden Brown, *in five volumes* 12*mo.* Published by S. G. Goodrich. Boston, 1827.

Success, as an author, to the common and undiscerning eye, like every thing else on this 'visible diurnal sphere' of ours, seems to go by destiny. There is a 'tide' in this affair, as in others, which, taken at the flood, 'leads on to fortune.' A thousand contingencies must concur, even if the author possess superior talents, to bring him fame and fortune. A great portion of the reading community of our country have not even heard of the amiable and

highly talented author of the works before us. With a mind of uncommon earnestness, energy and power, and a heart, it should seem, formed in nature's most indulgent and plastic mood, he kept along the calm and even tenor of his way, writing incessantly for subsistence, until his exquisitely sensitive and fragile nature was worn out; and he descended in the mid-day of his career to the grave, not indeed to be forgotten by a few, who knew his talents and his worth, but by the undistinguishing mass; and as regards that kind of immortality, that authors covet, which consists in having their name '*volitare per ora*,' shrouded in oblivion.

Those, who read a novel merely for an insipid love tale, will naturally turn away from these volumes, which record the progress and effect of the deeper and sterner passions, and movements of the human breast. Perhaps it is this strong and almost harsh delineation of character, this abstract and ungracious view of the waywardness of human nature, which has caused, that these novels have been so little enquired after. Most novel readers desire to be amused by the representation of the appearance and actions of the fashionable butterflies, that gather at a watering place, and spend their time to as much purpose, as the beautiful, but transitory insects, to which they have been likened; or if they require a little excitement, the alternation of good and bad fortune, which always attends the hero and heroine of a *mediocre* novel, is sufficient to produce it. Such readers have no wish to contemplate pictures, which lay open the recesses of the heart. But if strong talent, and deep feeling, and powerful moral painting be the first requisites in writings of this kind, no novelist in our country, and few in any other, ought to take place of Charles Brockden Brown. We are pleased to see this effort of the Boston publisher, to rescue these works, so marked by genius and mind, and so infinitely superior to most of the writings of this class, that have been published among us, from oblivion.

This distinguished writer was born in Philadelphia, January 17, 1771. It was his fate, in common with many other men, similarly gifted, to have a great and energetic mind imprisoned in a weak frame, blighted by the mildews of disease almost from his birth.— His buddings indicated richness of talent from his earliest years.

All his early discipline was strictly of a literary character; and he was a writer from his boyhood. In the office of Alexander Wilson, of Philadelphia, he prepared for the practice of the law. At this period he was a member of many of those societies for debate and discipline, in which young men, who are studious and wise, train themselves to habits of thinking, and disciplining their thoughts, by collision with older and more experienced minds.— In all these circles he bore the character of a young man of high intellectual promise; and his moral worth kept pace with his mental progress. As he ripened into manhood, he discovered, that

his feeble health, his habits, and more than all, his fixed predilection for silence, solitude, retirement, literary pursuits, and communion with himself, decidedly disqualified him for the bustle, competition, and great struggle of the law. Six years elapsed, between the periods of his relinquishment of the law, and his becoming a professed author. Much of this time he spent in the city of New York. He was led thither, by a desire to throw off the dejection, that had clung to him, since he had found, that his physical weakness, united with disinclination, had closed before him the path, in which his friends, of whom he was the pride and boast, had hoped, he would have attained renown. His first publication was 'ALCUIN,' or a dialogue on the rights of women.

Although this first essay is said to have been well executed, it did not circulate extensively. Mr. Brown's mind at this time inclined to scepticism; but this unfortunate view of things was corrected by reflection and experience, during the after part of his life. The series of novels before us, are, probably, the basis, upon which Mr. Brown's fame will rest. They were published, during a period of rather more than three years; and with them he completed his thirtieth year. At the same time he conducted a periodical work in the city of New York, called the 'MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND AMERICAN REVIEW.' At the close of the year 1800, Mr. Brown returned to his native city. The three succeeding years, he employed himself in planning, and making collections for writings of a higer aim and more lasting foundation, than he had yet attempted.

In 1803, Mr. Brown came forward, as a political writer, in his essay on the cession of Louisiana by France to the United States. A second edition was called for, soon after the promulgation of the first; which evinces, that when his powers were applied to a subject, upon which the public was interested, they were felt.— This year also witnessed, on Mr. Brown's part, the commencement of a periodical in Philadelphia, entitled the 'LITERARY MAGAZINE AND AMERICAN REGISTER.' In 1804, Mr. Brown married Miss Elizabeth Linn, of New York, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Linn, of that city. At the fireside, and in the endeared circle, which this event gave him, he enjoyed that happiness, which his amiable character so eminently qualified him both to impart, and receive. In 1806, our author began the 'AMERICAN REGISTER,' which he continued, until 1809; when his health became so feeble, that he was obliged to desist from his labors. He journied into the country; but was not relieved; and his friends insisted upon his making the trial of a sea voyage. The spring of 1810, was fixed upon for his departure for England; but before that period arrived, the decree of Providence placed him beyond the reach of disease.

This sketch of our talented countryman has been necessarily so very brief, that we can hope to do nothing more, than to turn the attention of our readers to his Biography, which is prefixed to

'Wieland,' with which, as it stands first in order, we shall begin our notice. This story turns upon the injurious effect, produced upon enthusiastic minds, by the belief, that it is possible for God to require, as a duty to Him, the performance of an act, which in itself considered, is wrong. This diseased state of mind is exemplified in the character of Wieland. He is represented, as being correct in all his actions, amiable, noble minded, devoted to intellectual pursuits, strongly attached to those, who are bound to him by the ties of kindred, or affection; but contemplative, and prone to dwell upon the incomprehensible occurrences, that sometimes present themselves in the course of human events.

The author, to show the evil tendency of this kind of religious enthusiasm by actions, produced by the application of the principle, has introduced a ventriloquist, or biloquist, by whom Wieland is led to murder, with his own hand, his wife and children, under the impression, that this sacrifice was required of him, as a proof that he was ready to obey, as far as it was revealed to him, the will of God, whatever it might be. The story is well told. Interest is excited by the progress of the plot; and the horrible incidents, with which it terminates, produce a feeling of unmingled sadness. It has been said, that the human mind has a more natural tendency to sorrow, than joy. It would seem one proof of the truth of this remark, that a story of truth, or fiction, which moves the fountain of tears, is generally more popular, and remembered longer than one, which creates only pleasurable sensations.

We make two extracts from Wieland. They are not selected, because they are superior to the prevailing tenor of the work; but as fair specimens of its merit.

'I feel little reluctance in complying with your request. You know not fully the cause of my sorrows. You are a stranger to the depth of my distresses. Hence your efforts at consolation must necessarily fail. Yet the tale that I am going to tell is not intended as a claim upon your sympathy. In the midst of my despair, I do not disdain to contribute what little I can to the benefit of mankind. I acknowledge your right to be informed of the events that have lately happened in my family. Make what use of the tale you shall think proper. If it be communicated to the world, it will inculcate the duty of avoiding deceit. It will exemplify the force of early impressions, and show the immeasurable evils that flow from an erroneous or imperfect discipline.

'My state is not destitute of tranquillity. The sentiment that dictates my feelings is not hope. Futurity has no power over my thoughts. To all that is to come I am perfectly indifferent. With regard to myself, I have nothing more to fear. Fate has done its worst. Henceforth, I am callous to misfortune.

'I address no supplication to the Deity. The power that governs the course of human affairs has chosen his path. The decree that ascertained the condition of my life, admits of no recall. No doubt it squares with the maxims of eternal equity. That is neither to be questioned nor denied by me. It suffices that the past is exempt from mutation. The storm that tore up our happiness,

and changed into dreariness and desert the blooming scene of our existence, is lulled into grim repose; but not until the victim was transfixed and mangled; till every obstable was dissipated by its rage; till every remnant of good was wrested from our grasp, and exterminated.'—p. 5.

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'Theodore Wieland, the prisoner at the bar, was now called upon for his defence. He looked round him for some time in silence, and with a mild countenance. At length he spoke:

'"It is strange: I am known to my judges and my auditors. Who is there present, a stranger to the character of Wieland? who knows him not as a husband—as a father—as a friend? yet here am I arraigned as a criminal. I am charged with diabolical malice; I am accused of the murder of my wife and my children!

'"It is true, they were slain by me; they all perished by my hand. The task of vindication is ignoble. What is it that I am called to vindicate? and before whom?

'"You know that they are dead, and that they were killed by me. What more would you have? Would you extort from me a statement of my motives? Have you failed to discover them already? You charge me with malice; but your eyes are not shut; your reason is still vigorous; your memory has not forsaken you. You know whom it is that you thus charge. The habits of his life are known to you; his treatment of his wife and his offspring is known to you; the soundness of his integrity, and the unchangeableness of his principles, are familiar to your apprehension; yet you persist in this charge! You lead me hither manacled as a felon; you deem me worthy of a vile and tormenting death!

'"Who are they whom I have devoted to death? My wife—the little ones, that drew their being from me—that creature who, as she surpassed them in excellence, claimed a larger affection than those whom natural affinities bound to my heart. Think ye that malice could have urged me to this deed? Hide your audacious fronts from the scrutiny of heaven. Take refuge in some cavern unvisited by human eyes. Ye may deplore your wickedness or folly, but ye can not expiate it.

'"Think not that I speak for your sakes. Hug to your hearts this detestable infatuation. Deem me still a murderer, and drag me to untimely death. I make not an effort to dispel your illusion; I utter not a word to cure you of your saguinary folly; but there are probably some in this assembly who have come from far; for their sakes, whose distance has disabled them from knowing me, I will tell what I have done, and why."'—p. 152.

'Arthur Mervyn' is the only one of these novels, that exceeds one volume in size. Arthur Mervyn, the hero, is a rustic of eighteen years. During the summer of 1793, the year so noted for the dreadful visitation, which Philadelphia received from the yellow fever, our hero, on a bright morning, leaves his father's farm, situated some distance from that city, with three quarters of a dollar in his pocket, and with the determination, to be for the future the founder of his own fortunes. Philadelphia is the spot, selected for his first attempt. On his journey of a day thither, he confines

himself to bread and milk; but before night, his three quarters of a dollar are gone, and he enters the city pennyless. After a singular train of circumstances, he is taken into the service of Welbeck. In this man we have the sketch of a character, that unites all the extremes of depravity. Welbeck relates his own story to Arthur Mervyn, and they separate. Our hero retraces his steps into the country, and resumes his rural, humble and laborious occupation, which, upon reflexion, he considers most likely to make men good and happy; if not wise. He remains some weeks in this situation; when rumors of the commencement and progress of the epidemic reach his quiet retreat. A friend of the family, with whom he resides, is in the city, and consequently exposed to danger. To relieve him, or ascertain the certainty of his fate, Arthur Mervyn encounters the risk of imbibing the contagion, and enters the city. A strong picture is given of the prevalence and effect of this terrible epidemic. Our hero is seized with it; but recovers. At this point, the first volume, which, we believe, was published some time before the second, closes. The second gives us the termination of Welbeck's career, and carries our hero to the point of marriage with a widowed Jewess, who is six or seven years older, than himself.

We have preferred, to confine ourselves to the most bare outline of these stories, that we might, by so doing, be enabled to devote some of the narrow space, allowed us by our limits, to extracts from these volumes; as we think it right, that our readers should judge for themselves of a writer, and not through us.

'The day began now to dawn. It was Sunday, and I was desirous of eluding observation. I was somewhat recruited by rest, though the languors of sleeplessness oppressed me. I meant to throw myself on the first lap of verdure I should meet, and indulge in sleep that I so much wanted. I knew not the direction of the streets; but followed, that which I first entered from the court, trusting that, by adhering steadily to one course, I should sometime reach the fields. This street, as I afterwards found, tended to Schuylkill, and soon extricated me from houses. I could not cross this river without payment of toll. It was requisite to cross it in order to reach that part of the country whither I was desirous of going, but how should I effect my passage? I knew of no ford, and the smallest expense exceeded my capacity. Ten thousand guineas and a farthing, were equally remote from nothing, and nothing was the portion allotted to me.

'While my mind was thus occupied, I turned up one of the streets which tend northward. It was, for some length, uninhabited and unpaved. Presently I reached a pavement, and a painted fence, along which, a row of poplars was planted. It bounded a garden into which a knot hole permitted me to pry. The enclosure was a charming green, which I saw appended to a house of the loftiest and most stately order. It seemed like a recent erection, had all the gloss of novelty, and exhibited, to my unpractised eyes, the magnificence of palaces. My father's dwelling did not equal the height of one story, and

might be easily comprised in one fourth of those buildings which here were designed to accommodate the menials. My heart dictated the comparison between my own condition and that of the proprietors of this domain. How wide and how impassable was the gulf by which we were separated! This fair inheritance had fallen to one who, perhaps, would only abuse it to the purposes of luxury, while I, with intentions worthy of the friend of mankind, was doomed to wield the flail and the mattock.

'I had been entirely unaccustomed to this strain of reflection. My books had taught me the dignity and safety of the middle path, and my darling writer abounded with encomiums on rural life. At a distance from luxury and pomp I viewed them, perhaps, in a just light. A nearer scrutiny confirmed my early prepossessions; but at the distance at which I now stood, the lofty edifices, the splendid furniture, and the copious accommodations of the rich, excited my admiration and my envy.

'I relinquished my station and proceeded, in a heartless mood, along the fence. I now came to the mansion itself. The principal door was entered by a staircase of marble. I had never seen the stone of Carrara, and wildly supposed this to have been dug from Italian quarries. The beauty of the poplars, the coolness exhaled from the dew-besprent bricks, the commodiousness of the seat which these steps afforded, and the uncertainty into which I was plunged respecting my future conduct, all combined to make me pause. I sat down on the lower step, and began to meditate.'—Vol. I. p. 42.

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'In this spot I had hastily determined to dig the grave of Susan. The grave was dug. All that I desired was a cavity of sufficient dimensions to receive her. This being made, I returned to the house, lifted the corpse in my arms, and bore it without delay to the spot. Caleb seated in the kitchen, and Eliza asleep in her chamber, were wholly unapprized of my motions. The grave was covered, the spade reposited under the shed, and my seat by the kitchen fire resumed, in a time apparently too short for so solemn and momentous a transaction.

'I look back upon this incident with emotions not easily described. It seems as if I acted with too much precipitation; as if insensibility, and not reason, had occasioned that clearness of conceptions, and bestowed that firmness of muscles, which I then experienced. I neither trembled, nor wavered in my purpose. I bore in my arms the being whom I had known and loved, through the whistling gale and intense darkness of a winter's night; I heaped earth upon her limbs, and covered them from human observation, without fluctuations or tremors, though not without feelings that were awful and sublime.

'Perhaps some part of my steadfastness was owing to my late experience, and some minds may be more easily inured to perilous emergencies than others. If reason acquires strength only by the diminution of sensibility, perhaps it is just for sensibility to be diminished.'—Vol. II. p. 56.

In 'Edgar Huntly' we have another modification of the *beau ideal* of our author, which is certainly unique. Instead of a mind, pre-eminent in every point, enclosed in a form, that unites every attribute of grace, beauty and dignity,—characteristics, which have been deemed essential to the hero of a romance, Mr. Brown's imagina-

tion prefers to rest upon a character, deficient in almost every particular of the qualities, which custom has annexed, in all ages, to the imaginary perfection of man, as he stands represented by the heroes of fiction. Edgar Huntly has, however, although reared in poverty and seclusion, an inquisitive mind, and a generous heart. Acquaintance with an educated and amiable foreigner nourished the latter, and gratified the former. This personage is made the vehicle for the relation of the story of Clithero, who is another instance of the perversion of a noble mind. This picture differs from that of Wieland; although the result is equally deplorable. The misery, madness and self-murder of Clithero are occasioned by ungovernable impatience, and incapacity for calmly examining himself and his actions. This story contains some strong description of sterile and rugged scenery. In this story we have caves and precipices, dreary and almost impenetrable solitudes. We remark in passing, that our author seldom introduces scenery, the subject, upon which novels of the present day say so much, that a novel now seems incomplete without it. His line of writing embraces the living spirit within us; and leaves to others the delineation of 'river, field, village and wood,' in all their variety of position and combination. When he departs from his favorite path, he looks around him with eyes, that see reflected in the face of nature the same harsh and strongly marked features, which so evidently predominate in his views of human character.

The following short extract is all, that our limits will permit us to quote from this story:

'It would not be easy to describe the face of this district, in a few words. Half of Solebury, thou knowest, admits neither of plough nor spade. The cultivable space lies along the river; and the desert, lying on the north, has gained, by some means, the appellation of Norwalk. Canst thou imagine a space, somewhat circular, about six miles in diameter, and exhibiting a perpetual and intricate variety of craggy eminences and deep dells.

'The hollows are single, and walled around by cliffs, ever varying in shape and height, and have seldom any perceptible communication with each other.—These hollows are of all dimensions, from the narrowness and depth of a well, to the amplitude of one hundred yards. Winter's snow is frequently found in these cavities at mid-summer. The streams that burst forth from every crevice, are thrown, by the irregularities of the surface, into numberless cascades; often disappear in mists or in chasms, and emerge from subterranean channels, and, finally, either subside into lakes, or quietly meander through the lower and more level grounds.

'Wherever nature left a flat, it is made rugged and scarcely passable by enormous and fallen trunks, accumulated by the storms of ages, and forming, by their slow decay, a moss-covered soil, the haunt of rabbits and lizards.—These spots are obscured by the melancholy umbrage of pines, whose eternal murmurs are in unison with vacancy and solitude, with the reverberations of

the torrents and the whistling of the blasts. Hickory and poplar, which abound in the lowlands, find here no fostering elements.

'A sort of continued vale, winding and abrupt, leads into the midst of this region and through it. This vale serves the purpose of a road. It is a tedious maze, and perpetual declivity, and requires, from the passenger, a cautious and sure foot. Openings and ascents occasionally present themselves on each side, which seem to promise you access to the interior region, but always terminate, sooner or later, in insuperable difficulties, at the verge of a precipice, or the bottom of a steep.'—p. 83.

We are not of the opinion, that the personal character of a man can be discovered from the tone of his writings. Were this the case, the author of the 'Man of feeling,' instead of having been, as he is represented, a very cheerful man, would have displayed a manner strongly marked by the melancholy tenderness, which gives such a charm to that work. We make this remark, to serve as an instance, parallel to that of Mr. Brown. We should infer from his biography, that his own character was not at all tinctured by the sombre coloring, that soon or late, invests his pictures of life.

'Jane Talbot' is a love story. The heroine, from whom the novel receives its name, is a beautiful, amiable and intelligent woman, with an ardent temperament, and some independence. Henry Colden, whom she loves, and by whom she is beloved, is a good infidel; that is, his inclination leads him to be religious, but his reason will not allow of it. The friends of Jane Talbot object to her marriage with Colden, on the score of his infidelity. Much reasoning passes between them; and they suffer many conflicts between duty and inclination; but they are finally terminated by the conversion of Colden. This volume is written in letters, and with much spirit. The lady will, perhaps, be thought by some too frank and unrestrained in her expressions of affection, for the climate, in which she wrote. But we are clearly of the opinion, that more interest is excited in the mind of the reader of writings of this class by the spirit, which is infused into them, by the open expression of the overflowings of the heart, than there is harm done, by trenching upon the bounds of an unnatural, freezing, and heartless self-called decorum. We pass from this volume without an extract.

The story of 'Ormond' presents an outline, which has served for innumerable novels. But the filling up in this case is original. The father of Constantia Dudley, the heroine of the tale, became a bankrupt, soon after she had completed her education. Mrs. Dudley died. Mr. Dudley betook himself to intemperance, as a refuge from painful anticipations, and remonstrances; and Constantia was thrown upon her own resources for the daily subsistence of herself and father. Her conduct towards her father, while she endeavored to wean him from habits, that were destroying both

body and mind, and adding to his poverty and degradation, afford a most useful lesson. Although beautiful, accomplished, and accustomed from her childhood, to luxury in every shape, she has the good sense, to see that repining is weak and useless, after the means of obtaining these luxuries have passed from her hands.

She bends her whole mind to the point of procuring support for herself and father, with a stedfast and cheerful heart. Her domestic arrangements, her courage, governed by propriety and prudence, and her dependence upon her own powers, when required to exert them, form a picture, which, while it is not above the level of common life, is highly interesting. There is, however, as we think, one defect in the plan of Mr. Brown. Constantia has no feeling with regard to religion. She acts with a view to the approval of her own judgment alone. It has not seemed to us, that the thoughts and actions of mankind have ever been regulated in the absence of a belief in an over-ruling Providence, with the same unalterable correctness, as though that powerful incentive to right was exercising its full influence. Ormond, the hero, is a singular conception, and as we do not entirely comprehend it, we shall not attempt any analysis of it. The extract, which we here make from Ormond, will serve, as a specimen of the abruptness of Mr. Brown's style in general:

'Cheer up, my Lucy. We shall do well enough, my girl. Our state is bad enough, without doubt, but despair will make it worse.

'The anxiety that occupied her mind related less to herself, than to her father. He, indeed, in the present instance was exposed to prosecution. It was he, who was answerable for the debt, and whose person would be thrown into durance by the suit that was menaced. The horrors of a prison had not hitherto been experienced, or anticipated. The worst evil that she had imagined, was inexpressibly inferior to this. The idea had in it something terrific and loathsome. The mere supposition of its being possible was not to be endured. If all other expedients should fail, she thought of nothing less than desperate resistance. No. It was better to die than to go to prison.

'For a time, she was deserted of her admirable equanimity. This, no doubt, was the result of surprise. She had not yet obtained the calmness necessary to deliberation. During this gloomy interval, she would, perhaps, have adopted any scheme, however dismal and atrocious, which her father's despair might suggest. She would not refuse to terminate her own and her father's unfortunate existence, by poison, or the cord.

'This confusion of mind could not exist long. It gradually gave place to cheerful prospects. The evil, perhaps, was not without its timely remedy. The person whom she had set out to visit, when her course was diverted by Craig, she once more resolved to apply to; to lay before him, without reserve, her father's situation, to entreat pecuniary succor, and to offer herself as a servant in his family, or in that of any of his friends, who stood in need of one. This resolution, in a slight degree, consoled her; but her mind had been too thoroughly disturbed, to allow her any sleep during that night.

'She equipped herself betimes, and proceeded with a doubting heart to the house of Mr. Melbourne. She was informed that he had risen, but was never to be seen at so early an hour. At nine o'clock he would be disengaged, and she would be admitted. In the present state of her affairs, this delay was peculiarly unwelcome. At breakfast, her suspense and anxieties would not allow her to eat a morsel; and when the hour approached, she prepared herself for a new attempt.

'As she went out, she met at the door a person whom she recognized, and whose office she knew to be that of a constable. Constantia had exercised, in her present narrow sphere, that beneficence which she had formerly exerted in a larger. There was nothing, consistent with her slender means, that she did not willingly perform for the service of others. She had not been sparing of consolation and personal aid in many cases of personal distress, that had occurred in her neighborhood. Hence, as far as she was known, she was reverenced.

'The wife of their present visitant had experienced her succor and sympathy, on occasion of the death of a favorite child. The man, notwithstanding his office, was not of a rugged or ungrateful temper. The task that was now imposed upon him, he undertook with extreme reluctance. He was somewhat reconciled to it by the reflection, that another might not perform it with that gentleness and lenity, which he found in himself a disposition to exercise on all occasions, but particularly on the present.'—p. 91.

'Clara Howard,' the last in the printed order of this series, is a love story, with a very simple plot. Philip Stanley is formed of the same material for character with Arthur Mervyn, and Edgar Huntly; but situation and circumstances operate to produce a difference in the picture, as given to us. A remark in this book struck us, as evincing the ignorance, which existed at the time, these volumes were written, with regard to the Western Country. We quote it:

'In my uncle's parlor there hangs a rude outline of the continent of North America; many an hour have I gazed upon it, and indulged in that romantic love of enterprise, for which I have ever been distinguished. My eye used to leap from the shore of Ontario, to the obscure rivulets which form, by their conflux, the Alleghany. This have I pursued through all its windings, till its stream was lost in that of the Ohio. Along this river have I steered and paddled my canoe of bark many hundreds of leagues, till the Mississippi was attained. Down that mighty current I allowed myself to be passively borne, till the mouths of the Missouri opened to my view. A more arduous task, and one hitherto unattempted, then remained for me; in the ardors of my fancy, all perils and hardships were despised, and I boldly adventured to struggle against the current of Missouri, to combat the dangers of an untried navigation, of hostile tribes, and unknown regions.—p. 96.

Mr. Brown is in our opinion, a writer of power. The resemblance, which his style bears to Godwin's, has been remarked by his reviewers at different times and places. 'Caleb Williams' suggests

itself in a moment to every reader of Mr. Brown, who is acquainted with that work; but we do not think, the similarity between the modes of expression of the two writers necessarily implies an imitation on the part of Mr. Brown. He appears to us, to be an original writer, in every sense of the term. The shortness of his periods, sometimes renders his style abstract, and vague, as well as harsh. Where these objections do not exist, his sentiments are expressed with great strength, clearness and energy. We think, these volumes should have a place in the library of every American, not only on account of their intrinsic merit; but for their equality in thought, talent, and execution with the best works of this class, which our country has produced. The bearing, which they have upon religion will of course be differently estimated, according to the views of the readers. They are calculated to create a disposition to reason upon all subjects, and reasoners are oftentimes bewildered in mazes of their own creation; instead of clearly ascertaining the truth at-which they aim. Mr. Brown's biography assures us, by quotation from the opening address to one of his periodicals, that his belief in and reverence for the Christian religion was firm, during the latter part of his life. The best part of religion, that which has its seat in the affections and the heart, and manifests itself in exemplary actions, and amiable, and correct deportment, he appears to have possessed in an uncommon degree.

General Harrison's *Speech delivered at a meeting of the friends of the Administration, held in Cincinnati, in September last.*

We are sufficiently aware of the fearful sea marks, the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis, that rise before us, in steering our bark honestly and safely through an article with such a heading. We need inform none of our readers of the character and standing of the orator on this occasion, nor of the manner, in which he is identified with every period of the history of the west, nor of his deep experience of the wants, circumstances, and character of the western people, nor of the deference, which is due to his political maxims and opinions.

We have calculated, too, our latitude and departure, and we desire to keep our course in the temperate parallels, under the gentle and healthful breeze, which has hitherto filled our sails. In doing this we shall steadily avoid the torrid zone of party politics; and should have considered it a duty, to have passed this article from the same considerations, which have influenced us to pass by

many other books, pamphlets and addresses, had not this speech contained what we consider, an important principle, touching which, we have no scruples. We believe it to be of great and incalculable import to the welfare of the western people; and under such convictions we feel it to be a duty, to notice only that part of this speech, which contains this principle. We were pleased to remark, that the sound statistical reasoning and illustration, in which it was developed, is in that lucid and familiar language, which renders the subject obvious to every apprehension, and is wholly divested of that mystery, and affectation of profoundness, in which political adepts, have generally seen fit to veil such discussions. We think, it ought to make a part of the statistical catechism of every western economist.

We had thought it was hardly possible, or desirable, that a people should *increase* and *multiply* faster, than we do. Still, we are told by General Harrison, that many of our young people are withheld from marrying, by the difficulties of obtaining subsistence.—This consideration is the more melancholy, from the circumstance, that it offers in a country, where the timber for the house encumbers the ground, where the richest soil sells at a dollar and a quarter an acre, corn at ten, or twelve cents a bushel, and pork at a cent and a half a pound; and where cotton and wool for clothing the children, that may be expected from the union, is cheap in proportion. Every politician, that has a heart regularly disposed on the left side, must commiserate the case of these youths, so withheld from matrimony. Supposing there is nothing absolutely '*rotten in Denmark*,' there must be gross miscalculation and mismanagement, where these barriers between our rural swains and lasses, these impediments to true love and matrimony exist in such a country. If we whisper the sad fact among ourselves, it ought never to be told aloud in Gath of John Bull, nor in Askelon of the continental 'Legitimates,' lest the *uncircumcised triumph* in proclaiming, that with our immeasurable extents of fertile and vacant lands, our surplus of food and materials, accumulating upon us, until we complain of our abundance, as a misfortune; in the earnest vigor and sturdiness of youth, and amidst the bracing effects of liberty and all our boasted improvements, we are still pining with barren desire, and our young feeding the 'worm of concealment' under the roses of youth and health; in short, that in infancy, and amidst a profusion of the riches of nature, we have reached the same goal, at which they have arrived from the imbecility and the vices of age, and the misery of crowded and starving multitudes, that can neither obtain employment, nor find lands to till.

None need be informed, in these days, when every school boy is a political economist, that money is no more than the representative of houses, lands, labor, food, clothing and equipage. Where the latter exist, if there be sound political calculation and manage-

ment, circulating medium, which is but the shadow of these things, ought to be found, by a law as invariable, as that, which attaches shadow to substance. We all boast, that there is no country in the world, where the materials for houses, and food, and clothing, and equipage exist in more ample abundance, than in the valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. Whence happens it, that money, that circulating medium, is scarce among us; and that our young are withheld from matrimony by the difficulties of subsistence, in such a country as this; that we can practise no munificence, however we may be disposed to it; that we even clothe our children with difficulty; and that taxes, proverbially inevitable, like death, can be called by the publican from the vasty gulf of poverty, but will not come at the bidding?

The orator has furnished us, as it seems, with the true solution of this unnatural spectacle of pining with love and poverty in the midst of plenty. From the undeniable documents of the treasury, he informs us, that of one article, *to wit*, woollen manufactures, we annually import from Great Britain to the amount of 7,000,000 dollars. In a manner quite as amusing, and infinitely more conclusive, than that, by which Lord Peter proved, that all kinds of eatables and drinkables were included in a brown loaf of bread, he shows, that in importing from Great Britain a blanket, a carpet, or a piece of broadcloth, and, he might have added, a razor and a pair of scissors, we import corn, hay, pork and flour. Surely this is bringing coals to Newcastle with a vengeance! One of our English goods' stores contains to common optics no more, than new coats, finery and furniture. But the keener vision of a congress man, the second sight of a senator sees pork in bulk, wrought into the texture of the laces, steam mill flour under the glazing of black broadcloth, and whole loads of timothy in a single carpet. What a spectacle offers to such men, in passing a large store in our city! How many hundred loads of hay, and barrels of flour and pork do they see compressed into one narrow apartment? Brought from the country by a thousand teams, a single one would carry it all back again. If they are readers of 'Paradise Lost,' and quick in imagining, they will see in all this, our grand political scourge, in size diminutive, as Satan, 'squat like a toad,' whispering mischief in the ear of our Eves. They will touch the reptile, as Gen. Harrison has, with the Ithuriel spear of political truth, and the whole arch adversary, that visits us with leanness and barrenness and love deferred will stand forth in its original dimensions.

Paradoxical, as this transformation from hay, pork and flour, to broadcloth, imported from Great Britain, may seem in the case mentioned, it has actually taken place. It needs little 'Euphrasy and Rue' to purify the vision, so as to see the shepherd, the manufacturer and dyer eating pork and flour, while the yard of broadcloth was in the different stages of operation; or to ken the hun-

dred collateral agents, that must be fed, such, as ship builders, sailors, clerks of the customs, wholesale dealers, and retail dealers, teamers, and horses; in short, a whole battalion, joining hands all the way from Leeds to Cincinnati, to aid in the mischievous operation of platting hay and bacon into the broadcloth. We know to our cost, that the last vender in Cincinnati must have his profits too. In witnessing such a preposterous spectacle, need we admire, that the young people, who turn their hay, pork and flour after this fashion, can not obtain the money for that finery, which the extravagance of the day has rendered necessary to matrimony? This single article of woollens is selected, as a sample of the tendency of every article, imported from abroad.

To present this folly in a still more palpable form, we may remark, that for every acre of sheep-pasturage in England, we might have an hundred, or taking our prairies into the calculation, a thousand; and that we can raise three bushels of flour, and make three barrels of pork, as easy, as the English farmer can one. We bring these articles, however, from our interior forests. We wagon them, freight them in steam boats six hundred leagues; sell them for little; buy cotton, freight it to England; buy the broadcloth; freight it back again; wagon it from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, re-ship it thence to our city; and go through all this monstrously expensive and circuitous business, to get an article, which could have been had of better quality, by a pleasant drive of farmer A., three or four miles, to the factory of manufacturer B., on one of our beautiful streams. While enjoying this drive, the farmer, instead of sending his son on a slavish and dangerous trip with a flat boat to New Orleans, hires him to the factory, and makes a new contract to sell hay, pork and flour, for the consumption of the inmates of the new establishment.

See then the key, that is to unlock our prison, bring back money among us, and furnish our farmers with a good market, not only for their hay, pork and flour, but for their sons and daughters. The interchange promotes good neighborhood. Carpenters, masons, all classes of artizans, and mechanics multiply. School houses and churches spring up round the establishment. A village street is soon laid out. Editors and printers, and printer's 'spirits' flock to the place. Oracular village politicians are there, as naturally, and lawyers and doctors, as birds of prey gather round a carcass. Here is commenced the embryo nucleus of all the wonders of China, Holland, or the wonderful country of Great Britain. This is, undoubtedly, what we want, to become the richest country in the world.

General Harrison thinks with us, that the western people are essentially agricultural, and ought so to remain. He would not wish to see us become a people of manufacturers for exportation; but for home supply only. Whenever enough shall be manufactured

in the north western states of our valley for its consumption, we answer for the fact, that poverty, except of that class, which no national management can prevent, or cure, will fly from us. We shall have a home market, and plenty of money; and shall soon become as rich, as we are now abundant. This, if we understand it, is the grand doctrine of the speech; and we omit the details in the address, which go to illustrate, and prove the truth of this position, only observing, that we think the orator has not attached sufficient importance to the relief, to be expected from the introduction of the silk worm. So far from supposing this remedy a slow and distant one, and incompatible with our present advance in refinement and the arts, as the orator seems to have done, we consider this a kind of industry requiring little capital, and peculiarly fitted to such a condition of society, as ours. It is demonstrated, that in the best modes of feeding the silk worm, the mulberry seedlings of the first year are sowed, broad-cast, and mowed for use.—We are confident, that if every family among us would devote as much time and labor to this pursuit, as they might, without abandoning any present useful occupation, in two years from this time, we might raise silk in this single state, to the value of a million of dollars.

Our cotton manufactories already speak for themselves. None need the information, that our fabrics of this sort are not only better, but cheaper, than those, we import. All admit, that their prosperity is owing to the various regulations of the tariff system. Let the government bestow the same fostering care on fabrics from wool, and iron and hemp, and to various other imported articles, and we shall become a China—a world by ourselves. There is nothing worth raising under heaven, but what may be growed in some part of our great country. Our tars can snuff the sea air sufficiently in intercourse round Cape Horn, between Quoddy and the Columbia. Our travelled gentlemen may see as much, as there is any use in seeing, in this world of ours, between Halifax and the Rocky Mountains. Why should a country, for which nature, in every way, has done more, than for any other, and which boasts of being the only free one on the globe, be poor? Surely the fault must be in ourselves.

Beneficial, as the effects have been proven to be, it is well remembered, that the tariff of 1824 was contested with great ability and the most determined opposition. The opposers came forward, fortified with the grand truism of Adam Smith, that commerce and manufactures ought to be left unshackled to the keen discernment of individual interest and enterprize, that protecting duties were thus injudicious, as expedients—that no power was delegated to the general government, to impose them; and that, were it otherwise, imposing them was, in the familiar phrase of the day, only 'taking from one man's pocket to put into that of another;' and more than all, that it was a sectional measure

calculated to benefit the north at the expense of the south. But in a country, where the means of conveyance are so easy and multiplied, and where circulation in consequence, is so rapid; a country, which is subject to such a common necessity of consumption and taxation, it is impossible, as a broad and general principle, that one portion of such a country should flourish at the expense of another. If the north is benefitted by any system of measures, reaction must take place, and the south ultimately feel the effects of it in turn. If the insane and unnatural quarrel of the fable, between one portion and the other of the system, should take place here, the hands, the stomach and the heart will surely all perish together.

Besides, we indulge the hope, that the people will ultimately so well understand how their statesmen ought to act, to fulfil the decorum and the claims of their station, that few will be found, who will choose to rise on the floor of congress, and say, 'if we must benefit any people by furnishing them the raw material, we would prefer it should be the English, whose whole system is predicated on the principle of circumventing us, both in consumption and supply; and whose whole policy is founded on the presumption of our being rivals and competitors.'

The people of the north are fellow citizens and countrymen, who have always borne their full share of the public burdens, and can not be benefitted, even if they would, by any great national measure, without an ultimate re-action of that benefit to the remotest, and most opposite section of the union. Are there statesmen, then, who would actually, or virtually say, 'our hate to the north is so deep and unextinguishable, that we choose to benefit a foreign nation, our rival, our competitor, and which we used to call our natural enemy, rather than the people of the north, who are *bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh?*

Yet so deep, General Harrison tells us, have been these sentiments of hostility to any thing in the shape of protecting duties, to foster our home manufacturing interests, that there have not been wanting politicians, who have seen fit to declare, that sooner, than consent to an increase of such duties, they would choose to withdraw from the union. Our feelings and our sense of duty equally impel us to a word upon this sentiment. This detestable language is becoming but too common in our journals and public debates. A sub-governor, in a remote territory, catching the slang of his superiors, talked in a speech to his legislature, with great flippancy about dissolving the union, on the score of some petty grievance, which no eye, but his, could discover. Men ostensibly more powerful, and less ridiculous in this assumption, have publicly held the same language. From the centre to the remotest capillaries the most contemptible demagogue catches the slang; and talks of dissolving the union with as much flippancy and *sang froid*, as if it were no more, than breaking off an affair of the heart with a coquette. The Justinian code interdicted the naming of cer-

tain crimes, as unwilling to divulge to human nature its capability of committing them. The bible, too, hints at crimes, *which ought not so much, as to be named.* Thinking men know, that words and phrases have a fearful energy. A child hears curses, before it understands their horrid import; and is prepared to become a hackneyed blasphemer. Legislators, governors, rulers of the people, listen to the truth! It is a fearful theme, to talk of dissolving this great union. It now presents a glorious and a heart cheering spectacle. Dissolve the union! and fill our canals with the crimson fluid of life and barricade our national road with carcasses! Dissolve the union, and look at the condition of the members, separated from the chief organs of the system! No. Let the village papers abuse aspirants. Let the great and good among us wash away the filth of obloquy and detraction with magnanimous patience, considering, that no great good in the human condition is without its attendant evil; and that this penalty of extreme license is the lesser evil, and liberty the greater counterbalancing good. But to talk of dissolving this union! with so much flippancy, and on such trifling occasions is another concernment. The 'legitimates' sneeringly pronounce it a rope of sand. The oppressors of humanity every where pray for the dissolution of our union. Traitors among ourselves pray for it. Pot house politicians, when their heads whirl, and their noses are red, talk about it.—But governors and great men, and men in high places ought to ponder the import of words, before they resort to this rhetorical flourish—*dissolve the union!* To us it is a phrase of fearful import, that chills the blood in our veins in the repetition; and the persons, who talk about dissolving the union, instantly associate in our thought with the Catalines and Arnolds of other days.

We make two quotations from the speech before us. The sentiments inculcated have an importance to speak for themselves. That part of the second quotation, that recommends mutual moderation and forbearance, is worthy to be written in letters of gold:

'The writer of this article seems to be under the difficulty in which people will always find themselves, who first form opinions, and then are obliged to search for reasons to support them. In his joy for having found one which he supposed suitable to his purpose, and which was likely to engage the public feeling, he seems totally to have forgotten that woollen goods, in our climate, forms one of the most essential supplies of an army; that the iron articles necessary for an army ought, and always are, provided beforehand, in time of peace, and deposited in magazines for any exigency that may arise,—whilst from the perishable nature of woollen goods, this can not be the case. Upon the heads of that government, then, who having filled their magazines with arms for a protracted war, and who neglect to adopt the means of procuring constant supplies of cloths and blankets, so necessary to give efficiency to their military operations, ought to rest all the responsibility for the misfortunes to which it will inevitably give rise. In no other way can these supplies be placed beyond

the reaoh of contingencies, than by the raising of the raw material, and the erection of the manufactories in every part of the country. It is no doubt true, Mr. Chairman, that in the late war, the army of general Jackson was at a most critical juncture badly armed. It is equally true, that the cavalry of the North-western army were for a time without sabres, and that the operations of that army were for a time arrested for the want of cannon. This was owing, not to the deficiency of arms, but to the improper distribution of the arsenals, none of any consequence having been established west of the Alleghany. But, sir, if I should be called upon to declare under oath from which the North western army suffered most, the efforts of the enemy, or the want of woollen clothing, I would say, that the destruction of life produced by the latter was at least double to that of the former.

'This is a subject calculated, Mr. Chairman, to bring to my mind the most painful recollections. What situation can be more distressing, than that of a commander, who sees his army daily diminishing by disease, and that disease produced by the improvident conduct of the government which it serves. Sir, the scenes to which I allude have been described in history, by an eye-witness of part of them. The address of the commander of the army to the citizens, to procure from them the blankets and woollen clothes which the public stores could not furnish, is to be found in the old journals of this city. Let the writer of this memorial figure to himself a youth (perhaps like himself) drawn to the army by the love of his country, encountering in a cotton dress, in the capacity of a sentinel, the rigors of a Canadian winter; let him suppose that he sees him in a few days without a blanket, stretched upon a bed of twigs, the only comfort which his comrades can provide for him, under the effects of a disease, which his exposure under such a circumstance has produced; that he sees

> "To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm,
> The deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
> The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye,
> No more with ardor bright."

'If the description, sir, of the sufferings of the British sailors by the poet, is in any respect a creation of the fancy, that which I have given is not an over-colored picture of what actually took place in the American army. And will the signers of the memorial persist in their error; will not they rather take the converse of their own proposition, and say to congress, "That, as the iron and hempen materials for our army and navy can be preserved for an age uninjured, but as woollen cloths and blankets are indispensable for the public service in war, and can only be certainly and effectually supplied from manufactories established in our own country, that nothing should be suffered to impede or postpone the measures which may be necessary to place them upon a secure and permanent basis.'

* * * * * *

'If we abandon our republican principles, which teach us to regard measures and not men, who can define the limits to the unbridled passions which will succeed? An exterminating war will be waged, having no other object but dominancy of our respective parties. Like the war of the Two Roses, or that which is still waged between the Mahometan followers of Omar and the adherents of Ali. They both worship the same God, acknowledge the same prophet and the same law; but one party supposes that the caliphate should have been

given to Ali, whilst the other supports the pretensions of Omar. The sole difference between Omar and Ali consists in the one beginning his ablutions at the elbows, and the other at the tips of the fingers. To such extremes of folly and madness will men arrive, when they abandon principle and reason, and put themselves under the government of their passions.

'This subserviency to the cause of an individual, which is now acknowledged and boasted of, is new at least to the professed republicans of our country, even in the time which tried men's souls. If the monogram of King George was to be found embroidered upon the shoulders of his votaries, no American would deign to inscribe himself with the emblems of an individual;—no! not even with the glorious name of the father of his country. In these times of republican purity, the candidates for office sought it not under the influence of the mighty names of Washington and Hancock; but upon the ground of devotion to the principles of liberty and the cause of the country.'

The Crisis; or, an Attempt to show from Prophecy, illustrated by the signs of the times, the Prospects and the Duties of the Church of Christ, at the present period. With an Enquiry into the probable destiny of England, during the predicted desolations of the Papal Kingdoms. By the Rev. Ed. Cooper. Price 50 cents. For sale at all the bookstores in this city.

In taking a very brief notice of the work before us, it is not our design to publish a formal review, nor insert a critical paragraph, nor compare it with the writings of others on the same subject; but to recommend "The Crisis" to the candid and careful perusal of all our readers, especially those, who profess to have any regard for the welfare of the church of God, or feel any concern for the destiny of the kingdoms of this world.

The author attempts to prove from prophecy and "The signs of the times," that a period of unprecedented trouble is near at hand —that the interval of comparative tranquillity, which has succeeded the French Revolution, is but the stillness, which precedes an earthquake—that Napoleon was the "wilful king," predicted by Daniel, who "should come to his end, and none should help him;" —that in the present Crisis, the church of God should promptly, and assiduously attend to the warning voice of Christ "behold I come, as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments; lest he walk naked, and they see his shame." Dan. xi. 45— and Rev. xvi. 15. And finally our author inquires into the probable destiny of England, during the period of unprecedented trouble. In all this he is concise and comprehensive. He has not approached his subject with temerity, nor grasped it with a rude hand. He is modest, respectful, solemn; but although he appears to commence in the middle of his theme, he suffers no obscurity to rest on the investigation. Whether his views be correct, or erroneous, no one can mistake his meaning. With a style classically neat and ele-

gant, he conducts his arguments, arranges his proofs, and applies his illustrations with precision, perspicuity and force. He meets objections with that humility, deference and candor, which becomes an honest inquirer after truth. To crown the climax of the merit of the work, he mingles the whole examination with that sweet savor of piety and practical admonition, which can not be unprofitable, should his views and applications of prophecy be even erroneous. The study of prophecy, in connexion with the history of nations, has always been interesting. It is becoming more and more important. Men must be blind to their own interests, and regardless of the happiness of others, if they will not hear the voice of Messiah, saying, "blessed is he, that readeth, and they, that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things, that are written therein; for the time is at hand." Rev. i. 3.

This first American edition of 'The Crisis' has been published, in this city, by the liberality of an individual, who has returned to England, and left the whole of the edition, to be sold for the benefit of the poor. He was a disciple of Christ, who did not his alms before men, to be seen of them; and we have no permission to publish his name. But as we entertain no doubt, that *his prayers and his alms have come up, as a memorial before God*, we earnestly recommend his example to others, and say to every man of wealth, '*Go thou, and do likewise.*' It has been to us a subject of deep regret, when we have heard booksellers complain, that theological works were of dull sale. We shall feel ourselves disappointed, if the reading people of this country do not soon call, and call imperatively, for a second American edition of 'The Crisis.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to a press of matter, the review of Mr. Simms' Poems is necessarily deferred to the next number.

A respectable correspondent requests us to notice, and we feel pleasure in granting the request, that the senate of Kentucky, in its present session, has voted to elect a chaplain,—a legislative practice, which has been omitted more than twenty-five years. The fact derives importance, as an index of the increasing influence of religion, from the circumstance, that the custom is in general disuse in the western country. There is something so decorous and right in itself, and so conformable to the usages of all Christian countries, in commencing legislative proceedings with the acknowledgment of a God, and the invocation for wisdom and

light from above, that, we should think, every legislature owed it to decency and self-respect, so to commence their sittings.

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We receive complaints, sometimes not unmixed with bitterness, that some of our numbers have failed to arrive to subscribers.—Every one knows, that there are many towns and counties of the same name in this state and Indiana. We hope, our subscribers will not need to be assured, that we punctually mail the numbers, as they issue, to every subscriber; and we sincerely regret the mistakes, or failures of the mail, of which they complain, and will exert our endeavors, to prevent a recurrence of the evil. We are flattered by the tone of these complaints, that our numbers are viewed with some degree of interest.

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We are frequently advised from the Atlantic country, to remit this journal by a private conveyance, to save postage. We are sufficiently aware, that this tax operates, as a serious impediment to its circulation. We can only state, that the 'Quarterlies' cost five dollars for four numbers, without postage; while we send twelve numbers, neatly covered, and with the promptness of the mail, for four dollars and twenty cents, postage included. We would be glad to remit it, as the former is sent. But in boxing up a few numbers of our slender concern, to remit by wagon, we should be too painfully reminded of the death and burial of Jenny Wren; and besides we have attempted it, and our numbers have failed. The bulk of Quarterlies may be inconvenient in the mail, and their *weight* a sensible annoyance to the post horses. But we lie almost as light, snug and close in the mail, under our cover, as a single sheet of a newspaper. Why should each sheet of us be taxed double that of the other? The *very front of our offending* seems to be, that we are composed of a number of sheets. We are amerced five cents, in the purgatory of the binder; and escaping thence, are immediately fleeced in a mulct of double postage for that offence, before we can reach the paradise of our reader's eye. We have no nerves of communication with the *commune sensorium* of the post office. If we had, it would feel, that this double postage is the cruelty of Herod, causing divers embryo albums and literary births to fall still-born to the earth, and strangling other 'children in the woods,' as harmless, as ours. If all periodicals paid like newspapers, we are aware, that the post office would ultimately be a gainer by the indulgence.

THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1828.

[The following extracts, it is hoped, will not be considered without interest and information to some of our readers. They are given, as being considered average samples of a work now in the press in this city, entitled a 'Geography and History of the Mississippi Valley.' Hereafter a corresponding article will be given from the historical part.—Ed.]

MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Under this head we propose to describe the Mississippi only, reserving our description of the other western rivers, until we treat of the states and regions, in which they principally run. The Mississippi imparts a name and a character to the valley. It has been described with a frequency and minuteness, to give any new attempt at delineating it an air of triteness and repetition. But the very idea of this noble stream is invested with an interest and grandeur, which will cause, that a faithful account of it can never become trite, or tedious. It is, in some respects, the noblest river in the world,—draining, as we have remarked, a larger valley, and irrigating a more fertile region, and having, probably, a longer course, than any other stream. Contrary to the general analogy of very large rivers, it bends from north to south, and traverses no inconsiderable section of the globe. It commences in many branches, that rise, for the most part, in wild rice lakes; but it traverses no great distance, before it has become a broad stream. Sometimes in its beginnings, it moves, a wide expanse of waters, with a current scarcely perceptible, along a marshy bed. At others, its fishes are seen darting over a white sand, in waters almost as transparent as air. At other times, it is compressed to a narrow and rapid current between ancient and hoary lime stone bluffs. Having acquired in a length of course, following its meanders, of

three hundred miles, a width of half a mile, and having formed its distinctive character, it precipitates its waters down the falls of St. Anthony. Thence it glides, alternately through beautiful meadows, and deep forests, swelling in its advancing march with the tribute of an hundred streams. In its progress it receives a tributary, which of itself has a course of more than a thousand leagues. Thence it rolls its accumulated, turbid and sweeping mass of waters through continued forests, only broken here and there by the axe, in lonely grandeur to the sea. No thinking mind can contemplate this mighty and resistless wave, sweeping its proud course from point to point, curving round its bends through the dark forests, without a feeling of sublimity. The hundred shores, laved by its waters; the long course of its tributaries, some of which are already the abodes of cultivation, and others pursuing an immense course without a solitary dwelling of civilized man being seen on their banks; the numerous tribes of savages, that now roam on its borders; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations, that are gone, leaving no other memorials of their existence, or materials for their history, than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its banks; the dim, but glorious anticipations of the future;—these are subjects of contemplation, that can not but associate themselves with the view of this river.

It rises in high table land; though the country at its source has the aspect of a vast marshy valley. A medium of the different authorities, touching the point of its origin, gives it to be in latitude 47° 47′. Travellers differ, too, in the name of the lake, or reservoir, where it is supposed to commence. Some name Turtle lake, and some Leech lake, as its source. The truth is, that in speaking of the source of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Nile, and other great rivers, readers are only amused with fictions and names. Of a nameless number of tributaries, it would be impossible to say, which carried the most water, or had the greatest length of course, or best merited the honor of being considered the parent stream. A great number of streams, rising in the same plateau, and interlocking with the waters of Red river, and the other streams of lake Winnipeek, unite to form the St. Peter's and the Mississippi. Different authorities assign to these rivers such different names, that we should rather perplex, than instruct our readers, by putting down names, as having more authority than others. The St. Peter's, the principal upper branch of the Mississippi, has been scientifically and faithfully explored by the gentlemen of Long's expedition. They assign to the St. Peter's ten or twelve tributaries, some of them considerable streams, before its junction with the Mississippi. The principal of these are called Spirit, Beaver, Yellow, Medicine, Red Wood, Aux Liards and Blue Earth rivers on the west side, and Miawakakong and Epervier from the east. The principal river of the west fork of

the Mississippi is the river de Corbeau. The other fork, before its junction with the main river, receives Deer, Meadow, Swan and Savanna rivers. Below Cedar and Muddy rivers, between 45° and 46°, there are strong rapids. Between them and the falls are Crow and Rum rivers.

With the common propensity of travellers to exaggerate, the falls of St. Anthony, until very recently, have been much overrated. Instead of the extravagant estimates of the first French writers, or the fall of fifty feet assigned to them by more modern authorities, the real fall of the Mississippi here is between sixteen and seventeen feet of perpendicular descent. Though it has not the slightest claim to compare with that of Niagara in grandeur, it furnishes an impressive and beautiful spectacle in the loneliness of the desert. The adjoining scenery is of the most striking and romantic character; and as the traveller listens to the solemn roar of the falls, as it sinks into feeble echoes in the forests, a thrilling story is told him of the love and despair of a young Dacota Indian woman, who, goaded by jealousy towards her husband, who had taken another wife, placed her young children in a canoe, and chaunting the remembrances of love and broken vows, precipitated herself and her infants down the falls. Indians are always romancers, if not poets. Their traditions say, that these ill-fated beings, together with their canoe, so perished, that no trace of them was seen. But they suppose, that her spirit wanders still near this spot, and that she is seen on sunny mornings, carrying her babes in the accustomed manner bound to her bosom, and still mourning the inconstancy of her husband.

Above the falls, the river has a width of five or six hundred yards. Immediately below, it contracts to a width of two hundred yards; and there is a strong rapid for a considerable distance below. Ninety miles below the falls, and between 44° and 45°, it receives Rapid and St. Croix rivers; the former from the west, and the latter from the east. The St. Croix is reported to have a boatable course of two hundred miles, and rises in lakes not far from the waters of lake Superior.

Near 44°, from the west comes in Cannon river, a tributary, which enters not far above the northern extremity of lake Pepin. This is no more, than an enlargement of the river. It is a beautiful sheet of water, of some miles in length, and broadening in some places from one to three miles in width. Nearly at its lower extremity, it receives the Chippeway from the east, with a boatable course of about an hundred miles. Between lake Pepin and the parallel of 43°, come in three or four inconsiderable rivers, of which Buffalo, Bluff and Black rivers, from the east, are the principal. Between 43° and 42° are Root, Upper Iaway and Yellow rivers from the west, and La Croix and Bad Axe rivers from the east.

Ouisconsin river comes in, from the east, about the parallel of 42°, and near that very noted point on the river, Prairie du Chien. It is one of the most considerable tributaries above the Missouri. It has a boatable course of more than two hundred miles, and interlocks by a very short portage with Fox river, that enters into Green bay of lake Michigan. In its progress towards the Mississippi, this river receives nine or ten considerable streams. It is the liquid highway of passage for the Canadian traders, trappers and savages, from Mackinaw and the lakes to the immense regions of the Mississippi and Missouri. A little below this, comes in Turkey river from the west, and La Mine from the east. It is so named, from its traversing the country of the Illinois lead mines. Lead ore is dug here, at Dubuques, and other lead mines, particularly on Fever river, probably, with greater ease, and in more abundance, than in any other country. These mines are found on a range of hills, of which the *Smoky mountains* are the highest points. On the opposite side comes in *Tete de Mort.* A range of hills, that here stretches across the river towards the Missouri, is probably, all a country of lead mines; for we have seen beautiful specimens of lead ore, dug near the Missouri, where this range of hills strikes that river.

A little below the parallel of 41°, comes in from the west the Wapisipinacon, a river of some magnitude and a considerable length of course. On the same side, a little lower down, comes in the Little Soutoux; and still lower, from the east comes in Rock river, a very considerable, limpid and beautiful river, celebrated for the purity of its waters, and the fineness of its fish. The lands in its vicinity are fertile. Among its principal tributaries are the Kishwake and Pektanons. Near the entrance of this river into the Mississippi is the United States' garrison, Fort Armstrong.—This river, like the Ouisconsin, has an easy communication by a portage with lake Michigan, and is considered boatable for a distance of two hundred and forty miles. A little below this river, on the west side, comes in the Iaway, a stream of some magnitude. Below the parallel of 41°, come in from the eastern side two or three inconsiderable streams. Near 40°, on the west side, and in the state of Missouri, comes in the Des Moines, the largest tributary from the west above the Missouri. It receives itself a number of considerable streams, and enters the Mississippi by a mouth one hundred and fifty yards wide. It is supposed to have a boatable course of nearly three hundred miles; and it waters a delightful country. On the opposite side, the waters, for a long distance, which rise near the Mississippi, flow into the Illinois. Between the Des Moines and the Illinois, come in from the west the Wahconda, Fabian, Jaustioni, Oahaha, or Salt river, Bœuf, or Cuivre, and Dardenne rivers. These rivers are from fifty to an hundred yards wide at their mouth, and have boatable courses of some length.

In latitude 39°, comes in the Illinois from the east,—a noble, broad and deep stream, nearly four hundred yards wide at its mouth —having a course of about four hundred miles, and boatable almost its whole distance. It is the most considerable tributary of the Mississippi above the Missouri, interlocking at some seasons of the year, by one of its principal branches, the Des Plaines, with the Chicago of Lake Michigan, without any portage. On this river, and some of the streams above, the peccan tree is found in the utmost perfection.

A little below 39°, from the west comes in the mighty Missouri, which, being both longer, and carrying more water than the Mississippi, and imparting its character to the united stream below, some have thought, ought to have given its name to the river from the junction,

Below the Missouri, omitting the numberless and nameless small streams, that come in on either side, as we have omitted them above, we shall only notice those rivers, that from their magnitude, or other circumstances, deserve to be named. The first river of any importance, that enters the Mississippi on the west side, below the Missouri, is the Maramec, that comes in twenty miles below St. Louis, a little above the parallel of 38°. It is nearly two hundred yards wide at its mouth, and has a course by its meanders of two hundred miles.

Nearly in 38°, comes in from the other side the Kaskaskia, that runs through a most fertile and beautiful country in Illinois. It is eighty yards wide at its mouth, and has a course of nearly two hundred miles, great part of which, at some seasons of the year, is boatable. On the opposite side, enter two or three inconsiderable streams below St. Genevieve; on one of which is a saline, where considerable salt is made. Forty miles below Kaskaskia, comes in from the east Big Muddy. It is a considerable stream, remarkable for having on its shores fine coal banks. Three miles below, on the west side enters Apple creek, on which used to be a number of villages of Shawnees and Delawares.

Between 36° and 37°, on the east side, comes in the magnificent Ohio, called by the French, '*La Belle Riviere.*' It is by far the largest eastern tributary of the Mississippi. At the junction, and for an hundred miles above, it is as wide, as the parent stream.— From this junction, it is obvious, from the very long course of the Tennessee, that river running into the Ohio in a direction apparently parallel and opposite to the Mississippi, that we can not expect to find any very important tributaries to the latter river, for a considerable distance below the mouth of Ohio, on that side.— We find, in fact, that the Yazoo is the only river, that enters from the east, which deserves mention as a river of importance. Kaskinompee, Reelfoot, Obian, Forked and Hatchy are inconsiderable streams, that enter from the east, between the Ohio and the

Chickasaw bluffs. Wolf river is of more importance, has a considerable length of course, and is fifty yards wide at its mouth.

On the west side, between 35° and 34°, enters the St. Francis. It is two hundred yards wide at its mouth, and has a comparative course of four hundred miles; three hundred of which, on one of its forks, are considered boatable.

A little above 34°, enters White river, rising in the Black mountains, separating its waters from those of the Arkansas. It has a comparative course of twelve hundred miles, and enters by a mouth between three and four hundred yards wide.

Thirty miles below, and between 34° and 33°, comes in the Arkansas,—next to the Missouri, the largest tributary from the west. It enters by a mouth five hundred yards wide. Its waters, when the river is full, are of a dark flame color; and its course, including its meanders, is commonly computed at two thousand five hundred miles.

Between 33° and 32°, a little above the Walnut hills, in the state of Mississippi, enters from the east the Yazoo, a river, which rises in the country of the Indians, and passes through the state of Mississippi, entering by a mouth, between two and three hundred yards wide. Below the Yazoo, on the same side, Bayou Pierre, Big Black, Cole's creek and Homochitto enter the river.

Eighty miles below Natchez, and a little above 31°, on the west side, enters Red river, which, although not generally so wide, as the Arkansas, probably, has as long a course, and carries as much water. Immediately below this river, the Mississippi carries its greatest volume of water. Even above Red river, in high floods, water escapes from the Mississippi on the west side, in a great many places, which never returns; but not in quantity to carry off as much, as Red river brings in. A league and a half below Red river, on the same side, is seen the first important bayou, or efflux, that begins to diminish, and convey to the gulf of Mexico by its own separate channel, the surplus waters of the Mississippi. It is the Atchafalaya, which, beyond question, was the ancient bed, by which Red river made its way to the gulf, without mingling its waters with the Mississippi. In high waters, it is now supposed to take off as much, as Red river brings in.

Twenty leagues below, on the east side, comes in Bayou Sarah, the only stream of any importance, that enters below the outlet of Atchafalaya. Thence the effluxes receive all the waters, that rise near the Mississippi, and are continually diminishing its volume of waters. The next efflux, below Atchafalaya, is Bayou Manshac, or Ibberville,—an outlet from the east bank, a little below Baton Rouge, through which, in high waters, passes off a considerable mass, through lakes Maurepas, Ponchartrain and Borgne, to the gulf of Mexico.

At no great distance below, on the west side, is another consid-

erable efflux, Bayou Plaquemine; and at some distance below Bayou La Fouche, a still more considerable outlet. Thence to New Orleans, the banks of the river are unbroken, except by crevices. Below that city, there is no outlet of any importance, between it and the four mouths, by which the Mississippi enters the gulf of Mexico.

It runs but a little distance from its source, as we have remarked, before it becomes a considerable stream. Below the falls of St. Anthony, it broadens to half a mile in width; and is a clear, placid and noble stream, with wide and fertile bottoms, for a long distance. A few miles below the river Des Moines, is a long rapid of nine miles, which, for a considerable part of the summer, is a great impediment to the navigation. Below these rapids, the river assumes its medial width and character, from that point to the entrance of the Missouri. It is a still more beautiful river, than the Ohio, somewhat gentler in its current, a third wider, with broad and clean sandbars, except in the time of high waters, when they are covered. At every little distance, there are islands, sometimes a number of them parallel, and broadening the stream to a great width. These islands are many of them large, and have in the summer season an aspect of beauty, as they swell gently from the clear stream,—a vigor and grandeur of vegetation, which contribute much to the magnificence of the river. The sandbars, in the proper season, are the resort of innumerable swans, geese and water fowls. It is, in general, a full mile in width from bank to bank. For a considerable distance above the mouth of the Missouri, it has more than that width. Altogether, it has, from its alternate bluffs and prairies, the calmness and transparency of its waters, the size and beauty of its trees, an aspect of amenity and magnificence, which we have not seen, belonging in the same degree to any other stream.

Where it receives the Missouri, it is a mile and a half wide. The Missouri itself enters with a mouth not more than half a mile wide. The united stream below has thence, to the mouth of the Ohio, a medial width of little more than three quarters of a mile. This mighty tributary seems rather to diminish, than increase its width; but it perceptibly alters its depth, its mass of waters, and, what is to be regretted, wholly changes its character. It is no longer the gentle, placid stream, with smooth shores and clean sandbars; but has a furious and boiling current, a turbid and dangerous mass of sweeping waters, jagged and dilapidated shores, and, wherever its waters have receded, deposites of mud. It remains a sublime object of contemplation. The noble forest still rises along its banks. But its character of calm magnificence, that so delighted the eye above, is seen no more.

From the falls of St. Anthony, its medial current is, probably, less than two miles an hour, to the mouth of the Missouri; and

from one point to the other, except at the rapids of the Des Moines, there is four feet water in the channel, at the lowest stages. Below the Missouri, from frequent descents in boats, which floated at the will of the current, we estimate its rapidity considerably higher, than has been commonly done. We consider its medial rate of advance at least four miles an hour. The bosom of the river is covered with prodigious boils, or swells, that rise with a whirling current, and a convex surface, two or three rods in diameter, and no inconsiderable noise, veering a boat perceptibly from its track. In its course, accidental circumstances shift the impetus of its current, and propel it upon the point of an island, bend or sandbar. In these instances, it tears up the islands, removes the sandbars, and sweeps away the tender, alluvial soil of the bends, with all their trees, and deposites the spoils in another place. At the season of high waters, nothing is more familiar to the people on the river, than the deep crash of a land-slip, in which larger or smaller masses of the soil on the banks, with all the trees, are plunged into the stream. The circumstances, that change the aspect and current of the river, are denominated, in the vocabulary of the watermen, chutes, races, chains, sawyers, planters, points of islands, wreck heaps and cypress bends. The divinity, most frequently invoked by boatmen, seems to have imparted his name oftener than any other, to the dangerous places along the river. The 'Devil's' race paths, tea table, oven, &c., are places of difficult or hazardous navigation, that frequently occur. They are serious impediments to the navigation of this noble stream. Such is its character from Missouri to the Balize; a wild, furious, whirling river,—never navigated safely, except with great caution. On the immense wreck heaps, where masses of logs, like considerable hills, are piled together, the numerous wrecks of boats, lying on their sides and summits, sufficiently attest the character of the river, and remain standing mementos to caution. Boats, propelled by steam power, which can be changed in a moment, to reverse the impulse and direction of the boat, are exactly calculated to obviate the dangers of this river.

No person, who descends this river for the first time, receives adequate ideas of its grandeur, and the amount of water which it carries. If it be in the spring, when the river below the mouth of Ohio is generally over its banks, although the sheet of water, that is making its way to the gulf, is, perhaps, thirty miles wide, yet finding its way through deep forests and swamps, that conceal all from the eye, no expanse of water is seen, but the width, that is curved out between the outline of woods on either bank; and it seldom exceeds, and oftener falls short of a mile. But when he sees, in descending from the falls of St. Anthony, that it swallows up one river after another, with mouths, as wide as itself, without affecting its width at all; when he sees it receiving in succession

the mighty Missouri, the broad Ohio, St. Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, all of them of great depth, length and volume of water; when he sees this mighty river absorbing them all, and retaining a volume, apparently unchanged,—he begins to estimate rightly the increasing depths of current, that must roll on in its deep channel to the sea. Carried out of the Balize, and sailing with a good breeze for hours, he sees nothing on either side, but the white and turbid waters of the Mississippi, long after he is out of sight of land.

Touching the features of the country through which it passes, from its source to the falls of St. Anthony, it moves alternately through wild rice lakes and swamps, by lime stone bluffs and craggy hills; occasionally through deep pine forests, and beautiful prairies; and the tenants on its borders are elk, buffalos, bears and deer, and the savages, that pursue them. In this distance, there is not a civilized inhabitant on its shores, if we except the establishments of Indian traders, and a garrison of the United States.—Buffalos are seldom seen below these falls. Its alluvions become wide, fertile, and for the most part, heavily timbered. Like the Ohio, its bottoms and bluffs generally alternate. Its broad and placid current is often embarrassed with islands, which are generally rich alluvial lands, often containing from five hundred to a thousand acres, and abounding with wild turkeys and other small game. For one hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri, it would be difficult for us to convey an idea of the beauty of the prairies, skirting this noble river. They impress the eye, as a perfect level; and are in summer covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and flowers, without a tree or a bush. A journey, which we made through them, along the Mississippi, from bayou Sniacarta to the Illinois, in the month of August, can never be forgotten by us.—We often made our way with difficulty on horseback through grass and flowers, as high as the head. At other times, we traversed hundreds of acres of a clean, short grass, of the character and appearance of the handsomest meadows, intended for the scythe.—When this deep prairie skirted the river on one side, a heavy timbered bottom bounded it on the other. Generally, from the slightest elevation on either side, the sweep of the bluffs, corresponding to the curves of the river, were seen in the distance, mixing with the blue of the sky.

Above the mouth of the Missouri, to the rapids of Des Moines, the medial width of the bottom valley, in which the river rolls, measured from bluff to bluff, is not far from six miles. Below the mouth of the Missouri, to that of the Ohio, it is not far from eight miles. The last stone bluffs of the Mississippi are seen, in descending, about thirty miles above the mouth of the Ohio. Below these, commences on the Mississippi, as is seen on the Ohio for some distance above its mouth, the aspect of a timbered bottom on either

side, boundless to the vision. Below the mouth of the Ohio, the alluvion broadens from thirty to fifty miles in width; still expanding to the Balize, where it is, probably, three times that width. We express these widths in terms of doubt, because three-fifths of the alluvion, below the mouth of the Ohio, are either dead swamp of cypress forest, or stagnant lakes, or creeping bayous, or impenetrable cane brakes, great part of it inundated; perhaps traversed in a straight direction from bluff to bluff, scarcely once in a year, and never explored, except in cases of urgent necessity. The bluffs, too, are winding, swelling in one direction, and indented in another, and at least as serpentine, as the course of the river.

Between the mouth of Ohio and St. Louis, on the west side of the river, the bluffs are generally near it, seldom diverging from it more than two miles. They are, for the most part, perpendicular masses of lime stone; sometimes shooting up into towers and pinnacles, presenting, as Mr. Jefferson well observed, at a distance, the aspect of the battlements and towers of an ancient city. Sometimes the river sweeps the bases of these perpendicular bluffs, as happens at the Cornice rocks, and at the cliffs above St. Genevieve. They rise here, between two and three hundred feet above the level of the river. There are many imposing spectacles of this sort, near the western bank of the Mississippi, in this distance. We may mention among them that gigantic mass of rocks, forming a singular island in the river, called the 'Grand Tower;' and the shot towers at Herculaneum.

On the eastern side in this distance, the bluffs diverge to a considerable distance from the river, and bound the American bottom, leaving an alluvial belt, divided into nearly equal divisions of timbered lands, and smooth prairies. This belt has a medial width of six miles, and is noted for the uncommon fertility of the soil. The bluffs mark the boundary between this belt and the hills. They are as high and as perpendicular, as the bluffs on the opposite side of the river; and, although generally at the distance of five or six miles from its present channel, they bear the same traces of attrition by the waters, and the same stripes, marking the rising and falling of the river, which are seen on the opposite side. These seem to be impressive indications, that the Mississippi once swept their bases.

Opposite the mouth of the Missouri, the American bottom terminates, and the bluffs come in to the river. The bluffs bound the eastern bank of the river, thence to the mouth of the Illinois.— From these bluffs, we contemplate one of the most impressive and beautiful landscapes in the world. On the opposite side, the mighty Missouri is seen, bringing its turbid and sweeping mass of waters at right angles to the Mississippi. The eye traces a long distance of the outline of the Missouri valley, bounded on either side with an indistinct and blue line of hills. Above it is the vast and beautiful Mamelle prairie, dotted with green islands of woods,

and skirted at the farthest ken of the eye with hills and forests.—Above you, on the same shore, is the valley of the Illinois, itself bounded by hoary and magnificent bluffs of a peculiar character. The river brings in its creeping waters by a deep bed, that seems almost as straight as a canal. You have in view the valleys and bluffs of two noble streams, that join their waters to the Mississippi. You see the Mississippi changed to a turbid and sweeping stream, with jagged and indented banks, below you. You see its calm and placid waters above the Missouri. On the opposite prairie, there are level meadows, wheat fields, corn fields, smokes ascending from houses and cabins, vast flocks of domestic cattle,—distinct indications of agriculture and improvement blended with the grand features of nature. There are clumps of trees, lakes, ponds, and flocks of sea fowl, wheeling their flight over them; in short, whatever of grandeur, or beauty, nature can furnish to soothe, and to enrapture the beholder.

From the mouth of the Ohio, the scene shifts, and the bluffs are generally nearest the eastern shore; though on that shore there are often twenty miles between them and the river. They come quite in to the river, which washes their bases at the Iron banks, the Chalk banks, the first, second and third Chickasaw bluffs, Memphis, the Walnut hills, Grand and Petit gulfs, Natchez, Loftus' heights, St. Francisville and Baton Rouge. In all this distance, bluffs are only seen in one place on the west side—the St. Francis hills.

From the sources of the river to the mouth of the Missouri, the annual flood ordinarily commences in March, and does not subside until the last of May; and its medial height is fifteen feet. At the lowest stages, four feet of water may be found from the rapids of Des Moines to the mouth of the Missouri. Between that point and the mouth of the Ohio, there are six feet in the channel of the shallowest places at low water; and the annual inundation may be estimated at twenty-five feet. Between the mouth of the Ohio and the St. Francis, there are various shoal places, where pilots are often perplexed to find a sufficient depth of water, when the river is low. Below that point, there is no difficulty for vessels of any draught, except to find the right channel. Below the mouth of the Ohio, the medial flood is fifty feet; the highest, sixty.—Above Natchez, the flood begins to decline. At Baton Rouge, it seldom exceeds thirty feet; and at New Orleans, twelve. Some have supposed this gradual diminution of the flood to result from the draining of the numerous effluxes of the river, that convey away such considerable portions of its waters, by separate channels to the sea. To this should be added, no doubt, the check, which the river at this distance begins to feel from the re-action of the sea where this mighty mass of descending waters finds its level.

Below the mouth of Ohio, in the season of inundation, to an observing spectator a very striking spectacle is presented. The river, as will elsewhere be observed, sweeps along in curves, or sections of circles, of an extent from six to twelve miles, measured from point to point. The sheet of water, that is visible between the forests on either side, is, as we have remarked, not far from the medial width of a mile. On a calm spring morning, and under a bright sun, this sheet of water, to an eye, that takes in its gentle descending declivity, shines, like a mass of burnished silver. Its edges are distinctly marked by a magnificent outline of cotton wood trees, generally of great size, and at this time of the year, of the brightest verdure. On the convex, or bar side of the bend, there is generally a vigorous growth of willows, or young cotton wood trees, of such astonishing regularity of appearance, that it always seems to the unpractised spectator, a work of art. The water stands among these trees, from ten to fifteen feet in height.—Those brilliant birds, the black and red bird of this country, seem to delight to flit among these young groves, that are inundated to half their height. Nature is carrying on her most vigorous efforts of vegetation below. If there be wind or storm, the descending flat or keel boats immediately make for these groves, and plunge fearlessly, with all the headway they can command, among the trees. Should they be of half the size of the human body, struck fifteen feet from the ground, they readily bend before even a frail boat. You descend the whole distance of a thousand miles to New Orleans, landing at night in fifteen feet water among the trees; but, probably, in no instance within twenty miles of the real shore, which is the bluff. The whole spectacle is that of a vast and magnificent forest, emerging from a lake, with its waters, indeed, in a thousand places in descending motion. The experienced savage, or solitary voyager, paddles his canoe through the deep forests, from one bluff to the other. He finds bayous, by which one river communicates with the other. He moves, perhaps, along the Mississippi forest into the mouth of White river. He ascends that river a few miles, and by the Grand Cut-off moves down the forest into the Arkansas. From that river he finds many bayous, which communicate readily with Washita and Red river; and from that river, by some one of its hundred bayous, he finds his way into the Atchafalaya and the Teche; and by that stream to the gulf of Mexico, reaching it more than twenty leagues west of the Mississippi. At that time, this is a river from thirty to an hundred miles wide, all overshadowed with forest, except an interior strip of little more than a mile in width, where the eye reposes on the open expanse of waters, visible between the trees.

Each of the hundred rivers, that swell the Mississippi, at the time of high waters, is more or less turbid. The upper Mississip-

pi is the most transparent of all of them in low water. But, during the floods, it brings down no inconsiderable portion of dark, slimy mud, suspended in its waters. The mud of the Missouri is as copious, as the water can hold in suspension,—and is whitish in color, much resembling water, in which fresh ashes have been mixed. The river below the Missouri assumes the color of that river. The Ohio brings in a flood, compared with the other, of a greenish color. The mixing of the waters of the upper Mississippi with the Missouri, and afterwards of the united stream with the Ohio, affords an amusing spectacle. The water of the Ohio is not much charged with earth, even at its inundation; but is still perceptibly turbid. The St. Francis and White rivers, at their floods, are not much stained. The Arkansas, when high, is as turbid, and holds nearly as much mud in suspension, as the Missouri; and its waters have a bright reddish color, almost that of flame. Its Indian name, *Ozark*, implies Yellow river. Red river brings in a turbid mixture of the same thickness, but of a darker red. After it has received these two rivers, the Mississippi loses something of its whiteness. The hills far up the Missouri, Arkansas and Red rivers are washing down. Pillars on their sides, of gigantic dimensions, bright colors, and regular forms, where they have been composed of an indurated earth, or clay, that more strongly resisted the action of rains and descending waters, are left standing. We have seen and admired these mementos of the lapse of time, the changes, that our earth is undergoing, the washing of waters, and the influence of the elements. Lewis and Clark speak of these remains of dilapidated hills far up the Missouri, where they appeared in their grandest dimensions.

The Mississippi, then, may be considered, as constantly bearing beneath its waters a tribute of the finest and most fertile vegetable soil, collected from an hundred shores, hills and mountains, and transplanted from distances of a thousand leagues. The marl of the Rocky mountains, the earth of the Alleghanies, the red loam, washed from the hills at the sources of the Arkansas and Red rivers, are every year deposited in layers along the alluvion of the Mississippi; or are washed into the gulf of Mexico. We can have little doubt, that this river once found its estuary not far below the present mouth of the Ohio. It was, probably, then thirty miles broad, and grew wider quite to the gulf. The alluvial country below, must then have been an arm of the sea. The different bluffs on its eastern shore, the Chickasaw bluffs, Natchez, and the other hills, whose bases the river now washes, were capes, that projected into this estuary. The banks of the river are evidently gaining in height above the inundation. The deposites of earth, sand and slime are not as equal in their layers, as we might suppose; but might, perhaps, be assumed, as depositing a twelfth of an inch in the annual inundation.

As soon as the descending mass of waters has swept over the banks, being comparatively destitute of current, and impeded, moreover, by trees and bushes, it begins to deposite a sediment of that mud and sand, which were only held in suspension by the rapidity and agitation of the descending current. It must be obvious, that the sand and the coarser portion of the mixture of earth will subside first; and that near the banks of the river will be the most copious deposition. We find, in fact, the soil contiguous to the rivers most sandy. It becomes finer and more clayey, as we recede farther from the bank, until near the bluffs; and at the farthest distances from the river, the impalpable mixture gradually subsides, forming a very stiff, black soil, called '*terre graisse*,' and having a feeling, when wet, like lard or grease. Circumstances, such as eddies, and other impediments, resulting from the constant changes of the banks, may cause this earth, in particular positions, to be deposited near the river. Where the banks have fallen in, and discovered the under strata of the soil, we often see layers of this earth directly on the shore. But the natural order of deposition is, first, the sand; next, the marl; and last of all, this impalpable clay, which would of course be longest held suspended.

This order of deposition accounts, too, for another circumstance appertaining to the banks of this river, and all its lower tributaries, that do now, or did formerly, overflow their banks. It always creates surprise at first view, to remark, that all these rivers have alluvions, that are highest directly on the banks, and slope back, like a natural glacis, towards the bluffs. There are a thousand points, between the mouth of Ohio and New Orleans, where, at the highest inundation, there is a narrow strip of land above the overflow; and it is directly on the bank. But the land slopes back, and subsides under the overflow; and is, perhaps, twenty feet under water at the bluffs. This deceptive appearance has induced a common opinion, that this river, its tributaries and bayous, in their lower courses, run through their valleys on an elevated ridge, and occupy the highest part of their bottoms. The greater comparative elevation on the banks notwithstanding, we have not the slightest doubt, that the path of the rivers is, in fact, the deepest part of their basin, and that the bed of the river is uniformly lower, than the lowest point of alluvion at the base of the bluffs.

This country, embracing all the varieties of the climate of the country east of the mountains, might be supposed to have the same birds, and those birds of the same habits. The former is true, and the latter is not. We have noted no birds in the Atlantic country, that we have not seen here. We have many, that are not seen there; and those, that are common to both regions, have not the same habits here, as there. We have no doubt, that cultivation and the habitancy of civilized man affect the habits, and even the residence of birds. There are many in the more populous and cultivated regions beyond the mountains, that seem to belong to orchards and gardens, and that appear to exult and be at home only in the midst of fruit arbors, and groves reared by art and luxury. It is remarked in the more populous and cultivated districts of the West, that in proportion, as the wilderness disappears, and is replaced by apple, pear, peach and plumb trees, and fruit gardens, that the birds, which cheered the infancy of the immigrants, and whose notes are associated in recollection with the charms of youthful existence, and the tender remembrances of the natal spot, and a distant and forsaken country, are found among the recent orchards. Every immigrant, especially, who was reared in New England, remembers the magpie, the bird of half formed leaves, of planting, and the freshness of spring. He remembers to have heard them chattering in the meadows, almost to tiresomeness. They are occasionally seen in the middle and northern regions of this valley. They are seldom heard to sing, and are only known by the lover of nature, who hears in the air, as they pass over his head, the single note, which they utter at the East, when they are leaving that country. Some years since, in Missouri, we saw a number of the males gathered on a spray, in the midst of a low prairie, of a sunny morning, after a white frost. They were chattering away in their accustomed style. But they did but half carry out the song, that we used to hear in the meadows of New England, leaving a painful break in the middle, and reminding us of the beautiful passage in the psalms, touching the exiles on the streams of Babylon.

Robin, *turdus migratorius*. The robin-redbreast in the northern Atlantic country is, more than any other, the bird of orchards and gardens, and is there almost identified with the affections of man. This delightful bird, in many places protected from the gun by public feeling, sings there such an unpretending, and yet sweet song, that the inhabitants need not regret wanting the nightingale. In the West, this bird makes annual visits; and is seen in the autumn,

the winter and spring, but never, at least in the southern parts of the valley, in the summer. Thousands of them winter in Louisiana, and perch by night in the thick cane brakes, and are killed by hundreds with a stick. In the middle regions, they visit the country in the autumn, to feed on the berries of the spice wood, *laurus benzoin*. But in no part of the valley, where we have seen them, have we ever heard them sing those notes of their song in New England, which we can never forget.

The thrasher, *turdus rufus*, the perwink, *turdus fuscus*, and the bluebird, are in numbers, habits and song, as at the north, except that the bluebird is seen on every pleasant day through the winter.

The splendid plumage, the bold habits, and the shrill scream of the bluejay, are alike familiar to the woods of Canada and the Sabine.

Mocking-bird, *turdus Orpheus, vel polyglottus*, is seen in the middle and southern states; but is far more frequent in this valley. Its gay, voluble and jerky note, imitating that of all other birds, and heard at all seasons of the year, renders it a delightful tenant of the southern woods. It breeds in thorn bushes, and among arbors of briar vines; and delights to sit on the tops of chimneys, darting perpendicularly, as if in frolic, high into the air above, and descending by the same movement, singing in its gayest manner, all the while. It is a bird of sober plumage, and from its delicate structure, rather difficult to rear in a cage.

Red-bird, *cardinalis Virginiana*. The range, frequency and habits of this most beautiful bird are the same with the former. Its note has but little range. We have not heard it sing on a stave of more than five notes; but its whistle is clear, mellow and delightful. It appears not to regard orchards, or human habitancy, but pours its song in the deep forests. The traveller is cheered, as he rides along the bottoms, especially in sunny mornings, by hearing this song softening the harsh screaming of the jay. The male, after moulting, is of a most brilliant purple, with a fine crest, and a bill of the appearance of ivory.

Nightingale sparrow, *fringilla melodia*, a very diminutive sparrow, with plain plumage, but pours from its little throat a powerful song, like that of the nightingale. In the southern regions of the valley, like the mocking-bird, this bird sings, through the warm nights of summer, only during the darkness and the dawn of morning.

Goldfinch, *turdus aurocapillus*. We have doubted, if this were the same bird with that, so called, in the Atlantic country. It is not so brilliant in plumage, and has not exactly the same whistle; but is here a gay and cheering bird in appearance and note. It builds the same hanging nest, with the bird, so called, at the north.

Parroquet, *psitticus Caroliniensis*. This is a bird of the parrot class, seen from latitude 40° to the gulf of Mexico. Its food is

the fruit of the scyamore, and its retreat in the hollow of that tree; and is a very voracious bird, preying on apples, grapes, figs, and all kinds of fruit. They fly in large flocks, and are seen in greatest numbers before a storm, or a great change in the weather. They have hooked, ivory bills, a splendid mixture of burnished gilding and green on their heads, and their bodies are a soft, and yet brilliant green. Their cry, as they are flying, is shrill and discordant. They are said to perch, by hanging by their bill to a branch. When they are taken, they make battle, and their hooked bill pounces into the flesh of their enemy. They are very annoying to fruit orchards, and in this respect a great scourge to the farmer. We have seen no bird of the size, with plumage so brilliant; and they impart a singular magnificence to the forest prospect, as they are seen darting through the foliage, and among the white branches of the sycamore.

Owls. We have noted a great many varieties of this bird.—Their hooting and screaming, in every variety of tone and sound, often imitating the cry of human distress and laughter, and sometimes the shrieks of a babe, are heard over all this valley in the deep forests and bottoms. We have heard forty at a time on the lower courses of the Mississippi.

Among the great varieties of the hawk and eagle class, the bald eagle is often seen soaring above the cliffs, or the deep forests.

Swans, geese, ducks of a great many kinds, herons, cormorants, pelicans and sand-hill cranes, are the common and well known migrating water fowls of this country. The noise of their countless flocks, as they journey through the air in the spring, to the sources of the great rivers and lakes, and in autumn, to the gulf of Mexico, is one of the most familiar sounds to the ear of an inhabitant of the West, and is one of his strongest and pleasantest associations with spring and autumn. The noise of migrating geese and ducks, at those periods, is also familiar to the ear of an Atlantic inhabitant. That of the swans, pelicans and cranes is peculiar to this valley. The swan is well known for its stateliness and brilliant white. Its migrating phalanxes are in perfectly regular forms, as are those of the geese. They sometimes join forces, and fly intermixed with each other. Their noise, on the wing, is like the distant sound of a trumpet. They are killed on the rice lakes at the north, in the summer, and in the gulf and its neighboring waters in the winter. The younger ones are as fine for the table, as geese. The older ones are coarse, tough, and stringy. They are of use for their fine quills, feathers and down.

Sand-hill crane, *grus Canadensis*, is a fine, stately bird, as majestic in the water, as a swan, and considerably taller; of a perfectly sleek, compact and oily plumage, of a fine grayish white color; and they are seen in countless numbers, and not being of sufficient use to be the pursuit of the gunner, they, probably, increase. We have

seen in the prairie between the Missouri and Mississippi, at the point of junction, acres covered with them, in the spring and autumn. They seemed, at a distance, like immense droves of sheep. They migrate in company with the pelicans; and to us it has always been an interesting spectacle, that during their migrations, they are seen for days together, sailing back and forward in the upper regions of the air, apparently taking the amusement of flying evolutions, and uttering at the same time a deep cry, which is heard distinctly, when the flocks are so high in the air, as not to be seen, or only seen when their white wings are discerned, as specks of snow, from their being in a particular position to the rays of the sun.

Pelican is a singular water fowl, with an ivory bill, extremely white plumage, larger in appearance, but not so heavy, as a full grown Canadian goose. They frequent the lakes and the sandbars of rivers, during their migrations, in inconceivable numbers. Flocks of them, reaching a mile in length, passing over the villages, are no unusual spectacle. Below their beak, or bill, they have a pouch, or bag, which will contain, it is said, two quarts.— In the autumn, when associated with the swans, geese, brants, ducks, cranes and loons, on the sandbars of the rivers, from their incessant vociferations, they are very annoying companions to the inmates of boats, who lie to, and wish to find sleep.

This being a country of long rivers, of frequent lakes and bayous, and sluggish waters, and marshy inlets of the sea, on the gulf of Mexico, it would be expected, as is the fact, that it would be the nursing mother and home of vast numbers and varieties of water fowls. We believe, that no waters on the globe show greater numbers and varieties, than the gulf of Mexico. In the winter, when these fowls take shelter in the bayous, swamps and prairies of Louisiana, they are killed in great numbers by the people, especially the French and Indians. Water fowls are abundant and cheap in all the markets. Their feathers and quills are an object of some importance in commerce. In the migrations of the water fowls, the inhabitants of the middle regions of the valley have biennial harvest of them. The hunters and savages of the upper regions feed, and prey upon them, during the summer.

Pigeons sometimes are seen in great flocks, as at the north.— Their social and gregarious habits incline them to roost together, and their places of resort are called 'pigeon roosts.' In these places they settle on all the trees for a considerable distance round, in such numbers, as to break off the branches. In these places they are killed, beyond the wants of the people.

Turkey, *meleagris gallipavo.* The wild turkey is a fine, large bird, of brilliant, blackish plumage. It breeds with the domestic one; and when the latter is reared near the range of the former, it is sure to be enticed into the woods by them. In some places

they are so numerous, as to be easily killed, beyond the wants of the people. We have seen more than an hundred driven from one corn field. The Indians, and the western sportsmen, learn a way to hunt them, by imitating the cry of their young.

Partridge, *tetrao perdix*, the same bird, which is called quail in New England. They breed in great numbers in the settled regions, and, much as they are hunted, increase with the population. They are brought in great numbers to the markets; and are not unfrequently taken, as they are crossing the rivers, on the steam boats. One of the standing amusements of the country is to take them, by driving them into a net.

Pheasant is the same bird, which is called partridge in New England. It is not so common in this country, as in that. It is something more brilliant in its plumage. Though not often seen, it is frequently heard drumming on the logs in the deep forests.

Prairie hen, *tetrao pratensis*, is seen in great flocks in the prairies of Missouri and Illinois, in the autumn. It is rather larger, than the domestic hen. In flight, it appears like the pheasant and partridge, and is a beautiful bird. It lights on barns, and hovers about corn fields. When the corn is not gathered, until in the winter, as often happens in the West, flocks of these birds are apt to prey upon it. It is easily tamed and domesticated. The flesh has the flavor and color of the wild pigeon.

Hunters assert, that there is another bird of the pheasant class, at the sources of the Missouri, of the size of a turkey.

Humming-bird, *trochilus*. We have them of two colors—olive and green. It is more common in the middle, than the southern regions, and we believe, is no where so common, as in some parts of the Atlantic country.

THE MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

[We advise our correspondent 'Smelfungus,' to consult with his physician, and we have no doubt, that he will afterwards see the condition of authors through a more cheerful medium. If his views are jaundiced, and discolored, his advise in some respects seems to us to be not wholly inappropriate. Neither have we any fear, that the buoyant spirits of literary aspirants will be too much damped by such gloomy misrepresentations.—Ed.]

Every one complains of the scramble and competition in every profession and walk of life. No calling furnishes luster grounds for

this species of croaking, than that of authorship. The profession of *living by the wits* is the *limbus patrum* of all other professions, the *Hotel des invalides*, that brings up the maimed, discomfitted and weather-beaten from all other pursuits. This is the *house appointed for all the living*, doctors, lawyers, ministers, and nondescript literati, excluded by fortune, mismanagement, incapacity, or their ill star from any definite pursuit. True, we have been wrecked upon these sterile quick sands; but we disavow the misanthropic feeling of the proverb, 'that misery loves company.' We take no malevolent pleasure in seeing the thousand little barks bearing down with a press of sail and infatuated glee upon the same shoals. On the contrary we deem it a duty to raise our storm signal of distress; and we rear our beacon, cautioning them *to luff and bear away*. We do not mean at present to strike our gravest strings.—We reserve numberless supplemental miseries for another number.

If the young aspirant had a millionth part of the horrors of authorship, that rush upon our imagination, as we are striving to group some of the darkest, he would as soon think of soaring towards the sky without wings, as to enter heaven without the purification of the grave, or ride into the eternal space upon the tail of a comet, or fasten together the ends of a rainbow, or indulge any other maniac frenzy of expectation, as dream of fame and fortune, as an author. We do verily believe on our conscience, that not one fourth part of the paper, always excepting that of school books, that has passed the press, and come out duly blotted with alphabetic characters will ever bring its fair market value, while in clean white paper. Heaven forefend, that we should hint at its intrinsic value, after it has received this expensive metamorphosis. Alas! look in the bookseller's shops at the numberless reams of paper, that have foundered, and been brought up on this rock of authorship. *Haud inexperti loquimur.* If you are poor already, allow us to repeat to you the homely, but weighty proverb of the exchange of the frying pan for the fire. Do you ask, whence all this happens? Out of a thousand causes we select at present only the following:

We suppose, that there are at least fifteen hundred periodicals in the United States. Do you ask, what each one of the editors thinks of himself? Just look into your own bosom, and measure his self-estimation, aspirations and hopes by your own. One person, ordinarily, thinks as much of the personal pronoun first person singular, as another. You have then, as a preliminary difficulty, to sound your Arcadian pipe so as to be distinguished above fifteen hundred whistles; and this seems to us no slight impediment. Take our own case, as a sample. Albeit we live in the geographical centre of the 'celestial empire,' most of the Atlantic people phrase our CITY a village, and our writers meet with unwonted indulgence of criticism, and no little marvel and astonishment at our writings, *considering the place from which they come!!* Yet even in these our

backwoods we weekly turn over the leaves of forty periodicals.—Still we only dip our foot in the ocean. Like Camilla we only skim over the leaves of the harvest.

Another formidable impediment is, that our republic of letters has a great number of metropolitan establishments. The outward language, we admit, is that science and literature have no geographical limits or territorial restrictions; that the empire of mind is of all countries, and includes the universe. But the credulous believer in this cant may soon undeceive himself in either of our chief towns. The booksellers can inform him, that each one is the centre of its own local system, so far from having any relation to the movements of the rest, often revolving in a diametrically opposite direction. The zigzag orbits are utterly irreducible to any mathematical figure. One is driven by water power and another by the eternal puffing of steam. A denizen of fame in Saturn is whirled off in a tangent from Jupiter, or trodden under foot by the big Dutch horses of the chariot of the sun.

To speak in phrase less Swedenborgian. To be saved as an author in Boston, is to be a reprobate and a noodle in New York.—The immense steam power of the central city is exerted to puff by the same movement its own productions to the skies, and all others to the depths. Salvation at the north is rank and certain condemnation at the south. The influence of one of these systems, as adverse to the authorship of the other, may be neither visible, nor audible, but like the silent and irresistible influence of the spheres above, the author feels it in its effects.

Another difficulty is the want of any common standard of taste and excellence. We talk indeed of certain invariable laws, and unerring tests of truth and beauty in composition. The rules actually applied are found to be as arbitrary, and as variable as those by which different nations settle the estimation of female beauty. In China, little feet, a yellow visage, and a person and breath perfumed with *assafœtida* are the highest taste. In Senaar a negress, too fat to move, with heavy nose and lip jewels is the perfection of beauty. The Indian beauty of our forests has a face longest widthwise. Just as various are our standards of literary beauty and excellence.

Again, out of our twelve millions we may possibly have fifty thousand, who care about some other reading, than the coarsest and grossest slang of politics. Strong palpable high seasoned political abuse, as warm as it can be swallowed, is all that is required for the rest. If Homer should return from the shades, and chime upon any other theme than the wearying and eternal recurrence of some half a dozen names of partizans, he would fare, we fear, still harder, than when he begged his bread for a song through the cities of ancient Greece. In another direction you will find yourself encountering an influence sometimes the most salutary, some-

times the reverse—but always irresistible, that of religious opinion. You might as well think to beat down the Chinese wall with the open palm of your hand, or leap to the summit of Chimborazo by a stride, as to make the smallest impression upon either of these systems, unless you happen to make a part of it.

Suppose you really possess the powers, which in the estimation of the next age will constitute you a writer, you have to expel from the niches of the temple of fame, persons who now fill them, who have that right, which constitutes three points in the law, present possession, and who will treat your claims, as those of ignorant and arrogant assumption. Suppose you think to lie by in some snug harbor, and quarantine in writing prize essays and prize poems, the very imagination of a prize essay and a prize committee is a *felo de se* to genius. Even Byron himself could not withstand it, his prize efforts being marked such as distinctly by their dullness, as by their running title. When Napoleon commanded the intellects, persons and purses of half Europe, he ordered a prize eulogy of himself. In that country of essences and fragrant unguents among five thousand gally pots of incense, that were offered for the prize, there was not one, that did not require, that the reader's imagination should be sweetened with an ounce of civet, when it was opened.

Then, again, you, probably, dare hazard no more expense, than ordinary paper and mechanical execution. The wire wove, hot-pressed, beautifully printed, splendidly engraved and bound city book will smile upon yours with the same disdain, with which a rouged, corsetted, fully dressed, silly, simpering city belle contemplates the *entre* of a country damsel dressed in quaker simplicity.

Then you have to fall either dead born from the press, or soothe Cerberus with a medicated poppy cake by way of offering, or fall under the claws of his reviewers, some of which will find you too heavy, and some too light; some too long, and some too broad; some too learned, and some too superficial; some too deep, and some too shallow. The very grounds of praise with one will be passports to condemnation with the other. They will probably agree in admitting, that you are neither wiser nor better, than you should be, and that it had been better for the public and yourself, if you had let the whole business alone.

Escaped from this purgatory, you fall into the mill of the literary papers. Oh what a fall is that, my countrymen! There you are ground in style. Poor Sir Walter Scott! how they drubbed him! You may have been a student for fifty years. You may have devoured libraries. You will have to fold your hands, sit down on the gridiron, and receive with meek composure the judgment of learned Thebans, who, perhaps, but for their publisher, would spell their favorite *very* with a double *r*.

You drop from this region of punishment into the still deeper gulf of the booksellers. But here, with Sterne, contemplating the case of the poor prisoner, our heart begins to bleed. We dare not follow out our own imaginings. Let every one ejaculate in the excellent petition. From these manifold evils and buffetings deliver us!

Suppose you had passed through all these fiery furnaces unscorched, suppose after twenty years of labor, poverty, and obscurity, with a broken down constitution, a face plowed with premature wrinkles, a forehead marked with baldness and snow, and a frame of sensibility accumulated to such a morbid excess, that the careless censures of a friend will be an unction of vitriol; suppose you should at last cast your slough, and come out to the sun and air; see what a thousand critics have said of Walter Scott with all his fame! St. Pierre may tell you, that a gifted mind must sink down upon its own resources, and be content with its high musings and lonely aspirations—that the gifted author must be content to raise his voice from the solitude of his closet, speaking to kings, emperors, and republics, to rulers and peasants, to the different nations and to the remotest posterity; that he must anticipate the tears of survivors, when he departs, and the aspirants in the days to come, who will repair, as pilgrims, to the hallowed turf, that covers his remains. All this, dear reader, will not pass with your creditor, buy you a new coat, or a dinner in the market.

Therefore, as they of the cloth say, by way of improvement, allow us, who speak the language of affectionate experience, if you are not turned of forty-five, and have no profession or hopes, but those of an author, to persuade you to learn the use of the hoe, the spade, or the axe, the sledge, the stone hammer, the trowel, the handsaw the plane, any honest calling that will give you employment and bread, rather than feed yourself with the moonshine expectations of fame and fortune, as an author. We desire to be delivered from the temptation of envy. But if we allowed the feeling, we should envy the carpenter, the mason, the cabinet maker their health, independence and tranquillity; their unwrinkled brow and freedom from care, their exemption from duns and all the ills, that 'authors are heirs to.' Of all professions below the sun, we would least and last covet, that our children should be authors.

SMELFUNGUS.

POETICAL.

THE BEING OF A GOD.

There are, who will not see in earth, or sky,
Nor find deep in the chambers of their heart
The Great Invisible. That murky mind
I envy not, that readeth thus the page
Of elder scripture. Nature's eloquence
Pours in my ear a mystic strain from heav'n.
'Twas when the southern breeze was bland,
Charg'd with the fragrance of the budding spring,
Night's shadowy veil was curtain'd o'er the sky.
Along the blue at intervals repos'd,
Festoon'd and motionless, the fleecy clouds,
Heav'ns radiant lamps, hung out between,
Lit up the portals of the throne of light.
He, who can ken the starry sky, nor hear
The sphery music singing of a God,
Will die an Atheist in hopeless gloom.
My senses caught the glorious argument.
My bosom with the high conviction warm'd.
Beyond that blue; beyond those stars; beyond
The sky; beyond the grave; still deeper in
The eternal space He dwells in light.
Aye; and this mind, so anxiously that thrills
'Twixt hopes and fears, the tenant soul within,
Imprison'd in this crumbling clay, disturb'd,
As sleeping waters, with a pebble's fall,
Shall, fearless, soar past suns, and worlds and all
The unimagin'd mysteries beyond;
Until it scale the adamantine walls'
That guard the access to his spotless throne.
There shall I see his face without a veil;
Not darkly through a glass in sin and tears;
But changing to his image, as I view.

THE NEW YEAR.

Stern minister of change! thy ceaseless march,
And startling knock once more proclaim thee come.
Fondly I thought, that, years ere this, my breast
Would cease to swell with joy, or sorrow at the view,
But still I list thy noiseless step, as moving on,
Thou scatterest crowns, or death, or jarrest down
The time-worn towers. Enter; declare thy charge.
Give me prophetic vision to its end;
And be thou happy both to me and mine.
Thick crowding prospects of thy coming deeds
Rush full upon me. 'Tis the frantic scene
Of Lazar house; all bustle, maddening joy
Or grief. With opening paradise in view,
Lovers will meet, dissolve the rainbow dream,
Look, disenchanted, on the leaden, stale
Flat scene, and weep to dream again.
The sons of toil will bring their harvest home,
And mock the brawl of winter round the hearth
Of peace and privacy; and some will bound
Exulting from the turn of fortune's wheel;
Insanely joyous with their golden prize;
Amaz'd to find their after days as dark,
As those before. Full freighted ships will plunge
With their pale tenants, uttering the prayer
Of agony, and all their gather'd wealth
Beneath the pathless brine; and some,
Their white sails swelling with the breeze,
To the calm haven come. Accursed war
Will shake its bloody besom; Pestilence
Hush populous cities, as the sepulchre,
Or Tadmor frowning mid the sands; the earth
Will heave its dark deep bosom, and draw down
Quick to the pit the scheming, bustling multitudes.
On fame's proud pinnacles new men will rise,
Grow dizzy with the unwonted height, and fall;
In sullen sadness those displac'd will mourn

With envy stung, around the sacred hearth
Of home; and thankless, loathe the benison.
New visitant's of a span long will wail
Their entrance on the scene. To give them place
Grey headed millions will reach forth their arms,
To seek the sheltering covert of the grave;
E'en as the parched, way worn traveller
Longs for the shade of dewy eve; and some,
In their full strength with fruitless efforts strive
Against the grizzly king; a countless throng,
As autumn leaves, be strown, and pillow'd on
Their mother earth. My vision blenches not.
March on, stern king; and ply thy scythe, and shake
Thy glass. Thou canst no more on these,
My fellows, hast no further power on them
Bound to my heart, than His, who sent thee forth,
To mow down men, as flowers. Eternal King,
Since thou controllest all, I will not reck
The changes, which the opening year may bring.
Let fortune frown, or smile; let men, or bless
Or curse, as Thou hast bidden. Send Thou joy,
Send woe, as seems Thee good. Send life, or death;
Let cottages spring up, elate with hope,
In the green wilderness; let princely towers,
Reel with their weight, time-worn and fall.
Let low ones be exalted, and the high
Be humbled in Thy hand. Where e're Thou callest,
I go, and fearlessly. Although it be to walk
Through the dark vale.

REVIEW.

Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence. Philadelphia. Published by R. W. Pomeroy.

We hope, our readers will need no asseverations on our part, that our single object is, to task our best exertions, to mingle instruction with amusement in the articles, which we place before them. It is not always possible to unite them. Among the multiplicity of tastes, for which we have to cater, some ask only for light reading; while others look with disdain upon every article, that is not charged with matters of grave import, given in a manner, in which any effort of imagination, or fancy would be considered, as an offence. At present we harp a grave string, and call upon our readers to exercise patience and resignation. We give them, as a prelibation of more, an article on the biography of our great departed legislators. It is useless to descant upon the pre-eminent interest and utility of the reading of biography in general, or to call up any of those numberless associations, which have rendered, and which ought to render such biography, as this before us, precious to all our virtuous national predilections. The avidity, with which the public seize upon every thing of the kind, is the most palpable and honorable proof, that can be given of deep and sincere patriotism. When we forget these great men of the days gone by, and think lightly of what we owe them, we shall soon be incapable of appreciating any thing great and noble; and the spirit of liberty will expire with the capacity for generous and grateful remembrances.—More than half, of what is put to the excitement of patriotism, has really sprung from national pride. This feeling may, perhaps, be indulged to excess; but within the proper limitation, no impulse of our nature is more fruitful in high and virtuous achievement.

The English have seen fit to represent our country, when it first became the receptacle of European colonists, as a kind of Botany bay—a grand penitentiary forest, upon which the refuse felons, convicts and prostitutes of the old world were cast. Though it is a received maxim in our country, that every man, is properly a *new man*, and begins entirely on the foundation of his own merit, and that, as no man could choose, or help the circumstances of his birth, and was born wholly without his own consent, so none of either the pride, or shame of birth ought to attach to him; yet, a feeling, deeply and wisely laid in our natures, revolts at aspersions upon our parental origin, and finds the gratification of a laudable and virtuous pride, in tracing back our existence to an honest ancestry.

The literary investigations of the last quarter of a century have taken a strong direction in the line of searching the recorded remains of the character and deeds of our forefathers. We have brought forth the dusty portraits from the secret chambers. We have contemplated them by the full light. We find, that the direct contrary, of what is asserted of our origin, is true; and the more diligently we have looked, and the more intently we have contemplated, the more our forefathers have appeared, not only honest, but glorious. On our shores was sifted 'the finest of the wheat,' instead of the refuse of the harvest. Some renounced home, country and social existence for the noblest of all motives, for conscience's sake. Some braved the ocean and the wilderness from a burning and premature love of liberty, before as yet any just conceptions of liberty prevailed in Europe. Some fled from actual tyranny, and the worst of all tyranny, that of a religious hierarchy. Some were the younger, more talented, and enterprising members of the family, thrust into the woods, by a spirit, that brooked not the fondling, wealth and indolence of cherished primogeniture. The lazy, intriguing and aristocratic blood remained in the parent country. That, which was brought to our shores, received lustration, and a renovating principle from circumstances. The more we study the character of our ancestors, the more motives we find for honest and virtuous pride; and we may safely assert, that no people in the world have more reasons for studying the biography of their forefathers, than the Americans.

American biography has received the moulding of a preponderating fashion. An erroneous impression, as we deem it, has prevailed from the first effort of this kind among us, that biography ought to be, like the drawing of an English legal instrument, long, technical, exact, formal, and more than all, heavy and dull. Fact, information, interest and eloquence seem to have been deemed incompatible. Instead of the charming and child-like simplicity of Plutarch, or the terse eloquence of Tacitus, or the delightful fancy and sprightliness of the biographer of Charles 12th, we have followed the dull, prosing, formal, sleepy models of English biography, and the copy has overgone the model.

We have no doubt, that the sketches in the voluminous work before us, which extends to the ninth volume, were taken by good and ripe scholars. They seem to have been designed with scrupulous reference to fidelity. Though it was, probably, a work got up on literary speculation, it bears no marks of that stamp.—Great pains have evidently been taken in the collection of materials, and we would suppose, that expense had not been spared, in putting in requisition adequate talents, to arrange them. We are ready to believe, that we have among us not only as much genius and talent, as the same number of people in Europe, but even more. Unhappily, we are the slaves of a fashion. Wo to the

memory of the first man, that commenced formal, and dull biography among us. Let the earth lie heavy upon him; for all his successors have dreamed, that nothing was worthy of the sacred name of history and biography, that could not command homage by its weight, rather than any other quality. We have plenary faith, that as much fact, and as authentic presentation of history may be given in the manner of Plutarch, or Voltaire, as that of the heaviest biographer in existence. A portrait may be as faithful in Grecian drapery, as in a close military costume. The eye of a child will kindle at the life of Themistocles, or Peter the great, and dwell on it to the last line, but neither will children or grave students digest a long life of an English or American legislator at a single sitting. Perhaps it is a hidden remain of aristocratic feeling in our bosoms, that leads us to prefer weight, solemnity, and the absence of every thing, that is not in keeping with funereal ideas, in our biographical portraits; and to wish, that our ancestors may repose in state in leaden coffins. These volumes often contain fine writing, of grave and sententious character. Not unfrequently, anecdotes are given, and attempts made to break the aristocratic monotony of the scene, by exhibiting sprinklings of the wit and good sayings of the subject of the sketch. But these breaks introduce an unseemly gaiety, out of keeping with the general tone and manner of the writing, and like the unwieldy dancing of an elephant. The mechanical execution, as regards printing, paper and correctness, is worthy of all praise. The engravings strike us, who do not, however, assume to be connoisseurs, as the most splendid and beautiful, that we have seen—and we judge, that this great work ought to find a place in the library of every gentleman, who has a desire to be acquainted with the founders of the fabric of our freedom.

We have aimed only, to present such an abstract of the subjects, as will tend to induce the reader to repair to the original work. It is certainly a noble and colossal monument, and ought to be to the national biography, what the famous twelve tables were to Roman jurisprudence. Our aim is to steer between a barren catalogue of names, and chronology of dates, and the fulness of an ample biographical abstract. We commence with the two main pillars of American independence. Trite as the theme is, we do not fear, that the exact information, which follows, will be either useless, or superfluous. We are often most deficient in real knowledge, touching the men and things, of which we have most frequently heard.—We are aware, that to many of our readers, though the names and general intellectual character of Jefferson and Adams are familiar, as household words, much of the following will be new and useful reading.

Thomas Jefferson was born 1743, in the county of Albemarle, in Virginia; educated at the college of William and Mary; succeeded to an ample fortune; and in 1766, was admitted to the bar.

In 1769, he was a distinguished member of the legislature of his native state. In 1772, he married a daughter of Mr. Wayles, who died, after living with him ten years, and leaving him two daughters. In 1773, he was a member of the first committee of correspondence, established by the colonial legislatures. In 1774, he published his summary view of the rights of America. In 1775, he was a member from his native state, to join the general confederacy, assembled at Philadelphia. In 1776, he drafted the declaration of American Independence, which was adopted with very little alteration. Through the war, he was constantly serving the revolutionary cause at home, or in congress, either by his services, as a legislator, or the still more efficient aid of his powerful pen.—In 1779, he was on the committee, appointed to revise the laws of Virginia. His humanity was conspicuous, in attempting to alleviate the sufferings of the British prisoners of Saratoga. In 1779, he was elected governor of Virginia, and administered his office with uncommon prudence and energy. A member of the legislature moved for an enquiry, in relation to his conduct while governor, touching the incursions of Arnold. A representative of the county, to which Mr Jefferson belonged, resigned his seat, that he might be elected in his place. He was elected unanimously. After he had taken his seat, the member withdrew his charges. Mr. Jefferson brought them up himself, and made his justification. The house passed a resolve, declaring its high sense of his services and upright conduct, while governor. In 1782, he was appointed, to assist in the treaty of peace. In 1784, he was one of the committee, to draft a model for the temporary government of the *North-Western Territory.* One of the articles, proposed by him, was, that there should be no involuntary servitude, except for crime. In 1785, he was chosen to succeed Franklin, as minister at Versailles. In 1787, he published his 'Notes on Virginia.' While absent, as minister to France, he visited Holland and Italy. He was the friend of philosophers, and the delight of the fascinating society of Paris. In 1789, he returned from Europe, and was appointed Secretary of State under Washington. From 1793, to 1796, he passed his time in retirement. At the latter period he was Vice-President, under President Adams. In 1801, he was elected President, and filled the office during two terms. From this office he retired to Monticello, passing his days in philosophic repose, and dignified leisure, exercising an ample and often abused hospitality, the admiration of foreign visitors of the highest respectability, and the delight of his countrymen. His last days were devoted to one of the most important earthly concernments, that of building up his favorite college, and diffusing the blessings of common school education among all classes of the children of his native state. He died, 1826, on the natal day of our independence. A palpable proof, that no touch of mercenary motive had mixed with his views, in the discharge of such various and high offices, was, that he died poor.

John Adams was born at Quincy, not far from Boston, in Massachusetts. He was fourth in descent from Henry Adams, on whose tomb it is inscribed, '*that he took flight from the dragon persecution in Devonshire, England, and alighted near Mount Wollaston with eight sons.*' 1751, he entered Harvard college. He studied law, and taught school at Worcester. His first writings, 1757, evince, that even then his thoughts were turned towards politics. In 1758, he was admitted to the bar, In 1764, he published his essay on canon and feudal law, and his name became associated with the distinguished Massachusetts' whigs of the time. In 1770, he removed to Boston. The provincial government attempted to buy him over to the royal cause, by the offer of a lucrative office, which he declined. After the famous 'Boston massacre,' he defended Captain Preston, charged with murder, and although that officer was excessively odious, the fairness and disinterestedness of the advocate's defence lost him no popularity; as is proved by his being elected, the same year, a member of the general assembly. This course rendered him so obnoxious to the royal government, that his name was twice struck off the list of the councillors of the provincial governors. Such was the earnestness of his zeal, on the side of the people, that he was generally considered an enthusiast in their cause. He was appointed delegate to the general congress at Philadelphia. But few of the delegates thought, and felt with him, in reference to the justice and wisdom of a separation from the parent country. Among those that did, were Patrick Henry and T. M'Kean. Here he published 'Novanglus,' in defence of the whig doctrines. He suggested, and advised the election of Washington, as commander-in-chief. He was the first advocate, in congress, of the declaration of independence. The effect of his popular eloquence, in defence of this measure, as described by his fellow laborer, Mr. Jefferson, was astonishingly great. He was afterwards a member of the new provisional legislature of his native state. He declined the offer of the office of chief Justice, because it would interfere with his attendance upon the general congress. The circumstance of his visiting the camp of lord Howe in company with Franklin and Rutledge is well known. His labors in congress, until 1777, were as efficient, as they were indefatigable. In 1778, he sailed, as commissioner, to France. In 1779, he returned to America, and assisted in forming the constitution of his native state. Same year he sailed for Europe, as minister plenipotentiary, charged with high and responsible power, to make peace and a treaty with Great Britain. He negociated a loan from Holland, and managed our interests with great prudence and success at the court of Paris. He was one of the American commissioners, who signed the treaty of peace, in 1782. In 1785, he was ambassador to England. His defence of our forms of government was published in London, in three vol-

umes, in 1787, and re-printed in the United States next year. In the autumn of 1788, he returned to his country, and was elected vice-president, to which office he was re-elected, in 1792. In 1797, he was elected president of the United States. After a single term of service, he retired to his native Quincy, living, like Jefferson, and like one of the old Romans, in dignified retirement. In 1820, he received a compliment as respectful, and as flattering, as could be paid to his venerable age, and hoary hairs. He was unanimously chosen, to preside over a convention, formed to revise the constitution of his native state; and the election was announced to him by an address, singularly cordial and affectionate. He lived to see his eldest son president of the United States, and expired full of days and glory on the same day with his illustrious compatriot, Jefferson.

Never was there a finer subject for one of Plutarch's contrasts, than the career and character of these two great men, whom history will forever designate, as the two chief pillars of American independence. If such a comparison might be allowed, they were the Moses and Aaron of the revolution. The one was irresistible, as a popular orator; the other with his pen. Adams was fervid, impetuous, and yet, contrary to the general impress of such characters, he was singularly persevering and inflexible. The capacious mind of the other manifested itself best by the pen; and over his whole life and writings was spread the drapery of philosophic amenity. The one delighted in the contemplation of constitutions, modes of government and the mazes of legislation and jurisprudence. The other, from his elevation, looked down with philosophic indifference upon the passions of men, and contemplated nature, and his native river bursting through the Blue ridge, with unsated satisfaction. Each, elevated in his old age, to a purer air, and a higher region, rose equally above those miserable and base passions and intrigues and slanders, generated in the poisoned bosoms of demagogues, which had sometimes separated them in their younger and more ambitious days. They loved each other; cherished, and defended each other's fame; corresponded, and talked together, like two spirits about to take their flight, concerning the wished release of death; and on the most glorious day, that ever dawned upon freemen—a day which themselves, more than any other men, had contributed to mark, as such, by an unparalleled coincidence, they took their departure together. The measure of days and of honor to both was equally full.

Arthur Middleton was born 1743, at Middleton place, on the banks of the Ashley, in South Carolina. He was educated at Westminster school and Cambridge University, in England. Though born to opulence, he was studious, temperate, and taciturn in his habits. He made the tour of Europe, and was a connoisseur in the fine arts. Having married a daughter of Walter Izard, Esq. with

her he re-visited Europe. He was wealthy, and his connexions were among the aristocratic, and the devoted friends of royalty.—But he espoused the cause of the revolution with devoted ardor; this sincerity was unquestionable, for he had nothing to gain, but much to lose by the revolutionary struggle. He was almost constantly either in the legislature of his native state, or of the continental congress; and at various times received the most unequivocal marks of the confidence of his country. He was decidedly opposed to wavering and timid measures; and was one of the first to advocate vigorous resolutions, for closing the door of accommodation with the parent country. His family was connected by marriage with that of lord Campbell, the royal governor, who played the amiable, and preserved an appearance of neutrality between the whigs and the tories. The inward purposes of the governor were disclosed by a very ingenious stratagem of the whigs; and it was found, that the governor only waited the arrival of forces, to adopt severe measures, in reference to the whigs! Mr. Middleton advocated taking him immediately into custody, which was rejected at the time, as a rash and extreme proposal.

Mr. Middleton exposed himself gallantly, and as a volunteer, in the defence of his state against the British. He became a prisoner by the capture of Charleston, and was afterwards transfered by the British to St. Augustine.

After the war, like many of our greatest men, he showed a propensity for a private, rather than public life. At his native seat he passed his time, in dispensing ample hospitality to many distinguished friends and visitors. His losses had been immense, during the plundering of Charleston, and its vicinity by the British. Two hundred of his slaves had been carried off, and he was involved in debt. But enough remained, to enable him to live in a style of liberality. Curious anecdotes are given of his habitual disregard of money, and of his calm and philosophic temperament. In 1786, he was seized with the autumnal intermittent of the country, and suffered its periodical paroxisms for some weeks. To those, who urged the usual remedies, he replied with his customary calmness of manner, 'that it was best to leave nature to itself.' When the pressure of disease at length induced him to adopt remedies, they came too late. He paid the debt of nature, January 1, 1787.

His character, in the biography before us, is finely summed up in the following words: 'He possessed the plainest manners, with the most refined taste; great readiness and knowledge of the world, concealed under the reserve of the mildest and most modest nature; a complete philanthropist, but the firmest patriot; cool, steady, and unmoved at the general wreck of property and fortune, as far as he was personally concerned, but with a heart melting at the woes of others; a model of private worth and public virtue; a good citizen, a good father, and an exemplary husband, ac-

complished in letters, in the sciences, and fine arts; well acquainted with the manners of the courts of Europe, whence he transplanted to his country nothing, but their embellishments, and their virtues.'

He left two sons, and six daughters. His eldest son has been a member of the legislature, and a governor of the state; and subsequently, member of congress and plenipotentiary to Russia. His second son adorns the society, of which he is a member, in private life.

William Hooper was of Scotch descent, and was born at Boston, 1742. He was educated at Harvard University. Having graduated with high reputation, he studied law with the famous James Otis. Having completed his studies, he emigrated to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he married Miss Ann Clark of a respectable family. An adopted citizen of that state, he took a high place among its talented and distinguished men. In 1770, he sustained an active part against the insurgents, called 'regulators.' In 1773, as a member of the legislature, he began to oppose colonial tyranny. About this time, he published a series of essays signed 'Hampden,' designed to prepare the public mind for those changes, which he deemed inevitable. Like most of the other worthies of the revolution, he adopted a course of measures, decidedly in opposition to his present, and immediate interests. This course throughout was one of disinterestedness, distinguished, as such, even in those disinterested times. He was elected first delegate from N. Carolina to the congress at Philadelphia. Immediately after his arrival, he addressed that august assembly for half an hour, and was heard with profound attention. He continued a member of congress; and his name is frequently associated in the debates and acts of that eventful period with the great master names of the revolution. He was appointed on a committee with Franklin, and Livingston, to devise the mode of paying a proper tribute to the memory of the gallant Montgomery, who fell under the walls of Quebec, 1776. He gave his vote for the declaration of independence, and was engaged, the remainder of that year, in the committees, appointed to regulate the post office, and treasury appeals from the admiralty. He continued actively engaged in public business, until his declining health united with other causes induced him to retire to the privacy of domestic life, in which he remained to the time of his decease, 1790. His stature was moderate, and his countenance pleasing and marked with intelligence. He was distinguished for conversational powers.

James Smith was born in Ireland, and emigrated to America at twelve. He learned the languages under Dr. Allison of the college at Philadelphia; studied law at Lancaster, and thence established himself in the woods, on the present site of Shippensburg. Here he discharged the double functions of lawyer and surveyor.

Thence he removed to York, where he soon acquired reputation, and the first standing, as a lawyer. He married Miss Eleanor Armor of New Castle. He was already between fifty and sixty years, and had acquired wealth in his profession, when the revolution broke out. He had nothing to gain, in the view of temporal interest, and the part, he took, was one of disinterested, and distinguishing principle. He was a member of the first provincial assembly of Pennsylvania. He raised, and drilled the first volunteer company, organized in that state, to resist British aggression. As a member of congress he signed the declaration of Independence.

He withdrew from the bar in 1800, having been a practising lawyer sixty years. He died in 1806, at the advanced age, it is supposed of ninety-three years; though this fact is not certainly known, as he could never be persuaded to tell his age to his most intimate friends. He was a stern and inflexible patriot; and through life gave an example of veneration for religion.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born at Annapolis in Maryland, 1737. His highly respectable ancestors were Roman Catholics. He was educated in France. In 1757, he visited London, and commenced the study of law in the temple. In 1764, he returned to the place of his birth, and took a part, favorable to liberty, in the discussions, which then began to be agitated in this country. In 1768, he married Miss Darnell. He took firm and decided ground, as an advocate for the independence of the United States. Being an opulent and distinguished catholic, he was sent on a mission to Canada, in the hope, that he might have influence with the Catholic inhabitants of that province. He was in public life for thirty years, and during that period was placed in many situations of public trust. In common with most of the signers of the declaration of Independence, in affixing his name to that instrument, he showed the disinterestedness of putting at hazard fame, ease and fortune. Few motives can be imagined, which would not incline a man of his ample possessions to a different course. He is the last living signer of that instrument. He still remains a cherished relic of that glorious assemblage. As a speaker, his manner is concise and animated. As a writer, he possesses uncommon dignity of manner. In person he is slight, and rather below the middle size. He is at present nearly ninety years old. His grand daughter, wife of the marquis of Wellesley, is vice queen of Ireland.

Thomas Nelson, was born, 1738, at York in Virginia, of highly respectable ancestors. He was sent to England for his education, in 1753. In 1761, he returned to his native country with strong propensities for literature. In 1762, he married Miss Lucy Grymes of Brandon, and settled in his native place. In 1774, he first became conspicuous in public life. From this period he became distinguished among the patriots of the day. Appointed colonel of

one of the regiments, organized for the defence of the colony, he loaned money to those of his command, who needed. He rose to the rank of general; and was as efficient in aiding the revolution, in his military, as his civil capacity. He succeeded Mr. Jefferson, as governor, in 1781. In this office he availed himself of his private wealth, his official influence, and his personal weight of character, to aid the army. Before the walls of his native town, he displayed the same gallantry and disinterestedness, which he had manifested elsewhere. His handsome mansion, in the town, was spared by the American and French cannon. Observing this, he ordered them not to spare his house. It was the head quarters of the British officers. The first fire killed two officers, indulging the pleasures of the table. The house was destroyed, and the officers were dislodged. Declining health compelled him, to request a dismissal from his office. In 1781, he retired to the pleasures and privacy of domestic life. Scarce had he begun to taste repose, when he was summoned, to meet a legal investigation of a charge, preferred against him, by the inhabitants of Prince William County, touching some acts of his, while governor, for the support of the American army. After this investigation, the legislature legalized all his acts. He lived happily in peace and privacy, until his decease, which happened in 1789. He died at the age of fifty years, and of his ample fortune little remained after his death.

Richard Henry Lee was born in Westmoreland in Virginia, in 1732. His family was one of the most distinguished in the province. He was educated at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, England.—At the age of twenty three, he headed an expedition to punish the Indians, who had committed murders on the frontiers. From 1757, his name is conspicuous among the great names of that period, in the annals of the country. On the 17th of June, 1776, he moved in Congress, that the 'United States be declared free and independent.' This motion, after several days' debate, was supported by the original mover, with one of the most eloquent speeches, that he ever made. He was many times elected to congress during the latter part of the war. Generals Weedon and Greene give honorable testimony, in regard to his military conduct, as a commander. In 1777, he applied for leave to withdraw from congress, to meet an accusation of toryism. After the investigation, in pursuance of the orders of the assembly, the venerable George Wythe delivered the thanks of the house for the manner, in which he had performed his duties. This converted a charge into a triumph. In 1784, he was chosen president of congress.—After the expiration of his term of service, he retired to the bosom of his numerous family. He was chosen first senator to congress, from Virginia under the new constitution. In 1792, his health induced him to withdraw from every public office. The remainder

of his life was spent in happy retirement. His society was the delight of all, who shared it. He died at Chantilly in his native state, 1794.

Benjamin Harrison, was born at Berkeley in Virginia. In what year is not exactly known. He entered, as a student in the college of William and Mary. Owing to some disagreement with a professor, he left before he was matriculated. He belonged to a family, which had always held a conspicuous place in the affairs of the country. The death of his father cast the care of a numerous family upon his hands, while he was yet very young. He took his seat, as a member of the legislature, before he had attained the age, required by law. That he was popular is proved by the many offices of trust, conferred upon him. In his opinions and conduct he was united with Randolph, Wythe, Jefferson and Henry. He was one of the seven deputies, chosen to represent Virginia in the general congress. In the acts of the first and second sessions he took an active part. In 1775, he lived with Peyton Randolph and general Washington in a house, which is still to be seen. He was a member of the committee of congress, composing the first board of war, in 1776. In 1777, he took his seat for the fourth time, as a member of congress; but towards the close of the year his private affairs induced him to withdraw from that body. On his return to his native state, he was elected to the house of burgesses, and became speaker of that body. In 1782, he was elected governor of Virginia, and was elected a second term.—Soon after he had been unanimously returned a member of the legislature, he died, in 1791. He married Elizabeth Basset, a niece of the sister of Mrs. Washington, and noted for her uncommon beauty. He left seven children. William Henry Harrison, who has been since so much distinguished in the western country, was his third son, and was educated at Hampden Sydney College, and originally intended for the medical profession.

Joseph Hewes was born near Kingston, New Jersey, in 1730. The details of his early life and education are not known. He moved to Philadelphia, and assumed the occupation of a merchant. At thirty he emigrated to Edenton, North Carolina. He soon became a member of the colonial legislature of that state, and from that period to the time of his death, he was an active and steady friend of the great cause of independence. He died in 1779, while in attendance, as a member, in congress.

These brief sketches of the great men of the first congress suggest a few obvious reflections. The crew are disposed, in a storm, and under a distinct perception of danger, to place a real pilot at the helm. Ambition, intrigue, the love of office, for its honors, and loaves, did not then push forward, as now, empty and aspiring demagogues, to blow their own trumpet. The office of revolutionary leader was at once thankless, full of exposure, and without

any prospect of emolument. The great men were sought out by the people, and were often found like Cincinnatus, at the plough. Almost every one of the signers of the declaration of independence was a truly great man—of a character, which gains by being steadily contemplated. Well might it be said, as it was, from the pulpits of the day, that Providence raised up precisely the instruments, fitted to accomplish the great work of the revolution. They were calm, thinking and dispassionate men, and the revolution bore the distinct impress of the work of such men; for it advanced with a firm and unwavering march; and was attended with less cruelty and bloodshed, than any other of the same extent, recorded in history. What an amazing difference is there between the reasoning, calm and temperate legislation, and moderate, and yet firm eloquence of our revolutionary congress, and the acts and declamations of revolutionary France; and we may add, of the Spanish republics, in North and South America.

The cry of degeneracy, we admit, has been the common cant of superficial moralists, in all time. But we think, few men can compare the present days with those of the revolution, and not be forced to an inward feeling, that in point of disinterestedness, and modest worth, and honest zeal, and genuine patriotism, we are fallen upon evil and degenerate times. We dismiss the present article with two reflections.

1. All these worthies were married, and gave bond and security, by having a family, that all their interests and charities were embarked in the same bottom.

2. Most of them proved the cleanness of their hands, by coming forth from a succession of important offices, most of which, from the circumstances of the times, were irresponsible, with diminished fortunes, or the poverty of the old Romans.

Historical Narrative of the Civil and Military Services of Major-General William H. Harrison, *and a vindication of his character and conduct as a statesman, a citizen, and a soldier. With a detail of his negociations and wars with the Indians, until the final overthrow of the celebrated Chief Tecumthe, and his brother the Prophet.* By Moses Dawson. Cincinnati. pp. 472.

If our country has produced but little in the department of history, it is not for the want of materials. The harvest is great, but the laborers have been, comparatively, few. Perhaps this is not to be so much regretted as we are in the habit of believing; for as we can not claim to be exempt from the common frailties of our

species, we have no reason to believe, that our historians, if we had them, could divest themselves of those prejudices, which always accompany the recital of recent or contemporary events. History, to be of any value, must be sternly impartial, and strictly true; and all, that bears a different character, serves but to perpetuate error, and propagate distrust. The studied eulogium of our own country, its heroes, and its institutions, and the bitter sarcasm upon other nations, which is sometimes mistaken for history, has no claim to that sacred title, however exalted it may be in point of style, however powerful in its argument, or copious in its details. Whatever may be the beauty of the periods, or the stately march of the narrations, the writers of such compositions, are but critics and panegyrists. Such authors, however, are not to be despised. In the partizan warfare of literature, they are often useful in discovering the weakness of the enemy, in repelling his assaults, and in resenting his aggressions. So true is this, that, we believe, those writers, who have successfully vindicated our country against the shameless libels of the British press, deserve a meed of applause, similar to that, which we so cheerfully award to our gallant warriors. It is well enough, to shew our foes, that we can handle the pen, as well as the rifle, and that we are *utroque parati*. Still these are not historians; and the number, deserving that exalted character has been small.

There is another class of writers, who occupy a middle ground, and who collect, arrange, and preserve the *materials* of history.—These are the compilers of personal narratives, the authors of brief portions of history—all, in short, who register the facts, and preserve the land marks of the age. In this class must be comprised most of the writers, who have professed to narrate the history of single states within the union, and whose labors, not only lie within a narrow compass, but in general are destitute of that classic elegance of style, that purity of diction, that calm investigation of facts, and that steady, unbroken chain of narrative and thought, which are the indispensible attributes of history, and which characterise the productions of such men as Hume, Robertson, and Marshall.

Mr. Dawson's book is not history, for the reasons we have given; nor is it biography, because it does not profess to exhibit the private character or history of the distinguished individual, of whom it treats; but it is certainly an interesting and valuable compilation of historical facts. It was published several years ago, and as we had not then commenced our labours, we notice it *nunc pro tunc*, as the lawyers say, because it belongs to our western literature, and because we think that such works, when faithfully executed, are valuable.

General Harrison, as we have seen in the preceding article, was son of Benjamin Harrison, Esq., of Virginia, one of the venerable

legislators of the revolution, a signer of the declaration of independence, and afterwards governor of the state. The subject of this biography was intended for the medical profession. But his early propensities seem to have determined him to a military career. He was one of the early immigrants to the western country, and his name, almost, from his boyhood, is identified with the history and progress of the West. Perhaps no person living has seen a greater change take place in any country under his own eye.—He was the first and single delegate to congress from a sparse and feeble settlement in the forests, which now contains more than a million of freemen. Beside the ancient French residents, and a few well principled and *bonafide* American settlers, there was in this vast wilderness a dispersed army of *coureurs du bois*, hunters, horse thieves, robbers and desperadoes, equally at defiance with the French, British, Americans and savages, with God and with man. In the early periods of the history of this country, general Harrison, as governor, has had, probably, a greater number of these dangerous and troublesome subjects to deal with, than any other individual in our country. He might relate from memory a whole volume of their exploits, alternately ludicrous in their circumstances, horrible for their barbarity, and thrilling in their issue, tales of the most sober fact, which could hardly find a parallel in the German fictions of robbers and blood. In his subsequent career, the character of the various tribes of northern savages, the peculiar developements of all shades of backwoods' genius and prowess, of British and Canadian modes of thinking and acting have been spread before his observation, in all their lights and all their combinations.

He has seen the country, in its primitive stage of barbarism and romance, traversed by such men as Volney, Chateaubriand, Michaux, Wilson, and Nuttall. He has seen its waters successively navigated by periogues, barges, and steam boats. In place of the log hovels of the first settlers, he has seen spring up, towns and villages, halls and spires. The wilderness has become a fruitful field. The whole scene has changed under his eye. The romance of imagination has vanished before the sober realities of investigation, achievement, and civilization, in this great country. The Welsh Indians no longer even in fancy inhabit on any point of the almost interminable Missouri. There are no longer hopes of finding mountains of salt or sugar, or tons of malleable copper in a mass. Silver mines are evidently scarce, and the golden sands of the upper Missouri are found to be *talc*, or *mica*. Mines of inestimable value, in their stead, are every where found within six inches of the surface.

Few men, we suspect, of general Harrison's years, have seen more trials, combatted more difficulties, made more narrow escapes from danger, or sustained offices of more delicate and per-

plexing duties. When he was first governor, the extent of his command was illimitable; and yet every settler in the wilderness, in terror, either from the savages, or the lawless robbers of the country, though at two hundred leagues' distance, looked directly to the governor for protection. If it were not promptly afforded, however impossible it might have been to grant it, the probability was, that the person became a disaffected calumniator. In his campaigns, he has often had to encounter circumstances, which vanquished and melted away the grand Russian army of Napoleon.—United with the difficulties of climate, of a new country, of a government unused to war, and the mismanagement of irresponsible contractors, he has had to encounter forests, marshes, swamps and morasses, want of food, of clothing, supplies, and tents, and in fact, of every thing. It is justly remarked, in the volume before us, that no person, unacquainted with the northern frontier between Ohio and Michigan, can have any adequate idea of a winter campaign in that quarter. Although we know little of military affairs, we know something of that country; and we aver, that we would have preferred the chances of the hottest fire of Waterloo to a winter campaign in that country of swamps and mud and alternate frosts and thaws.

After sustaining such various and responsible offices for nearly thirty years, general Harrison knows better, than almost any other man, that our country in general, and that we of the west, in particular, are not in the habit of doing up matters in detail, and in small quantities. There is nothing petty in the mass of our charges and our slanders. We pack them in gross and in bulk, as we send our corn and pork to market. The general has been brought in contact with avarice, and speculation, and intrigue, and high raised hope, in every conceivable form; and it would be a marvel, if he had not found a host of enemies. Parents have looked to him, as responsible for the loss of their children, and wives of their husbands, in disasters beyond the control of human foresight, or prevention. A thousand contradictory charges have been brought against him. But time is wearing away resentments, and obliterating calumnies, and placing the seal of history upon his public transactions. It is to be hoped, that the man, who has honorably sustained so many offices, who has endured the toils, dangers, and privations of so many years of public service, and who has come forth from the discharge of his various duties, as we judge, with the same slender provision, which remained for most of the revolutionary worthies, will not in his declining days add one more case, to be adduced in proof of the ingratitude of republics.

General Harrison commenced his career, as a subaltern in the army, commanded by general Wayne, which so effectually checked the inroads of the savages, in the campaigns of 1793, and '94, during a part of which time he served as an aid-de-camp in the

family of that popular chieftain. In 1797, he was appointed secretary of the North Western Territory, at that time under the government of general St. Clair, and comprising the whole of that extensive region, which now includes the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the Michigan territory. In 1799, he was elected a delegate, to represent this immense territory in congress, and became instrumental in most of the measures, which were adopted for its immediate government, and for the organization of future states.— In 1800, the territory of Indiana was created, including the country, which now forms Indiana and Illinois; and general Harrison became its first governor. The approach of the late war with Great Britain found him in this station, and surrounded with difficulties of the most perplexing nature. The Indians, always restless and discontented, were now stimulated to hostility, by the agents of the British government, which, notwithstanding her boasted magnanimity, has never ceased to tamper with these unhappy savages. To these intrigues, having no better motive, than national hatred, are to be attributed most of the sanguinary scenes, so revolting to humanity, which marked the early settlement of the country. But now, on the eve of a war, an additional motive gave activity to the emissaries of our old step-dame, and the tomahawk was sharpened for new atrocities. A new chieftain had arisen among the Indians, who hated and defied us. Tecumthe, from a low station, being the son of a female slave, and considered as an alien to his tribe, raised himself by his talents to a degree of influence and power, seldom possessed by an individual over these wandering tribes. A Napoleon in miniature, he was gifted with energies, which under more propitious circumstances, would have ranked his name among the most brilliant of the age. Possessed of genius, eloquence, courage, and policy, he succeeded first in rallying around him the discontented of various hordes, and finally in coalescing whole tribes in a league against our government.— This powerful force was destined to act against the feeble settlements on the Wabash; and it became the duty of the governor of Indiana, as well to guard against the threatened irruption, as to baffle the machinations of a chief, who proved himself as skillful in negotiation, as in war. The American government had pursued, and was still pursuing, towards this deluded people, a policy of unexampled benevolence. The whole tenor of its instructions to the territorial governors, as shewn in this volume, breathed peace and good will to the Indians; and our officers were instructed to abstain from coercive measures to the last point of forbearance. Peace was to be purchased at any price, to be maintained at all hazards, consistent with self preservation, rather than embark in hostilities, which could only end in the extermination of our faithless and erring neighbors. These instructions placed general Harrison in a situation of great delicacy, and afforded full scope

to the subtle talents of Tecumthe, who offered peace or threatened war, alternately, as his circumstances seemed to require the one, or justify the other. Peace, however, was preserved, in appearance, until the battle of Tippecanoe, where the Indians attempted to surprise governor Harrison, but were repulsed, and signally defeated.

We have neither space, nor disposition to recall from oblivion the various strictures upon general Harrison's conduct, in the bloody affair of Tippecanoe. We have examined all, that has been written, and have heard much said upon the subject. We have conversed with various persons, who took a part in that desperate struggle. We have always thought, the legislature of Kentucky did no more than an act of simple justice, in the vote, which was passed in the legislature of that state, almost unanimously, and after ample consideration of the documents, touching the affair, then before them, in which they thanked general Harrison in 'the most ample terms,' for his gallantry and good conduct in the battle.

The documents in this volume, which narrate the preparations for this campaign, the advance of the army up the Wabash to the prophet's country, and give a sketch of the origin, character, and deportment of Tecumthe, the circumstances, that preceded, and followed this action, all have an intrinsic interest and historical importance. Nor have we seen, in all our reading in the annals of the western country, documents more generally interesting, than those of this volume.—We select, as appropriate to this place, a spirited biographical notice of the gallant and much lamented Daveiss, who fell mortally wounded, at the commencement of the onset at Tippecanoe.

'Colonel Daveiss also joined the army as a private, and was promoted on the recommendation of the officers of the dragoons; his conduct as their commander fully justified their choice. Never was there an officer possessed of more military ardor, nor more zeal to discharge all his duties with punctilious propriety: and never perhaps did any man, who had not been educated for the profession of arms, possess a richer fund of military information at his entrance on a military life. All that books could furnish, all the preparation the closet could make for the field, were his. He was a man of great talents—of genius—and indefatigable industry. In Kentucky he stood among the foremost in the profession of the law. His elocution was singularly attractive and forcible.—Wit and energy, acuteness and originality of thought, were the characteristics of his eloquence. But as an orator he was very unequal. Sometimes he did not rise above mediocrity, whilst some of his happiest efforts were never surpassed in America—never perhaps in any age or country. Such at least was the opinion of men, whose talents, acquirements, and taste, had qualified them to judge. He had much eccentricity in his manners and his dress. In his disposition he was generous; and in his friendship he was ardent. His person was about six feet high, well formed and robust—his countenance open and manly. He had acquired fortune and fame by his own exertions—neither his patrmony nor his education having been very ample. Being in the prime of life, nda

possessing great military ambition and acquirements, he was destined perhaps, had he lived, to become one of the first military characters of America. He died a few hours after the battle had closed. As soon as he was informed that the Indians were repulsed, and the victory was complete, he observed, he could die satisfied—that he had fallen in defence of his country. He left a wife but no children.'—p. 215.

The public do not need to be informed of the manner, in which the Indians crept up, and entered the encampment, under the covert of darkness, making their presence known by that tremendous yell, so appalling to inexperienced troops, nor that the force under General Harrison purchased a bloody victory.

Not long after, general Harrison was appointed to the command of the north western army. The documents, which detail his correspondence with the secretary of war, with different governors of states, officers, friends, and enemies, are voluminous. Some have innate interest, and others are, probably, introduced, to wipe away aspersions on the general's character. They place before us, in striking relief, the fact, upon which we have touched already, the extreme difficulty, and the peculiar troubles of a winter campaign in the morasses and swamps, and the severe, and yet fickle climate of the northern Ohio frontier. The disastrous fortunes of general Winchester, and the horrible, and never to be forgotten massacre of the river Raisin, are related, in a manner to excite deep interest and compassion for our unfortunate countrymen, that fell in that defeat; and to perpetuate, as it ought to be perpetuated, the eternal infamy and cruelty of general Proctor. The siege of fort Meigs is told with spirit and effect, and its fortunate termination for our troops creates a joyful surprize. No part of the glory of the brilliant exploit, which colonel Croghan achieved at fort Stephenson, seems to have been shaded, or concealed, in this volume, although it may readily be supposed, from the common operation of human feelings, that there was strong temptation to do it. No one seems to have been more ready, to encircle the brow of the young hero with laurels, than general Harrison, although he had gained them in disobedience to the orders of his general. Charity ought not to find any other motive for this, than the obvious one of magnanimity.

General Proctor, his friends and savage allies expected with confidence, that he would be able to give an account of general Harrison and his army, as prisoners of war, and thus re-enact the disgraceful affair of Detroit and general Hull. But events happened far otherwise. The campaign of the defeat and capture of general Proctor's army, as here related, creates a deep and sustained interest. No motive can operate upon an American bosom, that does not tend to foster earnest wishes, as we proceed in this narrative, to learn the humiliation and fall of him, who either instigated,

or basely allowed the massacre of the river Raisin. The complete and glorious victory of commodore Perry on the lake is an episode in this narration, that matches the fabled results of the conflicts of romance. The masts of the conquering and conquered fleet displayed their pennons among the trees of the northern shore of Ohio, and afforded facility for a rapid transport of the army across the lake. We hardly remember, to have read any historical narration, with keener interest, than that part of this volume, which gives the details of the army, in their march to the battle and the victory, in which the army of general Proctor was captured. The heroic ardor and vivacity of the venerable governor Shelby, and the chivalrous intrepidity of colonel Johnson, and every circumstance of this attack and battle, are full of impressive interest. The British troops were ridden down by the Kentucky horse. Never before had they manifested, in a stronger degree, that impetuous character, which, on a former occasion, had led general Harrison to censure them for a fault, directly the reverse of that, which ordinarily calls for the reproach of the commanding officer, that they were too rash, and too ready in exposure. In this action Tecumthe fell, whether by the hand of colonel Johnson, who exhibited such extraordinary gallantry, even after he was wounded, or by some other hand, is not certainly known. Common report has assigned this achievement to colonel Johnson, as the result of a desperate single combat with that daring chief.

The impression generally went abroad, that the British yielded to a force, out of all proportion, greater than their own. The fact appears to have been, that the forces were nearly equal, and that in many respects the odds were in favor of Proctor. The victory was one of the most complete and decisive of any, obtained in the late war; and it appears to us, that sufficient importance has not yet been generally attached to it by public opinion. Since the close of the war, general Harrison has generally passed his time, either in retirement with his family, or in discharging the duties of representative and senator in congress from the state of Ohio.

We should do injustice to our feelings, if we omitted to remark upon one trait, which runs through the character of general Harrison, as developed in the whole tenor of his various official duties in all his offices. A tenderness of heart, a compassion of feeling, a humanity, so unusual, in such situations as almost to be deemed incompatible with the bravery and sternness of military character. We should be glad to relate, among numerous incidents that develope this trait, the whole circumstances of the condemnation to immediate military execution, and the subsequent pardon by the general of the negro, Ben. We should deem poorly of the heart of the reader, that would not soften in the perusal.

We could occupy our whole sheets with amusing extracts from this volume. Our necessary brevity allows us space for but two.—

From the numerous talks of general Harrison with the Indians, we select one which does equal credit to his humanity and good sense, and at the same time manifests the tendency of the Indian character to superstition and belief in witchcraft.

'*Speech of Governor Harrison, delivered to the Delaware Indians, on the delusion which prevailed among them with respect to sorcery.*

'MY CHILDREN—

'My heart is filled with grief, and my eyes are dissolved in tears, at the news which has reached me. You have been celebrated for your wisdom above all the tribes of red people who inhabit this great island. Your fame as warriors has extended to the remotest nations, and the wisdom of your chiefs has gained for you the appellation of grand fathers from all the neighboring tribes. From what cause, then, does it proceed, that you have departed from the wise councils of your fathers, and covered yourselves with guilt. My children, tread back the steps you have taken, and endeavor to regain the straight road which you have abandoned. The dark, crooked, and thorny one which you are now pursuing will certainly lead to endless wo and misery. But who is this pretended prophet who dares to speak in the name of the Great Creator? Examine him. Is he more wise or virtuous than you are yourselves, that he should be selected to convey to you the orders of your God? Demand of him some proofs at least of his being the messenger of the Deity. If God has really employed him, he has doubtless authorised him to perform some miracles, that he may be known and received as a prophet. If he is really a prophet, ask of him to cause the sun to stand still—the moon to alter its course—the rivers to cease to flow—or the dead to rise from their graves. If he does these things, you may then believe that he has been sent from God. He tells you that the Great Spirit commands you to punish with death those who deal in magic, and that *he* is authorised to point them out. Wretched delusion! Is, then, the Master of life obliged to employ mortal man to punish those who offend Him? Has he not the thunder and all the powers of nature at his command?—and could he not sweep away from the earth a whole nation with one motion of his arm? My children! do not believe that the great and good Creator of mankind has directed you to destroy your own flesh; and do not doubt but that, if you pursue this abominable wickedness, his vengeance will overtake and crush you.

'The above is addressed to you in the name of the Seventeen Fires. I now speak to you from myself, as a friend who wishes nothing more sincerely than to see you prosperous and happy. Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed upon by the arts of an impostor. Drive him from your town, and let peace and harmony once more prevail amongst you. Let your poor old men and women sleep in quietness, and banish from their minds the dreadful idea of being burnt alive by their own friends and countrymen. I charge you to stop your bloody career; and if you value the friendship of your great father the President—if you wish to preserve the good opinion of the Seventeen Fires, let me hear, by the return of the bearer, that you have determined to follow my advice.'—p. 83.

The other relates an anecdote strikingly characteristic of Indian manners.

'A few years before, the same chief had visited Vincennes, attended by some young men. The Kickapoos were at that time receiving their annuity, and their party consisted of about 150 warriors. The Potawatomies coming to the place where the goods were to be delivered, and addressing the governor, "my father," said he, "it is now twelve moons since these people, the Kickapoos, killed my brother; I have never revenged it, but they have promised to cover up his blood. They have not done it. I wish you to tell them, my father, to pay me for my brother, or some of them will lose their hair before they go from this."

'The governor accordingly advised the chief of the Kickapoos to satisfy the Potawatomy. On the following day the latter again called upon the governor, and said, "see there, my father," showing three blankets and some other articles, "see what these people have offered me for my brother; but my brother was not a hog that I should take three blankets for him," and he declared his intention of killing some of them unless they would satisfy him in the way he proposed. The governor upon enquiry, finding that the goods of the Kickapoos were all distributed, directed, on account of the United States, a small addition to be made to what he had received.

'The Kickapoos set out on their return home, and in a day or two after, the Deaf Chief followed them. Previously to his departure, however, he solicited from the governor a small keg of whiskey, declaring his intention to take it with him, and not to drink it in the settlement. His request was granted; he pursued the Kickapoos up the Wabash; finding them encamped on the bank of the river, he landed, took the keg in one hand, and his gun in the other, passed along the tents of the Kickapoos, selected a young warrior as the victim of his revenge, and understanding that an old woman who was present was his mother, gave her the whiskey; here, said he, take this that you may be enabled to cry for your son, whom I am about to kill, immediately shot him down, and with his own warriors raised the war whoop, and returned leisurely to his canoe. The Kickapoos are accounted the bravest of the Indians, yet they suffered him to depart.. The presenting of the whiskey to the mother of the young warrior who was killed, proceeded from what he supposed a principle of humanity. The Indians think it a great disgrace for a warrior to shed tears on any account, unless he be drunk; it is then attributed to the whiskey, and no disgrace is attached to it. It is not absolutely forbidden for a woman to cry when sober, but it is nevertheless considered much more decorous to do so when intoxicated.' Appendix, Note, 6.

As a horrible proof of the native cruelty of the savages, we give the following note on the character of Joseph Renard, a Kickapoo chief. 'He once remarked to the inhabitants of Vincennes, that he used to be much *diverted* at the different exclamations of the French and Americans, while the Indians were scalping them; the one exclaiming, Oh Lord! Oh Lord! &c.—and the others, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!'

The magnanimity and indifference of the Indians, in the endurance of suffering, is given in the following notice of Logan, a brave and friendly Shawnee chief, who did us good service, as a partizan, on the north western frontier. In company with some other friendly chiefs, he was surprised by some hostile Pottawattomies, and mortally wounded. He was brought in to general Winchester's camp, where he expired. He bore the extreme agony, which he suffered for two days, with uncommon magnanimity. Speaking of his late action, he was observed, in the midst of his sufferings, to laugh. Being asked the cause, he said, he was laughing at the contest between captain Johnny, and an Ottawa chief, for the scalp of the latter. While Logan attempted to mount the horse of a deceased officer, Johnny attempted to scalp the hostile Ottawa, who being not yet dead, made resistance, and seemed unwilling to part with his hair. Johnny, however, seated astride upon his breast, despatched his antagonist, and effected his escape.

'The following description of the hardships endured by the soldiers of the north western army is taken from a letter written by one of the Pittsburg volunteers; "On the second day of our march a courier arrived from General Harrison, ordering the artillery to advance with all possible speed; this was rendered totally impossible by the snow which took place, it being a complete swamp nearly all the way. On the evening of the same day news arrived that General Harrison had retreated to Portage river, 18 miles in the rear of the encampment at the rapids. As many men as could be spared determined to proceed immediately to reinforce him. It is necessary to state, that we were among the first who wished to advance. At two o'clock the next morning, our tents were struck, and in half an hour we were on the road. I will candidly confess that on that day I regretted being a soldier. On that day we marched 30 miles under an incessant rain; and I am afraid you will doubt my veracity when I tell you, that in eight miles of the best of the road, it took us over the knees, and often to the middle. The Black Swamp, (four miles from Portage river and four in the extent) would have been considered impassable by all but men determined to surmount every difficulty to accomplish the object of their march. In this swamp you lose sight of *terra firma* altogether—the water was about six inches deep on the ice, which was very rotten, often breaking through to the depth of four or five feet.

'The same night we encamped on very wet ground, but the driest that could be found, the rain still continuing. It was with difficulty we could raise fires; we had no tents, our clothes were wet, no axes, nothing to cook with, and very little to eat. A brigade of pack horses being near us, we procured from them some flour, killed a hog, (there being plenty of *them* along the road;) our bread was baked in the ashes, and our pork we broiled on the coals—a sweeter meal I never partook of. When we went to sleep, it was on two logs laid close to each other, to keep our bodies from the damp ground. Good God! what a pliant being is man in adversity: the loftiest spirit that ever inhabited the human breast would have been tamed amid the difficulties that surrounded us.'—p. 369.

The pleasure, which every reader must experience in the acquisition of so ample a view, as is contained in this volume, of a very interesting period of our national history, is somewhat depreciated by the laborious minuteness of the details, with which the author has been in some measure obliged to encumber his narrative. The numerous official and other documents, which are crowded into the volume, startle the general reader, whose object is always to gain information with the least possible trouble; but the student, who, in the acquirement of accurate knowledge, cheerfully encounters the most ponderous folio, will hail with pleasure a circumstance, which affords additional light, and gives increased authenticity to the details, which are spread before him. The writer, who aims at popular applause, must collect his rays into the smallest focus, shedding a steady brilliance along the line of his narration, and never chilling the awakened interest of the reader by the tediousness of self-evident reasoning, or the dullness of irrelevant digression. The work before us professes a double character, and attempts as well the vindication of an aspersed individual, as the history of important national events; and the former being the leading object, the author has been obliged to sacrifice elegance of composition, to the faithful developement of facts. We shall therefore allow him his undoubted privilege of managing his cause in his own way; although we must say, that had the volume been compressed to half its present size, it would in our opinion, have been more popular and useful, and that it contains many instances of loose and inaccurate composition. We have treated the work in reference to its historical, rather than its vindicatory character, and shall dismiss it with the remark, that its author has exhibited a mass of authentic facts, highly honorable to General Harrison, and that his own inferences appear in general to be fairly drawn from the evidence. More than this, it would be improper for us to say, in relation to a professed *vindication* of the public conduct and character of an individual.

Lyrical and other Poems; by WILLIAM G. SIMMS, JUN. "*Mihi cura futuri.*" Charleston: 1827. pp. 206.

Early Lays. By WILLIAM G. SIMMS, JUN. *Author of "Lyrical and other Poems,"—"Monody on Pinckney," &c. 'Who does not love the lyre.'* Charleston: 1827. pp. 108.

We have read these two little volumes with a considerable degree of attention. We are impressed from the perusal, and the

sparkling prose of the inscription and the notes, that the author possesses no stinted share of fancy and imagination; and that he is endowed with a mind, which is stored with the materials of poetry in no common degree. We certainly regret to find them, as it seems to us, a chaotic mass, 'void and without form.' To separate the elements by elective attraction, each to its kind; to discriminate, arrange, combine, and throw on the whole the due proportions of light and shade, so as to form them hereafter into the paintings of poetry, is a creation, that may be fairly expected from a mind so young, unformed, and yet of so much promise. He has evidently devoured poetry, as a northerner does tropical fruits, when he is first transported to the 'citron groves.' We can not avoid seeing the images and the diction of Burns, Campbell, Byron and Moore, not to enumerate any American poets, that have indeed, passed through his mind; without, however, undergoing in the transit that complete assimilation, which destroys their identity and the evidence of their derivation, so as to constitute them, in their new form, entirely his own. He seems to write under the teeming sensation of a mind filled with such reading. He opens the valve, and the gas escapes. He has written too much, and too carelessly. Mounted on his young and untamed Pegasus, he sometimes rides down the King's English and logic and connected thought, and the common precepts of rhetoric, as plodding concerns, that ought to clear away from his path. His poems should undergo the same process, that enhanced the value of the Sybil's books.—When years, and self-criticism and thought and labor and the pruning knife shall have been applied to his verses, we trust, he will not have cause to complain of the want of American patronage. We would desire, that every mind, which promises future excellence, might ripen among ourselves. Intellectual fruits seldom attain a healthful maturity at nineteen, before which, we are told many of these verses were written. We would just take leave to remind him, that there is as much murmuring about the want of patronage on the other side of the waters, as on ours.—He says, but not for me to despair. 'The world has many waters; and if the propensities of my nature still conduce to the exercise of those pursuits, which have hitherto been only occasional, I shall not fear to launch my bark upon the waves of other oceans.'

Should the author see fit to transport himself to the vine clad hills of France, or the classic vales of Italy, we wish him instructive and happy converse with the shades of their great masters of song, until he shall have caught the mantle of the sweet Mantuan; and that his biographer may have cause to record, with the innocent pride of nationality, that America was the place of his birth, though she was either too poor, or too much a contemner of poetry, to become his foster mother. Some of the stanzas led us to fear, that he was under the usual visitation of poets; while in the

inscription, he holds a high tone of independence, and, as the French say, '*nez en l'air*,' utterly unlike the subdued language and the *forma pauperis* of poets in general. We have devoted all the space, which our sheets afford, to extracts, which struck us in reading, as the most interesting and fairest samples of the contents of these volumes.

* * * * *

'I love to watch the doubtful strife,
To feel the sweet and soothing breeze,
That wakes the tempest into life,
And shakes the dull and yellow trees.
On such a scene, in such a night,
My heart delighted loves to dwell,
For in these hours there is a light,
A general mystery and spell.
Oh! who in one eternal sun
Can find a balm, the heart to cheer?
Give me the mist the mountain dun,
The smiling moon, and evening's tear.'

* * * * *

'A voice was heard in the far blue sky,
Wafted on wings of melody;
When skies were all sunshine, flow'rs all bloom,
And the winds were fill'd with a rich perfume.
It floated along, and a mystery
Filled the earth, and filled the sky;
And the stars they fled from their distant height,
Thro' the realms of endless night—
And the moon was fix'd, and the clouds were still,
As the voice came by, with a magic thrill.

'The winter was gone, and the summer came,
And the tones of that voice were still the same!
And it came by a city, where arts and arms,
Had lent to man their many charms;
And the Sculptor paused, and the chisel fell
From his upraised hands, as he heard the spell:
And the reapers looked up from a field of grain,
As they heard its magic notes again;
And the fruits grew ripe, and the fields were green,
Where the melody of that voice had been.

But there was a cry of wail by night,
A star had left its lonely height;
And the winds, in whispering, hollow moan,
Roved thro' the eternal space alone:
And there was an awful mystery,

A marvel in the earth and sky;
As if a discord, far and near,
Had broken the music of either sphere.
Men look'd around, with fear and dread,
Nor felt the words that they uttered;
And the fields were untilled, and unripened the grain;
For, that voice, they never heard again.

* * * * *

'There is a melody in waterfalls,
A sweetness of repose in solitude,
In the far windings of untrodden wilds—
Where nature is the same, as at her birth,
I love to riot in. My heart forgets
The chains of social life, and I become
A member of the scene, I but survey!
'Tis a fond mystery to hold converse,
With the sweet warbler, who at noontide heat,
Whispers soft carols to the blushing rose,
That opens by the wayside, yet untouch'd
By wanton or uncaring hands, alone.'

* * * * *

'Tis Ev'ning! o'er the western sky,
The Sun his purple glory flings,
And leaves a glowing track on high,
Like young remembrance when she clings
To the fond shrine where feeling first,
In accents to devotion dear,
Display'd the wild and frenzied burst,
That Memory still delights to hear.

'Oh! 'tis the hour of rapturous joy,
When memory still in fondest hues,
Portrays in dreams without alloy,
The offering gift of love's first muse,
When infant Fancy takes his flight,
And link'd with Passion dares to rove
Far in the sunny land of light,
To meet the form it can but love.

'Sweet Memory! when the dream of life,
Hangs heavy o'er my aching brow,
When all around with grief is rife,
I'll seek thee, ever fond as now;
And thou shalt call again those hours,
When Joy her incense round me cast;
And roving in thy sunny bowers,
I'll lose the Present in the Past.'

We could easily multiply quotations from both volumes, had we space, which would evidence brilliance of imagination and harmony of rhythm. His images have the essential defect of being wanting in distinctness. In many of the most beautiful stanzas, we see too clearly what he had been reading, when he penned them. We would else have extracted the 'apostrophe to ocean' and some other pieces. We finish by giving the following pretty ode entire:

* * * * *

'I WOULD I were yon Peasant Boy,
Content in humble sphere to move;
Whose dreams are ever dreams of Joy,
And thoughts but teem with peaceful love.
Whom no exalted state impels,
To change the home from childhood dear,
And leave those early hills and dells,
He can not find again, but there.
Whom not the gew-gaws of the gay,
The scenes where Fashion's form appears,
Can tempt from childhood's haunts to stray,
To taint the sweets of future years.
Who can not find one changing friend
To tempt his head and wound his heart,
And knows not what it is to blend
Affection's hope, Affliction's dart.
Whose every morning sun still finds
The humble follower of his plough,
The cheerful mingler with the hinds,
Whose hands ne'er press Ambition's brow!

'The rill that thro' the valley steals,
In mellow gurglings to its base,
Hears not the sighs of him that feels,
Reflects no scathed or tearful face!
He climbs the mountain's top at morn,
He views the fields in verdure clad,
He weeps not that he e'er was born,
His heart—his very heart is glad!
With him, no clouded brow is seen,
But cheerful still, and bless'd with health,
He views his fields and gardens green,
And scorns the outward charm of wealth.
I would I were—what I am not——
I would I knew not—what I know——
I would I own'd—that Peasant's lot,
More dear than that I cherish now!'

Sermon, by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, Boston, Mass. *Uses of Solitude. Psalm* xxxix. 3: '*While I was musing the fire burned.*'

This sermon turns upon the intellectual uses and religious advantages of occasional retirement from the business and bustle of life, to concentre the thoughts and affections in meditation and solitude. These uses are illustrated in the light of scripture and the force of truth, and over the whole is thrown the most splendid drapery of imagination. Religious feeling, like other feelings of our nature, is strongly sympathetic; and catches from countenance, and voice, and similar employment, an evanescent ardor, which is too apt to pass away, when the sympathy, which generated it, has ceased. Deep and permanent religious feeling is nursed in solitude, in the secret chambers, alone under the voiceless grandeur of the teaching of the starry sky, in the searching and awful communions of the heart with itself, and with God, during the silence of midnight vigils. That religion, which will never leave ground for questioning its influence, which will abide, unwavering in temptation, which will remain a permanent principle of action, diffusing uniformity and steadiness to conduct and character, through life; and the *anchor of the soul* in death, as we conceive, is best nurtured, and sustained in retirement, solitude and meditation. This view of the influences of solitude is the burden of this charming sermon. It is the effort of a young and liberal divine; but certainly the most severe, and the most critical judge among the orthodox, would find nothing to object to it, except, perhaps, that it wanted something more of scriptural enforcement, and evangelical authority and sternness. A censor, past the days of flowing locks, and the tone of feeling, in which nature was colored with the imaginings of youth, might say, that it was a poem, rather than a sermon. Should this be conceded, they, who know, with what an edifying air of endurance and penance most hearers go to sit out a sermon, will not regret to see spread over such services the interest of sentiment and the charms of poetry, so that the doctrines and precepts inculcated, lose nothing of their truth and importance by this vesture. In all ages and countries both sacred and profane writers have called poets and prophets, and perhaps we might add, preachers by the same name. All inspiration is from above, and that strain of the muse, which is not hallowed, as such, is hardly worthy the name of poetry. It has always been a deep and intimate persuasion with us, that poetry and religion have consanguinity of origin, and are every way associated, and allied. We have no liking, we admit, for that wretched, hobbling prose run mad, snatches of quotations from psalms and hymns the mawkish

and common garnish of illiterate preachers, which has thrown over our poetic sermons, in many critical minds, such ridiculous associations. The bible, as every one ought to know, is almost a continued strain of the sublimest poetry. Where it is calm, genuine, scriptural and in the spirit and power of inspiration in every sense, as in the sermon before us, we would say, the more poetry the better. The friends of religion need have no fears for the final issue of a cause, which has immortality for its ultimate hope, the Son of God to propound, preach, and illustrate its doctrines, and the sweet singer of Israel to furnish the hymns of praise in its churches.—Still we rejoice, to see such gifted young men in the pulpit, though this treasure be in vessels of fragile *clay*, and in men of *like passions* with ourselves. We exult in seeing Zion in her beauty, as well as authority; and wish to find all human attractions there, so far as they are sanctified, and appropriate to the aims of the church; and every motive to 'woo us to the skies.'

We quote two extracts, as samples of this sermon; and we are sure, if our readers have one string in their frame in unison with our feelings, it will give them raised ideas of the discipline and temporal hopes of the American pulpit, when such strains are heard from it, uttered by its young men; and will excite aspirations, that they may *go from strength to strength*, as they advance in age:

'To those whose hearts are open to its influences, solitude is, in the second place, favorable to the most exalted feelings of devotion. There is a piety, and that perhaps the truest and the deepest, which dreads all exhibition, and seeks to be secluded, which shrinks away when it is to be brought forward and displayed, which droops if it be but touched, and, even more than sensitive, will not be breathed upon, will not be gazed upon too nearly. It retires further and still further from the crowd, it pursues its flight till the faintest hum of a busy world has died away, and then, alone and unobserved, it rears an altar, and prepares a sacrifice, and kindles a flame—and the altar is sacred, and the flame is brilliant and pure, and the sacrifice is "holy and acceptable to God." Man holds the most intimate communion with his Maker when no being but his Maker is near him. The most fervent aspirations of his heart rise up from the temple of solitude; for they rise up without witness; without restraint, and without contamination. Devotion becomes a master feeling, an irresistible impulse, commanding every thought, swaying the whole soul, and filling the bosom with its divinest influences. A sweet, and low, and never ending melody is breathed out from all surrounding things, which lulls our outward senses, and calms our earthly passions, and soothes our restless cares, till

"We are laid asleep,
In body, and become a living soul."

If our ears are not closed, and our hearts are not hardened, we can not choose but hear this music of Nature, and we can not choose but join, with all our spirit's harmonies, in the universal song of praise. When the clear cold moon rolls silently in the heavens, and silvers the dark clouds which are floating past her—when the waters glide and murmur with an unvaried sound of quietness—

'when the trees wave and whisper in the inconstant breeze, and the breeze scatters fragrance and freshness around us, the heart must beat, the bosom must swell, there is no need of words, there is no need of forms—the impatient affections will not wait for them—one rapt and full sensation expresses all—it is the prayer of dependence, it is the hymn of thanksgiving: in language which can not be uttered it declares the sublime perfections of God, speaks of his goodness, his wisdom and his power, tells him how ardently he is loved, how reverentially he is feared by the creature of his hands, how grateful he is for his mercies, and how entirely he confides in his care. No noise disturbs this silent prayer, no discord breaks this secret harmony, no cold and earth-born vapor rises up to throw a chill upon this glow of feeling—there are no witnesses to this homage of the heart, but the woods, the rocks, the waters and the skies, and with them the worshipper holds perfect sympathy, for there is no infidelity in Nature—every thing is holy, and every thing is kind, the fresh turf is under him, the pure heaven is over him, the flowers from their perfumed urns are offering their best incense to the Creator, and the stars, as they brightly wake to worship God, seem as if they were also watching over the repose of a sleeping world.'—p. 88.

* * * * * * * * *

'These are friendly thoughts, softening and improving us, and preparing us for our departure. They arise most readily in solitude, because when we retire from one world, the world of daily cares and daily pleasures, we approach nearer to another, the world of enlarged contemplations, and of an abstract existence. We become indeed an inhabitant of that world, embracing with our purified vision the things which are past, which are, and which are to come, the ends of life, the tendency of actions, the relations of the human soul with eternity, and with the Author of eternity; and at the same time looking back, with altered apprehensions, on the pursuits, and the inhabitants, of the world which we have left. The change which our feelings in this situation often undergo is rapid and entire. When an eastern king marched forth to imagined conquest, heralded by the proud and inspiring strains of martial music, and surrounded by the glitter of arms, the array of soldiery, the apparel of a camp, and all the promises of victory, his bosom was filled with pride, and he thought but of his might and his magnificence. He boasted not only of burning cities, and of subduing kingdoms, but of levelling mountains, and fettering the sea. But when he retired to an eminence, for the purpose of gratifying his vain-glory by a wider survey of all this pomp, the feeling was changed, utterly changed, and he burst into tears to think how soon the conqueror Death would smite the vast multitude, and spare not one of all their marshalled numbers.

'The tears were soon dried, however, and the monarch went on in his haughty career. But let not us, my friends, permit the good thoughts which visit us in solitude to be such transient guests. Let us provide for their more permanent abode, and take them with us when we return to our usual occupations. If tears should be excited by the view of death, let them flow with freedom; and if a sigh should be called up by the conviction of our frailty, let it rise unchecked—every sign of feeling is to be prized, when the heart is so apt to grow cold—but let not tears be the only consequence of our meditations, and let not a sigh be considered as a substitute for duty. We should ponder seriously, that we may act vigourously. We should reflect on life, that we may learn to live: and on death, that we may be prepared—by the holiness of our life—to die.'—p. 92.

An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, October 4, 1827, being the Anniversary for the choice of Officers, and the seventh Triennial Celebration of their public Festival. By WILLIAM HILLIARD, a member of the Association.—Hilliard, Metcalf, & Co. Cambridge.

We are sorry, that we have so little space to allot to a notice of this excellent address. A reader of ordinary tact must be aware, that the different objects of oratory call for very different modes of address. It is only an aspiring novice, who will pour out, on every day subjects, poetic figures, and turgid bursts of declamation, and crown his climax with the 'wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.' A writer of experience feels, that what may be splendid, and in good taste, when applied to one subject, may be burlesque and ridiculous, when appended to another. This obvious thought is too often overlooked by our ambitious and wordy orators.

The orator before us remembers his occasion; and the address, though neat, clear, and appropriate, in point of style and manner, carries the taste of unambitious plainness almost to severity. We deem it a very proper and becoming address for the orator of such a society. It abounds in important thought and information. Its chief burden is, to unfold the objects and purposes of the union.—We remark, as we pass, that they need no encomium. The mechanic interest is already a respectable element in the constitution of our political structure. It is constantly becoming more so.—Every person, in the least acquainted with that region, will understand, that the names of the officers of this association are of high respectability. This class of our fellow citizens has, in some instances and places, indulged in unfounded shame, or jealousy, in regard to the point assigned them by opinion in society. Such jealousy is wholly gratuitous, whether they consider the intrinsic utility of their calling, the great and growing influence, which they already exercise in the country, or such names, as those before us, which, in all portions of it, stand at the head of the mechanic interest.

The chief object of this association is to exercise charity towards their decaying and unfortunate brethren, and the desolate widows and orphans of their members. It is wholly unnecessary to say a word in praise of such God-like and holy purposes. We wish them the blessings of Him, *who is love*, and of them, *that were ready to perish*. We are thrice happy to see an eminent and opulent publisher the earnest advocate of such noble charities. It will tend to refute the absurd error, that wealthy publishers are a part of the lost ten tribes.

We quote the following, as a fair sample of the address, and as giving a pertinent and just exposition of the importance of mechanics, and especially the brethren of the type, as constituent members of society:

'Among the various parts of the community, which go to make up society, we would not claim for ourselves any thing more, than that to which we think ourselves justly entitled. But we would direct your attention, without arrogance, to some few of the causes, which have operated to inspire a confidence in our national resources, and to give us a national character. Who then is it, let me ask, that designs and puts in motion the complicated machinery of our manufacturing establishments, those inlets to wealth, to which the whole nation is now alive? Who provides the means of throwing open the furrows and facilitating, in a thousand ways, the rich harvest of the agriculturist? Who constructs that ark of safety, which rides upon the mighty deep, brings the wealth of foreign climes to the doors of our merchants, fills our public and private coffers with silver and gold, and protects the invaded rights of our country? Who plans and erects those stately public and private edifices, which adorn our cities and villages, and so highly subserve our comfort and convenience? Who presents the fair page of history, of poetry, of ancient and modern literature to the eager, critical eye of the man of taste and of science?—Who, in fine, gives motion to the world? I answer, the mechanic. The mechanic is the instrument, by which all these important means of our country's greatness and strength are brought into action. In proportion as you stop or check the progress of mechanical operations, in the same proportion you paralyze the arm of power, and break in pieces the weapons of our defence.

'While we hold in high estimation the numerous and diversified mechanical operations, in which we are engaged, as all tending to make up and establish our national character, you will pardon me, if I single out and bestow a moment's reflection upon that which has afforded abundant advantages to the world, as the conservator of all arts, the art of printing; wonderful in its nature, in its operations, and in its influence upon society. In its origin, it excited the astonishment of man to such a degree, as to be ascribed to the influence of a supernatural power, and its inventor became associated in the mind with the powers of darkness. In its progress and gradual improvement, it has tended more than all other human efforts combined, to meliorate the condition of society by extending the means of knowledge, and facilitating its acquisition. In its influence upon the world, it may justly be compared to "a little leaven, which leaveneth the whole lump." It is felt and acknowledged to be the mighty engine, by which nations, kingdoms, empires, and individuals, are governed and controlled. Through the medium of the press, the various improvements in all the arts and sciences are communicated; the political and moral state of society is improved; and last, though not least, the word of life is communicated to all nations, tongues, and languages, in their own dialect. As the press is, therefore, capable of exerting so mighty an influence over the political, moral, and religious state of the world, we at once see the vast importance, not only of guarding its freedom, as the palladium of liberty, but also of checking its tendency to licentiousness. Let it always be open and free to

encourage enterprise; to distinguish between the aspiring demagogue, and the true patriot; to speak of men and things, as they are; to vindicate the cause of justice over oppression, of humanity over cruelty, of patriotism over ambition, and of the liberating, ennobling principles of virtue over the enslaving, degrading passions of vice.'—p. 14.

A number of spirited original songs were given on the occasion. The address taken altogether, is one of the highest order of the kind, that we have seen in our country. The respectable fraternity of mechanics, in our city, ought to peruse it. We should be pleased, to see it re-printed, or a sufficient number of copies ordered to give it publicity among us.

We take great pleasure in announcing the formation of '*The Antiquarian and Historical Society of Illinois.*' The objects are, as follow:

'The objects of this society shall be to collect, preserve, and disseminate authentic information on the following subjects, viz:

1. The antiquities of Illinois, and its former inhabitants from the earliest times.
2. Its discovery and first settlement by the whites.
3. Its history from the first settlement of the whites to the establishment of the Territorial government; and from the latter period.
4. Its soil, climate, productions, trade, commerce, and manufactures.
5. Its animals and minerals.
6. Its topography and facilities for inland navigation.
7. Its health and population.
6. Its phenomena and natural curiosities.
9. And generally all facts descriptive of the country, its government and inhabitants, including such biographical memoirs as may be deemed interesting.'

The names of the officers and members are of well known respectability in that region. The address, by judge Hall, at the organization of the society, as its president, is one, as we deem, of rare felicity, taste and eloquence. We could wish to give copious extracts from it. It would tend to remove the film from the eyes of those of our Atlantic readers, who still think, that there is neither taste, oratory, or fine writing in the backwood's country.—We purpose, in our next number, to give extracts from it, as copious, as the limits of our sheets will admit. At present we quote one passage.

'The climate, particularly in reference to its influence on the human system, presents another subject of investigation. The Western Country has been considered unhealthy—and there have been writers whose disturbed imaginations have misled them into the belief that the whole land was continually exposed to the most awful visitations of Providence, among which have been numbered the hurricane, the pestilence, and the earthquake. If we have been content to smile at such exaggerations, while few had leisure to attempt a serious refutation, and while the facts upon which any deliberate opinion must have been based, had not been sufficiently tested by experience, the time has now arrived when it is no longer excusable to submit in silence to the reproaches of ignorance or malice. It is proper, however, to remark, as well in extenuation of those who have assailed our country, as in support of the confident denial, which I feel authorized to make to their assertions, that a vast improvement in the article of health has taken place within a few years. Diseases are now mild which were once malignant, and their occurrence is annually becoming less frequent. This happy change affords strong authority for the belief, that although the maladies which have heretofore afflicted us, were partly imputable to the climate, other, and more powerful causes of disease must have existed, which have vanished. We who came to the frontier while the axe was still busy in the forest, and when thousands of the acres which now yield abundance to the farmer, were unreclaimed, and tenantless, have seen the existence of our fellow-citizens assailed by other than the ordinary ministers of death.—Toil, privation, and exposure, have hurried many to the grave—imprudence and carelessness of life, have sent crowds of victims prematurely to the tomb. It is not to be denied that the margins of our large streams in general, and many spots in the vicinity of extensive marshes, are subject to bilious diseases:—but it may be as confidently asserted, that the interior country is healthy. Yet the first settlers invariably selected the rich alluvion lands upon the navigable rivers, in preference to the scarcely less fertile soil of the prairies, lying in situations less accessible, and more remote from market. They came to a wilderness in which no houses were prepared for their reception, nor food, other than that supplied by nature, provided for their sustenance. They often encamped upon the margin of a river, exposed to its chilly atmosphere, without a tent to shelter, with scarcely a blanket to protect them. Their first habitations were rude cabins, affording barely a shelter from the rain, and too frail to afford protection from the burning heat of the noon-day sun, or the chilling effects of the midnight blast. As their families increased, another and another cabin was added, as crazy and as cheerless as the first—until admonished by the increase of their own substance, the influx of wealthier neighbors, and the general improvement of the country around them, they were allured by pride to do that to which they would never have been impelled by suffering. The gratuitous exposure to the climate which the backwoods man seems rather to court than to avoid, is a subject of common remark. No extremity of weather confines him to the shelter of his own roof. Whether the object be business or pleasure, it is pursued with the same reckless composure, amid the shadows of night, or the howlings of the tempest, as in the most genial season. Nor is this trait of character confined to woodsmen or to farmers; examples of hardihood are contagious, and in this country all ranks of people neglect or despise the ordinary

precautions with respect to health. Judges and lawyers, merchants, physicians, and ministers of the Gospel, set the seasons at defiance in the pursuit of their respective callings. They prosecute their journies regardless of weather, and learn at last to feel but little inconvenience from the exposure which is silently undermining their constitutions. Is it extraordinary that people thus exposed should be attacked by violent maladies? Would it not be more wonderful that such a careless prodigality of life could pass with impunity? These remarks might be extended—the food of the first settler, consisting chiefly of fresh meat, without vegetables, and often without salt—the common use of ardent spirits—the want of medical aid, by which diseases, at first simple, being neglected, become dangerous; and other evils peculiar to a new country, might be noticed as fruitful sources of disease—but I have already dwelt sufficiently on this subject. That this country is decidedly healthy, I feel no hesitation in declaring—but neither argument nor naked assertions will convince the world. Let us collect such facts as amount to evidence, and establish the truth by undeniable demonstration.

'Such, gentlemen, are a few of the most prominent points to which the antiquarian or historian must devote his attention, who would select this State as the subject, or the theatre of his exertions. They are interesting to us, because they concern our country; and they will be so to others, because they possess the charm of novelty. Ours is an untrodden field, into which the foot of science has seldom strayed; no historian has embodied our traditions, no poet has sought for inspiration in our groves. Permit me to hope that the relics of antiquity which remain among us, will not be permitted to moulder away in silence; and that many an able pen will be devoted to the cause of truth and science. Our country has passed its infancy, and is fast advancing to a vigorous maturity. It is time for us to claim that independence in literature, which we so proudly assert in politics. Let us no longer learn our history and borrow our opinions from foreign books; but by placing in requisition the talents that we possess, prepare ourselves to assume in the scientific, a station corresponding to that which we shall soon be called to occupy in the political, world.'

We are happy to announce to the friends of the late Mrs. Riske and the public, that a volume of extracts from her writings is now prepared for the press, and only waits a suitable paper for publication.

It is hoped, that the first volume of the 'Geography and history of the Mississippi Valley' will be issued from the press next month.

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WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1828.

THE HERMIT OF THE PRAIRIES.

Antoine Dardenne was born near the chateau of Liancourt, not far from Montpelier on the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean. His father was game-keeper to the marquis de Liancourt. Among the numerous children of that opulent and proud nobleman, his third daughter, Marcella de Liancourt, was his favorite; for, unlike his other children, with uncommon beauty and endowment, she had a heart, and was not proud. With perfect health, and a person exquisitely formed—she was romantic, sensitive, and as ardent a lover of nature, as her sisters were of the tinsel splendor of society, and the artificial distinctions of rank. While they felt a happy existence only in the gaudy show of religious *fetes*, and the dull and sullen state of the *soirees*, in the assemblies of fashion and nobility in the city, she loved and shared her father's favorite pursuit, the chase. On her spirited courser, she delighted to brush away the morning dew from the sprays, as she bounded away over the hills, to watch the sun, as he first raised his flaming disk from the sea. As the hoary cliffs stood forth in the splendor of his early rays, as the Mediterranean spread in its boundlessness before her, as the bugles and the horns of the youthful horsemen awakened the echoes, as the dogs bayed, and the birds sang, and the mingled sounds of industry and life came softened from the city and the fields, and as the elasticity of her young life glowed in her bosom, Marcella felt, and enjoyed the inspirations of poesy. In her imagination were woven the delicious dreams of youth. Her heart kindled with those vague desires after something purer, higher, and better, than this mercenary world can furnish, which are imparted only to a few of our race.

The contemplative and amiable character, which resulted from such a temperament, made her not only the favorite of her father, but even of the thoughtless and gay young noblemen that followed

him to the chase. Characters every way inferior had still enough of discernment and kindred nature, to know, and prize her excellence, as well as admire her beauty. She had of course a sufficient *cortege* of admirers. But being the third daughter, she had little fortune to expect; and the youths in her vicinity, who might address her on terms of equality, were of that common class, who, for all purposes beyond temporary admiration, viewed the mental and personal charms of Marcella with the same eyes, with which the usurer looks on scrip, which can not be turned to immediate account. Her probable destination for life, therefore, seemed to be the frowning walls of a convent of the stricter order, whose spires rose in the distance. The gloom of this thought had never overcast her innocent and cheerful mind. She was happy, and averse to forecasting future ills. She loved her father beyond the instinct of filial tenderness; for he alone of all her family, fully appreciated her character. But this pure sentiment created repose in her bosom, instead of disturbing it.

For the rest, she enjoyed long and lonely walks among the vine-clad hills, and the speed and freshness of the spirit-stirring chase. Her kind heart, too, exulted in her privilege of reprieving, and restoring to their sylvan range, the innocent animals, at whose taking she happened to be present. Whatever reluctance keen hunters felt to this harmless field parade, a captive hare, or deer, could not be refused to the pleadings of youth and beauty. Whoever saw Marcella de Liancourt, felt, that nature sometimes transcends the fairest model of the imaginings of youthful poet, to show, that she can occasionally rise above the common level of the flat and moderate equality of ordinary existence, in her works.

Antoine Dardenne, afterwards 'the hermit of the prairies,' was a young man, cast in the same mould of superior endowment and excellence; but under the ban of fortune, and wanting the finish of education, and the claims of rank and place. Pity, that in stinting his fortune and condition, nature had not, also, denied him eyes, a mind, and a heart. His condition, though menial, had placed him too often in the way of Marcella for either his peace or hers. His father was advanced in age; and he, in the freshness of youth and agility, was virtually the principal in bringing out the horses, in managing the packs, and arranging the circumstances of the chase. It gave him fatal chances, to manifest unconscious and unwitnessed acts of courtesy, and devoted thoughts to Marcella, and her unhappy opportunities of instituting comparisons. Alas! how soon the illusive visions, and the cherished thoughts of romance yield to the sad reality of existence, and the unchangeable order of mortal things!

On a beautiful frosty autumnal morning, the hunting steed was led forth from the stables of the castle. The usual company of titled huntsmen were in attendance, to hunt the deer. Many

young men were of the party; and it promised to be the most brilliant hunt of the season. The bugles and the horns echoed among the hills; and the leashed dogs, impatient, to speed away, bayed response. The chanticleer raised his shrill note above the hundred cries of the grange, as the fife is heard in the clang of preparation for battle. The hunters, in their close and mottled dresses, had mounted, and were already galloping beyond the gates. The noble steed of the marquis slowly ambled in the rear, as if waiting to be joined by his daughter's courser. The duty of bringing him out, and assisting her to mount him, had long been assigned by custom to Antoine. Her ostensible reasons for bringing up the rear, and declining the gallant aid and companionship of the young nobles in advance, were, that she loved to see the sport at a distance, and to be left to the society of her own thoughts, in view of the loveliness and excitement of the scene before her. We may not say, that these were all her motives for loitering behind.—It is sufficient, that her motives were respected, and her wishes granted.

Young Antoine, in his appropriate dress, as assistant gamekeeper, had been assiduously aiding his grey headed father, in bringing out the horses, arranging the hounds, and setting forth the cavalcade. Marcella had marked his deep movements of filial piety and suppressed resentment, as the young noblemen required the prompt and menial aid of his father; and with insolent indifference to his feelings, rated him, if his hand, trembling with age, performed not those humble services with dexterity. Various circumstances had brought to her view the native richness and nobleness of his mind. It was natural for an understanding, like hers, to fancy more than the reality; in imagining in an uneducated mind the still deeper and richer treasures, which discipline and more favorable circumstances would have developed. She noted the proud and prompt humility, with which he offered himself to assist her into her saddle. Her heart was beating with the emotions, naturally inspired by the morning and the scene. Her steed was champing his bit, and curving his neck with impatience, to bound away, and join the caval cade. At the moment, that Marcella sprang into her saddle, indulging, it may be, in a train of dangerous emotions, a flock of rooks, in the tops of the aged holms above, had been greeting the morning and the spectacle, and pursuing their loves to an excess, which ended in quarrel. One fell from the tree in the fight, like a lump of lead, directly before Marcella's courser. In his fright and impatience, the ungovernable animal tore his reins from the slender hands of his rider, rushing in the direction of a ravine on the declivity of a precipitous hill, which bounded the park on the east. He was already on the verge of the cliffs. Another plunge would have precipitated horse and rider two hundred fathoms into the valley below. Marcella had but time te

shiver, and resign herself to part with her innocent life. The intrepid Antoine had anticipated the movement. He was before the horse, and had grasped the reins, and, half whirled over the cliffs, had seized on the shrubs, and by a nimble and violent effort had recovered the summit, and had thrown the horse to the earth by the restraint of the reins, and had laid him parallel to the edge of the rocks. The horse, the rider, and the young man lay bleeding together. The hunting party gathered to the spot in a moment. It was soon found, that no fatal injury was done to either, though Antoine had suffered severely. The rest may be imagined. Antoine, confined to his bed, in the delirium of fever, talked of Marcella. Of what Marcella talked, none but the confidential inmates of the family knew. After the confinement of a month, the youth arose, pale and wan, from his bed, and once more saw the dazzling light of the day. Twenty tongues among the domestics of the marquis told him, that during his sickness, the beautiful and beloved Marcella had taken the veil; and suppressed words and looks big with meaning, told him more. An air of mystery declared that they dared not divulge all they knew. That he was gloomy and altered might be naturally laid to the account of his recent sickness. In other respects he discharged his duties through the day, as before. But most of the hours of night were passed, in walking back and forward between the black and frowning walls of the convent and the sea, which dashed at the base of the rocks, which the turrets overhung. Antoine would have endured any toils or miseries by day, to have been allowed this secret indulgence of the night.

Scarcely had he been abroad a week, and traversed the convent walls an hundred times, he knew not why, and dared not whisper to himself wherefore, when he was told by the mourning of the family, the tolling of the convent bell, and an hundred tongues, that Marcella was gone; that she had expired in the prime of her innocent days, and had left her cell above, for her everlasting cell beneath the soil. It is unnecessary to say what Antoine felt, on receiving this intelligence. Nature knows nothing about the barriers of nobility. He had noted one look which Marcella had bestowed upon him, as she was borne away from the cliff. It was treasured indelibly in the cells of his memory. He loved, and with the intensity of one, who is young and good and pure, and in the earnest vigor of what riots in the veins, paints on the imagination, and kindles in the heart. He loved, as he does, who has never felt but a single absorbing and devouring sentiment, carrying away in its current all that amount of excitement, which, in ordinary youthful bosoms, flows in the divided channels of envy, and ambition, and avarice, and vanity, and all the affections and passions, good and bad.

Pere Dardenne and his mother were mere common people.—They had other children, and could never have been made to com-

prehend, that so ridiculous and absurd a sentiment, as love for Marcella, could possibly have found a place in the bosom of their son. They never heard the groans and despair, that they would neither have comprehended, or heeded, had they heard. He was too well aware, how he would seem in their eye, should he avow his feelings. Still less did he dare to explain to any other persons. It is true, they talked in the ordinary strain about his want of appetite, and altered looks; and with officious kindness proposed, ptisans and medicines. Antoine drank no ptisans, told no tales, communed with no mind, and looked forward to nothing, with pleasure, but the solemn hour of midnight. Then, in unavailing longings to commune with the spirit of her, who was gone, he slowly walked the distance, where the convent walls frowned over the sea. More than once, he had meditated the impious purpose of burying his sorrows forever beneath its tumultuous bosom. The thought, that Marcella reposed not in the waters, but the earth, came in aid of the early restraints of religion. But the beautiful nature of that fair region, the groves of the chateau, the crimson splendors of morning, the cheering notes of the echoing horn, his daily walks among the vine-clad hills, the society of his comrades, parents, and friends, and home, all became to him so many spectacles of gloom. A vessel, bound to the new world, was in the harbor. An idea of relief sometimes presented itself, in the thought of escaping from himself by going beyond the seas.

As he took his night walk, before the twilight of evening had faded, he marked a sister of the convent, apparently waiting near the gate, to address him in private. Antoine was but too eager to speak with some one, who must have witnessed the last hours of Marcella. She laid her finger on her lip, and by an impressive gesture beckoned him to silence and discretion. 'Young man, she said, I was with Marcella in her last moments. Her last thoughts of affections were confided to me. Our distinctions are not known beyond the tomb. It will now be equally useless for you to foster remembrances and aspiring thoughts, or cherish vain regrets. I fear not to tell you all; for I am going beyond the seas. Marcella loved you, and a love, that might neither be controlled, nor indulged, hurried her first to take the veil, and then to an untimely grave.—Except the adorable name of her Saviour, yours was the last, that lingered on her lips. Her miniature and a lock of her hair were deposited with me, a gift for you, to be delivered only after she should be gone; and with a promise of perpetual secresy, that might neither dishonor her memory, or you.'

Antoine promised all, and received the precious gift on his knees. The sister became at once an object of hallowed regard in his eye, and took the next place in his confidence and affections to Marcella. She told him, that with other religious from the convent, she

was destined for Quebec in America, and to sail in the ship, that was then riding at anchor in their view.

He earnestly solicited her interference, that he might obtain a place in the ship, and embark in the same bottom with her, who had received the last sighs of Marcella. An employment was procured for him. His parents, and relatives heard of his purpose with the callous indifference, which is so naturally inspired by poverty and want of tender and generous feeling in humble life. In two days he was floating on the billow, leaving little behind to love, or regret, and caring little for any thing on earth, but the sister Marguerite, that went with him. When the ship moored in the shadow of the precipices of Quebec, another tie, that yet bound the heart of Antoine to the world, was sundered. All the efforts of Marguerite, who considered him as an humble friend, united to his own entreaties were unavailing, to procure him a place in the convent, to which she was consigned. The necessary parting was almost like a second loss of Marcella. For a few lonely days, that he spent in Quebec, he hoped, and wished for death. But the young heart seldom breaks of grief alone. Chance threw him in the way of a company of trappers of the lakes and *coureurs du bois.*— Their talks of their long and laborious wanderings of two thousand leagues, over lakes, and sterile deserts, and pathless woods, and icy mountains, caught his imagination, and soothed his thoughts. He joined a corps, that every year departed from Montreal, as a central point, bound for the remotest regions of the west and the north. A lock of the fair hair of Marcella and her miniature lay on his bosom; and this was all the treasure, with which he started away on the lakes. He exulted in the extreme toil of these journeys; for nature, when worn down called for deep repose, in which his sorrows were forgotten. He delighted in tugging the oar, as he urged his canoe against the transparent waters of the mighty Niagara. He loved the bosom of the vast lakes, when they slept; for he looked down the pellucid depths, and amid the thousand fair creations, which his eye formed among the indistinct visions, he always saw Marcella. The melancholy and ruminating countenances of the savages pleased him; for gay and cheerful natures accorded not with the habitual tone of his feelings; and the silent and gloomy Indians seemed to him each to be brooding over the thought of a lost Marcella.

It were to no purpose, to record volumes of his monotonous travels and sufferings. He had traversed all the lakes. He had coursed along, in his periogue under the lofty and black precipices of lake Superior. He had had the society of his own thoughts, as his eye surveyed the exent of the lake of the Woods. A thousand times he had courted death in his frail boat, in these troubled and tumultuous waters, when swept by storms. A thousand times he had courted death among the savages. But the grim messen-

ger often flies those, who court him, and knocks at the mansions of them, that dread him, and are at ease in their possessions. He had been seen in silence and sadness, in the same group with the savages of Red river of the north. He had been espied, sometimes in company, sometimes alone, wending his way over the prairies, appearing in the distance, like a moving atom. He had kindled his night fire among the birches and junipers on the frozen shores of Slave lake. He had laid down his pack, weary and exhausted, on the icy summit of the Rocky mountains. He had bathed in the waters of the Western sea. He had conversed with the savages and Spaniards of the Californian gulf. With the equipment of knife, and trap, and gun, he had subsisted for months, in endurances, that we would not relate, lest we should excite incredulity.—He had hunted, keenly and mechanically, for the earnestness of this laborious pursuit, partially diverted his thoughts from the single sad object of their contemplation. When that could not be done, he drew the fair lock from his bosom, looked on the miniature, and bedewed it with his tears, and inquired, why such harrowing affections, belonged to man? Marcella, as he last saw her, lying on the verge of the cliff—Marcella expiring in the convent with his name on her lips—Marcella, a ministering spirit among the spotless angels—this was the vision constantly before his eyes. What a deep fountain of unutterable things may be shut up in the narrow compass of a single bosom! None ever saw him weep.—None ever heard him pronounce the name. Who, that saw this stern and silent trapper on journeys of a thousand leagues, would ever have divined, what thoughts were passing in his seemingly insensible breast? His companions at least took no note of them. They knew him intrepid, patient, laborious, benevolent and just.—There was some indescribable charm in his manner and deportment, that won their confidence and love. But, when asked, why a man with such a fine eye, never conversed, drank, or laughed, they shrugged, and said, *Oh! c'est un folle reveur;* and to these gay and thoughtless animals of eternal walking and toil, this short sentence explained the whole mystery of his character.

But Antoine found, that a man may change his sky and climate, without changing his sad thoughts. His companions drank, and shouted after their feast from the successful hunt; and made the woods ring with their notes of joy. Antoine was among them, but not of them, and as one, who heard them not. Sometimes in the depths of the forests, he heard from a chance traveller the changes, that had taken place in his own France, and in the great world.—He heard, who had risen; who fallen; and who was the present star, or meteor of the ascendant. It all excited in his mind no more interest, than the idle whisperings of the breeze among the branches. One name sounded forever in the ear of his mind. A thousand times, in his dreams, he had reached out his arms to grasp

the unsubstantial vision, that always filled his eye. As he sat at midnight, by the shores of the western sea, over the pale blaze of the phosphoric foam, that dashed on the shore, his fancy saw the flitting shadow of Marcella. As he looked down the heights of the Rocky mountains, he imagined her sitting in the dark glen, or by the side of the nameless mountain stream. A thousand times had he called aloud upon Marcella, that he might hear echo return him the dear name from the caverns of the mountains.

Thus wandered this sorrowful man, contemplating shadows, and conversing with dreams. In returning from the Western sea down the Missouri, on a time he left his canoe, where that mighty stream mingles with the Mississippi; directing his way, on foot and alone, to reach the Illinois; purposing to ascend to lake Michigan, and thence to descend to Montreal, guided by that indifference, which finds one spot of the earth as pleasant, as another. He reached that sweet circular prairie, which crowns the plains of the 'American bottom.' It was a lovely morning in June. The vast meadow, in its verdure and flowers, its loneliness and repose, opened before him. Every spike of the plants, that rose above the grass, bore its pearls and gems. The summit of a prodigious cotton tree, under which he surveyed the prospect, was just beginning to blaze with the orient rays of the sun. A thousand gorgeous cups of the bignonia changed their scarlet to the flaming hue of the beams, that rendered them visible. A wreathed drapery of mist hung in festoons over the hills and the forests. Thunder clouds, that, during the past night, had refreshed the earth, and left their lucid drops on the trees and the grass, were piled in high banks, as of burnished brass along the southern horizon. The woods echoed with the cry of its thousand wild, free, and joyous tenants. The lark sung, and soared from the prairie, regardless, whether man heard, or not. Nature was paying her fresh and glad devotions to the Author of nature. The scene, in its softness, and loneliness, and vocal, but inarticulate worship, came home to the wanderer's heart; and for the first time for years banished sadness. 'Why, said he, should I chase phantoms forever? Why should I toil over lakes, and mountains and forests, and struggle against the current of interminable rivers? Why sojourn with gloomy savages, and reckless and unthinking boatmen and trappers? I seek after her, but she never will be found. I call upon her, but she will never answer. I sink exhausted with toil in the desert, but that hand will never wipe the sweat from my brow. And why? for surely her pure spirit hath neither perished, nor missed its way to the eternal mansions. She has gone above the stars. She is with God. I must seek to find her in other worlds. Antoine, thou must pass through the grave to be where she is. Let me seek Marcella henceforward in the duties of religion. Let the remainder of my days pass in communion with God. Why should it not be here? This is the sweet-

est spot, which I have seen in my wanderings. Here will I build my tabernacle, which shall last me, till I find one in the bosom of our common mother.

He descended to St. Louis. He had sufficient money for all the slender provisions, which his arrangements and wants required. His purchases were soon, and easily made. His periogue, loaded with them, stemmed the current to a point in the river, nearest to the spot, selected for his cabin. It was under a prodigious projecting chamber of an overhanging limestone bluff, which towered fifty fathoms above. A column of quartz surmounted the summit, on which, to an eye less fanciful, than an Antiquarian's, seemed to be written the mystic characters of the *ineffable name*. Maples and peccans reared their columns of verdure in front of the projection —and at the foot various pure springs trickled over the white sands, that they had washed from the roots of the cliffs.

Nature had reared for him an imperishable roof against the storms, and as a practised woodsman, the remainder of his arrangements were soon made. From his cabin door his eye took in the grand circular forest, that swept round the prairie. Beyond him to the west, the *mamelle* hills of the Illinois seemed a line of domes of temples; and in the distance was seen the curved break in the forests, through which the 'father of waters' was rolling his floods onward to the sea. Fish and game he took for subsistence, for he read his warrant in the book of God. A French translation of the scriptures was always open on his couch. These, with a volume of *cantiques*, and the writings of the good Fenelon made his whole library. But what reading can aid devotion, like that of the open volume of nature, which was always spread before him? The uninterrupted silence of the forests and prairies invited religious meditation. It was a place, in which to think down hours to moments. In autumn the passengers of the hunting boats, that ascended the Mississippi saw him, with his crucifix hanging from his neck, clad neatly in his trapper dress, and possessing without affecting it, the aspect of a pilgrim, sitting under the southern exposure of the cliffs, with the scriptures open before him, and turning an occasional glance at the mighty stream, wedged with moving masses of ice, or whitened with flocks of swans returning to the south. In summer he was seen slowly walking, as he meditated in the midst of a magnificence of vegetable splendor, to which all the glory of Solomon was not to be compared.

In one point Antoine remembered his country. His garden was laid out with an extent and neatness, which still characterize the French gardens in that vicinity. Sometimes, though seldom, he visited the French villages of the country. The ceremonies and the tawdry trappings of chapels were not such aids of devotion to him, as the silent hymn of creation, that sounded in his mental ear, in the stillness of his prairie. The country around him, that had

been an unpeopled wilderness, was beginning to send up the smokes of settlers' cabins. To the new immigrants ascending the streams, or fixing in the prairies or forests, he was a wise counsellor, and a judicious and active friend. He knew enough of English, to be a kind of rude translator; and he thus brought the Americans and French acquainted, and softened the asperities of national and religious difference. His garden abounded with medicinal herbs, and he had studied the wild remedies of the prairies. He was physician, almoner, and priest to the recent and sickly settlers. The deep and unchangeable melancholy, that years had stamped indelibly upon his face, was tempered by a mild amenity of character. His general and extensive benevolence to the wanderers in these new and wide regions, the steady zeal and unquestionable sanctity of his piety, commanded reverence, wherever he was known. The counsel of 'the hermit of the prairies,' for so he was called, was as a law. Even the fierce spirits of the savages quailed under his influence; and they suspended their quarrels, and buried the hatchet at his mediation; for in their superstitious thoughts they regarded him, as allied to the might and the wisdom of the 'Great Spirit.'

> 'Remote from towns with God he passed his days:
> Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.'

The new settlers of such a country are sufficiently inclined to pride and self-will, in their attachment to the forms of worship, which they were wont to follow in their ancient country. But it is matter of melancholy experience, that their zeal is apt to evaporate in bigotry and forms. Preachers of the different religious sects were laboring to engraft their peculiar worship on the rising rudiments of the country. There was much wordy zeal—much disputation among them, and we fear but little real and deep piety. The religious of all denominations wished to claim Antoine; for his name and influence were great. But none could bend him to any of the narrow feelings of Catholic or Protestant, Calvinist or Methodist. To all their elaborate arguments, to bring him to lend his name to a denomination, his answer was—'I pray for light from above, while I read the good word of God; and I strive to act from the spirit of Christ's sermon on the mount.' Ask him, if he thought, that few, or many would be saved? His answer was, in his own impressive idiom, 'strive to enter in at the straight gate.' Ask him, if he loved to hear the ministers of the different denominations denounce one another, and find the burden of their theme, and their chief strain in declaring the wrath and the vengeance of the Almighty? and his answer was, 'Christ, spotless himself, was more apt to bless, than to denounce. His ministers, who are ignorant and sinful, have a peculiar obligation and function to bless.'—Ask him, what he thought of heaven, and what he hoped there?—

The answer was, 'I shall see good and great men, who have been redeemed, as myself. I shall see Him, who shed his blood on the tree. I shall see the Author of this glorious and beautiful nature.' To some select acquaintances he would add in a low voice, for he was still in the flesh, I shall see Marcella; see her in the purity and freshness of immortality; and the distinctions of earth will not interpose between our spirits.

So unquestioned was the piety of Antoine, that the most fierce and narrow sectarian would almost admit, that he was a christian. Catholics and Protestants, Calvinists and Methodists, however they denounced each other, seemed anxious to find some chasm through their barriers, through which Antoine might escape their sweeping condemnation, although neither could fully claim him, as of their sect.

Such had been Antoine for years; when an incident occurred in his uniform career of doing good, which seemed to threaten to fill his heart and his eye anew with earthly attachments, and former passions. War raged in all the borders of that new country; and he was worn and exhausted with ceaseless efforts to mitigate the murderous fury of the savages; and to save, and redeem their victims from death or captivity. On a summer Sabbath evening, he happened to stray farther than his wont, above his cabin on the shore of the Mississippi. The war yell of savages was heard above him, succeeded by the sharp discharges of rifles. A youth, apparently of sixteen was seen in the river, paddling a canoe with the energy, inspired by the terrors of death, away from the balls, which the Indians were firing upon him; and the joyous yelp of savage laughter rang through the woods, as they saw him dropping from his oars, to avoid a mortal shot. Human and Christian pity inspired him. A single word from him caused the savages to intermit their infernal sport. He spake to them in their own figure, and their own forms of speech; and asked the life of the boy. A moment's whispering ensued among them; when, as if awe struck, they shouldered their rifles, and turned back on their steps.

In his canoe, now in the middle of the stream, all this was seen, and comprehended by the youth. Antoine beckoned him to the shore. When he landed, his fair face and hair were covered with blood, which had been drawn by bullets, that had slightly grazed him, without inflicting severe and dangerous hurts. He spoke the language of Antoine; and there was something in his tones and appearance, that thrilled to the heart of the hermit. What were his joy, astonishment, and almost terror, to find, as the stains of blood were washed from his beautiful face, that it unfolded the living image of Marcella! A crowd of tumultuous thoughts and feelings rushed upon his heart, as he surveyed a resemblance too perfect, and too palpable to be mistaken. The recent terrors of death were passing from his face: but tears of anguish and grief continu

ed to trickle down his cheeks. The tones of the hermit's voice were soothing and affectionate. Nature prompted earnest caresses and embraces, which the mystery, terror and agitation of the scene forbade.

The sad story of the youth was soon told. His name was Marcellus de Liancourt, grand son of the father of Marcella. All that nobleman's family had perished in the horrors of the French Revolution, save the eldest brother of Marcella. Poor and proscribed, he fled with a crowd of other emigrants from the edge of the guillotine. He crossed the Atlantic to Quebec. In want and distress, he wandered to the west; and finally fixed himself at Prairie du Chein. He commenced Indian trader for subsistence; married an American woman, and named his first born son Marcellus, in memory of his sister. The family was descending to St. Louis; and had landed that evening, as is customary, to walk on the shore of the river, and to take in wood. The savages came upon them, and massacred every member of the family, but the eldest son, who took to the canoe, attached to the Mackinaw skiff, in which they journeyed, and providentially escaped the bullets of the savages, as has been related.

We may not prolong this tale, by relating a thousand incidents, which fostered filial affection on the part of Marcellus, and a sentiment as pure, and more tender than parental love on the part of Antoine. The ancient current of affection, which had once flowed towards Marcella, purified and delivered from every mixture of sense, swelled again from the deep fountains towards this youth, thus providentially rescued from the savages. Both were solitary on the earth; and each was all the world to the other. The youth proved as amiable, as he was beautiful; and his gratitude and reverence for his foster father knew no bounds. No miser doted more upon his hidden treasures, than did the hermit on the youth. In the chase, beside the stream with the angling rod, in the garden, traversing the prairies or the forests, they were inseparable attendants. Whoever saw the grey hairs of the one, would soon see the flowing locks and the blooming countenance of the other. The youth caught a smile from his smile, and sadness from his sorrow, and learned to pronounce the name of his relative, Marcella, with the same mysterious tenderness. This new born tie seemed to awaken in Antoine a still deeper and more ardent devotion, for he was soon fearfully aware, that his parental fondness for this youth was running to an excess of idolatrous affection, which tended to exclude God from his thoughts, and drag him back again to earth.

So cheerful and so happy was the cabin of the hermit, that months flew, as days; and earnestly did he pray, that this new object of affection might not take the place of God in his heart.—Whether it was, that anxiety on this account in some measure

unsettled his judgment, or whether a persuasion, that he possessed the faculty of presentiment, had a natural tendency to bring about the events, of which he imagined himself forewarned, is yet in question. Who knoweth the mysteries of that intercourse, which the Divinity sustains with the minds, which He has created? Explain it, as we may, about this time the hermit became persuaded, that he was mysteriously forewarned of certain important approaching events. The exactness, with which events corresponded to some of his predictions, carried the same conviction to other minds. The impression went abroad, that Antoine had prophetic forewarnings. In a new country the mind naturally tends to extremes of opinion. Antoine was now reverenced, almost feared, as a seer, as one,

> 'Whose deep experience did attain
> To something of prophetic strain.'

No religious meeting in the vicinity went off well, unless the hermit shared in its devotions. The conviction of his own prophetic powers gave a deep tone of unearthly solemnity to his deportment and conversation. They, who listened to him, and looked upon him, and heard the rich and scriptural vein of poetry, that was diffused over his words, regarded him as one, who was soon to be 'caught up.' It is a proof of the unquestionable power, which real sanctity exercises over the human mind, that the fame of the piety and alms deeds of the hermit was diffused in all that region of the Mississippi, and that he was both loved, and respected by the serious of all denominations.

The hermit and Marcellus had been to a religious meeting, in which the affections of the former had been deeply moved. It was at that time, which, more than any other in the year, disposes to 'solemn thought and heavenly musing.' It was an evening in autumn, when that season so blends with winter, that it can not be said, which predominates. The sun, about to hide his disk behind the western woods, looked enlarged, portentous, and gloomy, from behind his throne of mist and smoke; shedding a lurid light upon the declining day. Thoughts of the past came over the mind of the hermit; and unconscious tears formed in his eye. He looked round for the single object of his earthly affections. Marcellus had lingered behind, to commune with some of his equal aged companions, who had been at the worship. A shiver of terror and disappointment passed over him, as he saw not the cherished object of his love. An image, whose coloring and influence he vainly endeavored to describe, presented itself to his mind's eye; and the hermit had a distinct presentiment of the day, the hour, and the circumstances, in which the years of the youth would be numbered and finished. 'Thy will, O God, be done,' said the hermit. 'Every tie is now cut. *I shall go to him, but he can not come to me.*'

But though by a high effort he was resigned, the earth drank many a 'natural tear,' that fell as he walked to his cabin.

A frosty and winter night ensued, and the winds mustered; and their unavailing fury was heard sweeping the forests, and roaring along the high summits of the bluffs. The cabin fire blazed bright, high, and hospitably within. Some friends shared its comforts with the hermit and his foster son. The frugal supper and sylvan fruits were spread before them. The theme was the projects of speculators, who were laying out new towns in the vicinity. With the sanguine confidence of youth, the young people were prophecying of the towns, and domes, and spires, that in the half century, in prospect before them, they might expect to live to see. Marcellus for the first time seemed to have forgotten his lost parents and relatives, and gave himself up to the hopes and calculations of the future. He sketched the improvements of their future garden. He pulled down the cabin, and reared in its stead a comfortable and permanent mansion of stone. He covered the prairies with their sheep and cattle. He constructed the easy arm chair, in which he would rock the declining age of his foster father. 'Why, said he, as he proceeded to add gayer colors to the picture, why should my dear foster father weep, to see me in joy?' The old man pressed him to his bosom in an agony of affection, which affrightened the youth; and bathed his face with uncontrolled tears. 'My dear son,' said he, as soon as his voice found utterance, 'prepare thyself, to quit this land of mocking illusions and empty shadows. But let it not grieve thy young heart. To live long is only to become polluted, or insensible; or to endure the penance of a long agony. Oh! thank God, that thou wilt soon see thy parents, thy great ancestors, Marcella, and all the pure and holy in the presence of God.'

It was not the words alone, but it was the unusual and mysterious manner of his foster father, that thrilled to the heart of Marcellus. As he fell on his knees, to join in the evening prayers, he could only reconcile the agony and the exclamations, and the tears, and the wrestling with God on his account, with the received opinion of the neighbors, which unconquerable respect had hitherto prevented him from indulging, that the head of the hermit was touched.

But the next day at noon, the agile and beautiful form of Marcellus was stretched on a couch; and the dreadful malady, so well known by the name 'cold plague,' was chilling the blood in his young veins. The big cold drops fell from his flowing ringlets and his pale face. There are few hearts, we would hope, that can not enter into the agony of this parting. The old man has once more to tear up affection, root and branch from its deep hold in his heart. The other has not only to leave all, that he loves, but prospects, that yet smile, illusions, that have not yet been felt, as such, hopes.

that yet paint sweet visions of the future, and the earnest and innocent desires of nature, but a life so active and powerful, so clinging to every portion of his young frame, that he can scarcely imagine, how death can quench so bright a flame. To such a youth, 'the king of terrors' came in all his shadowy horrors. Well might he recoil from the thought, that such a frame must be stretched lifeless in the narrow precincts of a coffin, and such a warm being consigned to the damp cold earth, to be the spoil of corruption and worms. Well might his mind shrink from the illimitable and awful future; and from those dark, and undefined, and formless visions, which, seen by night, and at a distance, *when deep sleep falleth on man, cause the hair on the flesh to stand up.*

Religion and affection declare to man, in the last moments, that he is immortal. Marcellus, struggling with his last enemy, felt too keenly the speechless distress of his foster father, to suffer pain or terror on his own account. 'My dear, dear father, said he, in feeble accents, be comforted. Be calm, and I will die, as if sinking in sleep. I will tell them above of my father, tell them, what he has been to me. I will beseech the ministering angels, to deal gently, and tenderly with your hoary hairs. I will wrestle with Him, who can grant it, to assign you a near place to Him, *who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.*

The neighbors assembled. The eye of the Hermit was dry, and his manner was calm, though he occasionally trembled with internal struggle, as they bore away the body of Marcellus, and deposited it beside the rustic cenotaph of Marcella. Henceforward his look and his tone were, as of one, whose spirit was above, while his body only seemed to linger behind. Food was placed before him, which he took, as by the mechanical influence of habit.

A deep and pensive smile was always on his face, and his whole conversation was of the life to come. The ignorant and thoughtless in the vicinity were now confident, that he was mad. This thought, uniting with the general persuasion, that the future was manifest to him, inspired such terror, that he would have been left to perish in utter forlornness and desertion, had there not been in the number of his neighbors two minds, above these idle terrors. They watched over him, with tenderness, pity and assiduity. He the while conversed with himself; was often engaged in prayer, and wandered recklessly, and without object, by day or by night, in all those paths in the forests or prairies, or beside the streams, where Marcellus had been wont to accompany him. He often stopped on his way, pouring a deep strain of lament and mourning, like Job, when he looked upon earth, and saw it all, as *darkness and the shadow of death.* At times he evidently wandered; for he would hold forth his arms, calling on Marcellus and Marcella, as if present.—'My children, said he, we are weary. Let us go, and court the refreshment of sleep.'

Three weeks from the decease of Marcellus, he became cheerful, and resumed his natural manner. His friends were requested to dispense with their customary attendance. He visited every neighbor, on either side of the Mississippi. He conversed with them with a brightened countenance, and as in former days, though his whole strain was solemn and pressing exhortance. When he left the threshold, he shook hands with every one in turn. He stooped, and kissed the cheek of the children, and begged them to receive the last earthly farewell of the hermit of the prairie.—They were aware, though he said not so, that he had been premonished of his end. That last visit will long dwell in the memory of the inhabitants of those prairies.

The Sabbath preceding his death, he attended, as had been his former wont, a religious meeting in his vicinity. He was requested, as usual, to take his part in the services. When he rose, the crowded congregation, in the narrow place of worship, was hushed, as in death. Friends, said he, *I speak the words of truth and soberness*, when I tell you, *that you will here see my face no more.* Nor would I tell you this, did I not hope, that the last words of the hermit would be remembered, to do good. Not one of you will ever weave fairer dreams, than those of my youth. Blessed be God, He banished my dreams. He rebuked my enchantments. He severely tore away the illusions, which were drawn between me and the truth; and by removing every thing beside, He left me nothing, but himself to love. I sought Him on the shores of the western sea. I communed with Him on the lofty and icy mountains. I sought Him, and I found Him on the broad lakes and in the silent forests. My heart was once more joining itself *to my idols*, in the dear youth, whom, the other day, we committed to the dust. Severely kind, God hath taken him, also, away from me. I follow him, and cheerfully, to that world, where love will be no longer stained by aught of impurity, or indulged in excess. I die in the pale of no sect—for religion is not a name, nor the fruit of a profession; but an awful reality of the heart. I humbly hope, that I have studied and followed Him, who went among the mountains to pray, and whose life was *harmless, holy and undefiled. I know, in whom I have trusted*, and I go at the call of God, not only without regret, but with the longing of the *hireling for his wages*, and the evening shade. I shall be delivered from vanity, and the dreams of the senses. I shall see Him, *whom my soul loveth*, in the pure light of truth. Two, that were dear to me on the earth, hold forth their arms from above the stars, and invite me *to come up thither.* Ye dwellers in these forests and prairies, there is nothing, but God and religion for man, while he sojourns in this region of shadows. Let your solitudes be vocal with the name and the praise of God. Praise Him, as you walk amidst his flowering meadows. Praise Him, as you hear the roar of his winds in the forests. Praise, and love, and trust

Him, even unto death. Above all things, study his word, and live his praise.'

Thus, for a long time, exhorted the hermit, and when he closed, he spake a word to each, as he called his name, and affectionately shook his hand. His manner was, as of a spirit, prepared to take its flight. There was a sweetness in his resigned and glad countenance, a mellowness in his tremulous voice, a persuasion even in his foreign accent, that melted every heart. And when he fell on his knees, and raised his hands, saying, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' there were few of those rough, and yet warm hearted people, whose eyes did not fill, *sorrowing most of all*, for that they believed his words, *that they should see his face no more.*

Next day at noon, Antoine was laid on the bed of mortal sickness. But he was calm, and even cheerful; and he sung praises to God, in the same strain, with the sweet singer of Israel, as he prepared to *walk through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil.* His adieus to this dark and troubled scene, and to all, that he was about to leave behind, was as the note of the dying swan.—'All, said he, that I love, is before me, and I leave nothing to regret behind.' I loved to contemplate nature, for I saw God in the prairies, and the mountains, and the forests. This fair nature I shall see no more. I shall no longer seat myself on the shore of our mighty river, and muse upon eternity in view of its ceaseless rollings through the dark forests. But I shall see better and more glorious things. The stars shall roll beneath my feet. I shall see my dear loved ones. I shall be *led by Him, who bought me with a price, to living fountains; and all tears shall be wiped away.* As the sun of that calm evening sunk behind the forests, he yielded his last sigh; and the smile of faith, and hope, and triumph, were indelibly impressed on the venerable face, where death had also set its pale and unchangeable seal.

The hermit of the prairies was buried under the shade of a favorite maple, near the rock of his hermitage, and beside the grave of Marcellus. The neighbors bore him away without a funeral oration; but honest and unwitnessed tears were shed upon the turf. We have seen columns marked with eulogy, and we have read the praises of the dead, inscribed on pillars and monumental stones. We have read, also, with interest the inscription on the rough wooden crucifix, that marks the narrow dwelling of 'the hermit of the prairies.'

Ci git
Antoine Dardenne, age 75, ans.
Il chantoit louanges a la Divinite,
Seul sur ces prairies paisibles.
Il est parti chanter toujours en cieux.

There are some in that region, who will long remember the hermit. But it is no matter, how soon he is forgotten, so that his

spirit rejoices above with those, he loved, and with God. The boatmen, as they ascend the Mississippi, have thrilling stories to relate of him; how he could tell fortunes, and conjure with spirits, and knew, where there were mines of silver, and carbuncles, and gems; and they affirm, that his spirit is often seen, of moonlight evenings coursing along on the lower clouds, and sailing over the prairies, accompanied with shadows of more than mortal grandeur and beauty. Not a child of that vicinity dares, even yet, to pass near the cabins and the crucifix, without walking rapidly, and saying the *pater noster* in French, or English, according as he speaks the one language, or the other.

REPTILES OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

[Extracts from 'Geography and History of the Western States.']

This region, in its whole extent, is infested with the usual varieties of the rattle snake, *crotalus horridus*. The serpents of this class are sufficiently known. The yellow rattle snake is found in the southern parts of this valley of the largest size. In the regions far to the west, they are said to consort with prairie dogs, and to inhabit the same burrows. They travel in the night, and frequent roads and house paths.

The king snake has a body beautifully variegated, in annular circles, of all the colors of the bow. Its bite is innocent, but it is considered to be, like the lion, among beasts, the tyrant of this race of reptiles.

In the boggy swamps of the lower country is an undescribed serpent, resembling an eel. It is called the water asp. It is said, that the bite has sometimes proved fatal.

The copper head is a terrible serpent, deemed to inflict a more dangerous bite than the rattle snake. They inhabit the same region, but are not so common, as the former. They are of a dirty brown color; and when they have recently shed their skin, some parts of their body resemble burnished copper, whence they derive their name. They are of a smaller size, than the rattle snake.

Moccasin snake. There are three or four varieties of this serpent, inhabiting the southern country. The upland moccasin has many aspects in common with the rattle snake, but is a serpent still more repulsive in appearance. We have seen them of great size; and their fang teeth are the largest and longest, that we have seen. They are most often seen basking among the bastard cane. The water moccasins, as their name imports, are water snakes.—The largest variety resembles the water snake of the Atlantic

country. It has a very large, flat head, and is thence called by the French, '*tete ptat.*' It opens its upper jaw at right angles to the under one. It is a lazy, reckless animal, neither flying, nor pursuing man. It is a serpent of the largest size; has a ground colored, scaly back; and in point of venom, is classed with the rattle snake. There is another species of the moccasin, rarely seen out of the water, of a brilliant copper color, with annular, gray stripes, marking off compartments at equal distances.

Brown viper, or hissing snake. It is of a dirty brown color, from six to eight inches long; with a body large in proportion, and terminating abruptly in a sharp tail. When angry, their backs change color, and their heads flatten, and dilate to twice the common extent, and their hiss is like that of a goose. They are extremely ugly animals; and, though very diminutive, are supposed to be of the most venomous class. We confined one by a stick across its back, and it instantly bit itself in two or three places. We gave it liberty, and observed its movements. It soon became very much swollen, and died.

Horn snake. Judge Bullit, of Arkansas, informed us, that he killed one of these serpents in his smoke house. He described the serpent, as of moderate size, blackish color, and with a thorn in its tail, resembling that of a dunghill cock. From its movements, he judged it to be its weapon of defence. We have heard others, who have killed, or seen this serpent, describe it. We have heard many of the common reports of its deadly venom, but never have seen a single attested proof; and we consider them all, as entirely fabulous.

We have neither the information, nor space, to enable us to be minute in our catalogue and description of these loathsome and dreaded reptiles. We have seen six or eight species, that we never saw in the Atlantic country; and we consider this region more infested with serpents, than that. Perhaps we might except from this remark the southern Atlantic country. Wherever the population becomes dense, the swine prey upon them, and they quickly disappear. Their most permanent and dangerous resorts are near the bases of rocky and precipitous hills, about ledges of flint knobs, and, in the lower and southern country, along the bayous, and near those vast swamps, that can not be inhabited for ages. People are often bitten by these terrible animals. The pain is excruciating; and the person that is badly bitten, swells, and soon becomes blind. The more venomous of the serpents themselves become blind, during the latter part of summer. They are then, of course, less apt to strike their aim; but their bite, at this period, is most dangerous. The people suppose this blindness occasioned by the absorption of their own poison into their system.

Whether it be, that the numerous remedies, that are prescribed here, are really efficacious, or whether, as to us appears more

probable, the poison of these venomous reptiles is not fatal, unless conveyed into some leading vein, from whatever cause it be, it so happens, that few fatalities occur from their bite. We have seen great numbers, that have been bitten by rattle snakes, or copper heads, or moccasins; and we have never seen a fatal case. We read, indeed, of a most tragical occurrence, more horrible in the relation, than the ancient fiction of Laocoon. An immigrant family inadvertently fixed their cabin on the shelving declivity of a ledge, that proved a den of rattle snakes. Warmed by the first fire on the hearth of the cabin, the terrible reptiles issued in numbers, and of course in rage, by night into the room, where the whole family slept. As happens in those cases, some slept on the floor, and some in beds. The reptiles spread in every part of the room, and mounted on every bed. Children were stung in the arms of their parents, and in each other's arms. Imagination dares not dwell on the horrors of such a scene. Most of the family were bitten to death; and those, who escaped, finding the whole cabin occupied by these horrid tenants, hissing and shaking their rattles, fled from the house by beating off the covering of the roof, and escaping in that direction.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the remedies, that are prescribed here, for the bite of these reptiles. It is a received maxim, that the application of volatile alkali, internally, and to the wound, neutralizes the poison, and is a certain cure.

Of harmless serpents, this country has the usual varieties,—as the green, garter, chicken and coach-whip snakes.

We have often seen the glass snake, with a body of the most lustrous brilliance. A stroke across the back separates the body into a number of pieces. Each of these pieces preserves for some time the power of loco-motion, and continues to move. The people believe, that these pieces soon meet, and unite, and become as before the separation.

Bull, or prairie snake, is one of great size, and horrid appearance. They are common on the prairies, live in holes in the ground, and run at the passing traveller with a loud hiss; but if he stands, they instantly retreat to their holes. We believe them to be perfectly harmless; though such is their size, boldness and formidable appearance, that it is long, before the resident in these regions gets over his horror of them.

Lizzards, *lacertæ*. Ugly animals of this kind are seen, in greater or less numbers, in all the climates. They are seen under rotten logs, and are dug from the rich and muddy alluvions. These last are lazy and loathsome animals, and are called 'ground puppies.' We never saw any disposition in them to bite. Common, small lizzards are frequent in the southern districts, running along the logs, and making just such a sound, as the rattle snake, when he gives his warning.

There are varieties of small camelions. They are apparently harmless animals; though when we have caught them, they showed every disposition to bite. They will change in half an hour to all the colors of the prism. Green seems to be their favorite color, and when on a green tree, that is their general hue. While in this color, the under part of their neck becomes of a beautiful scarlet. Their throat swells, and they emit a sharp note, like that of one of the larger kinds of grasshoppers, when singing. We have placed them on a handkerchief, and they have gradually assumed all its colors. Placed on a black surface, they become brown; but they evidently suffer, while under this color, as is manifested by uneasy movements, and by strong and quick palpitations, visible to the eye. They are very active and nimble animals, three or four inches in length.

Scorpions are lizzards of a larger class, and flatter heads. They are animals of an ugly appearance, and are deemed very poisonous. We could not learn, however, that any person had been known to be bitten by them. When attacked, they show, indeed, the anger and the habits of serpents, vibrating a fiery and forked tongue, and biting with great fury at the stick, which arrests them.

What is here called tarantula, is a huge kind of spider, estimated to inflict a dangerous bite.

The copper colored centipede is of a cylindrical form, and oftentimes of the size and length of a man's finger. A family is said to have been poisoned, by taking tea, in which one of them had been inadvertently boiled.

Alligator is the most terrible animal of this class. This large and powerful lizzard is first seen in numbers, in passing to the south, on the Arkansas,—that is to say, a little north of 33°; and this is its general northern limit across the valley. Vast numbers are seen in the slow streams and shallow lakes of Florida and Alabama; but they abound most on Red river, the Mississippi lakes, and the bayous west of that river. On these sleeping waters, the cry of a sucking pig on the bank will draw a shoal of them from their muddy retreats at the bottom. The largest alligator, that we ever saw killed in these regions, measured something more, than sixteen feet from its snout to the extremity of its tail. They have at times, especially before stormy weather, a singular roar, or bellow, not exactly, as Bartram has described it, like distant thunder,—but more like the half suppressed roarings of a bull. When moving about on their customary vocations in the water, they seem like old logs in motion. In fine weather, they doze in listlessness on the sandbars. Such is their recklessness, that they allow the people on the passing steam boats to come within a few paces of them. The ascent of a steam boat on an alligator stream, at the proper season for them, is a continual discharge of rifles at them. A riflle ball will glance from their bo-

dies, unless they are hit in a particular direction and place.—We witnessed the shots of a man, who killed them nine fires in ten. They are not, like tortoises, or other amphibious animals, tenacious of life, but bleed profusely, and immediately expire, when mortally wounded. They strike with their tails, coiled in the section of a circle; and this blow has great power. The animal stricken, is by the same blow propelled towards their mouth, to be devoured. Their strength of jaws is prodigious, and they are exceedingly voracious. They have large, ivory teeth, which contain a cavity, sufficiently large to hold a musket charge of powder, for which purpose they are commonly used by sportsmen.—The animal, when slain, emits an intolerable smell of musk; and it is asserted that its head contains a quantity of that drug. They will sometimes chase children, and would overtake them, were it not for their inability to make lateral movements. Having few joints in their body, and very short legs, they can not readily turn from a straight forward direction. Consequently, they, who understand their movements, avoid them without difficulty, by turning off at right angles, and leaving the animal to move forward, under its impulse in that direction. Indeed, they are by no means so dangerous, as they are commonly reputed to be. It is said, they will attack a negro in the water, in preference to a white. But they are chiefly formidable to pigs, calves, and domestic animals of that size. They are rather objects of terror from their size, strength, and ugly appearance, and from their large teeth and strong jaws, than from the actual injuries, which they have been known to inflict. The female deposites a great number of eggs, like a tortoise, in a hole on the sandbars, and leaves them to be hatched by the ardors of the sun upon the sand. When they are hatched, the turkey buzzards, and the parents are said alike to prey upon them. Instinct prompts them for self preservation to plunge in the water. The skin of the alligator is valuable for the tanner.

Tortoises. There are the usual varieties of the Atlantic country. The soft shelled mud-tortoise of the lakes about New Orleans, and west of the Mississippi, is said to be not much inferior to the West India turtle for the table. Epicures, who are dainty in their food, consider their flesh a great delicacy.

The lower part of this valley is a land of lakes, marshes and swamps; and is, of course, prolific in toads, frogs, and animals of that class.

The bull frog, *rana boans, vel pipiens.* The deep notes of this animal are heard in great perfection in the swamps back of New Orleans.

Murena siren is a very singular animal, as far as we know, undescribed by naturalists. It somewhat resembles the lamprey, and is nearly two feet in length. It seems intermediate between the fish

and the lizzard class. It has two short legs, placed near the head. It is amphibious, and penetrates the mud with the facility of a crawfish.

Crawfish. There are vast numbers of these small, fresh water lobsters every where in the shallow waters and low grounds of this country. By penetrating the levee of the Mississippi, they have more than once made those little perforations, that have imperceptibly enlarged to crevasses, by which the inundation of the river has been let in upon the country.

In the pine barrens of Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, is found an animal, apparently of the tortoise class, commonly called the *gouffre*. It has a large and thick shell, and burrows to a great depth in the ground. It is of prodigious power and strength, and resembles in many respects the loggerhead turtle.

POETICAL.

MENANDER,

A WESTERN EPIC.

Good now, sweet reader, if you'l lend awhile
A patient eye, I will a tale unfold.
I should have crav'd in true poetic style,
A patient ear, as minstrels did of old,
And as our modern writers do, when they
Do up the business, in the good old way;

But then it struck me, on reflection,
That what was proper once, might now be wrong;
Then, the bard's tone was recollection;
Then, heavenly music was the voice of song,
And, through the charmed ear, more swiftly stole
With Poesy's bright visions to the soul.

But now, for memory, we have stereotypes,
And super-royals body forth our dreams;
We've poet's corners, for those sylvan pipes,
That shepherds touch'd—beside the sedge-crown'd streams,
And for their Lyres, as each bookseller knows,
Neat, hot-pressed, gilt bound duodecimos.

They had no printers, and not many scribes;
So that their random thoughts, were rarely penn'd:
But now, that printer's devils come in tribes,
Of making many books there is no end;
And the poor author has hard work to find
A virgin title, suited to his mind.

The end of all these matters, once, was vanity,
As said the preacher; now 'tis the beginning,
And the whole sum and substance is inanity;
Yet do the harden'd authors keep on sinning,

As though they did not know, that pastry cooks
Must sit in judgment on their uncut books.

I was permitted, in my youthful folly,
To write, and send a book forth, once myself;
And now, it makes me feel right melancholy,
Whene'er, by chance, I see it on a shelf;
Not, that I think the book was common trash,
But, that it cost some hundred dollars cash.

Here, I would have it fully understood,
That my regret is of no selfish kind;
But, such a grief, as I consider good;
A deep, compunctious visiting of mind,
That I, for idle fame, should e'er have spent,
That which had help'd a friend's embarrassment.

But let that pass; for I have inly vow'd,
To expiate that youthful indiscretion,
By keeping down this soul, that soars so proud,
Pent in the wicker-cage of my profession,
'Till, like a parrot, I can quote wise saws,
And seem, at least, right learned in the laws.

It may be, that, at times, her weary eye,
Will look forth, wishful, through the prisoning wire,
And, at the sight of earth, and air, and sky,
Flash with a sparkle of its wonted fire,
But it will soon be quench'd; yes, I will quench it,
Aye, in the law's Lethean current drench it.

But, it is not my purpose, to digress;
It seems so like irrelevant proceedings,
That, though most lawyers do it, more or less.
Particularly in their jury pleadings,
I never mean to be a random pleader,
Nor dangle with the patience of my reader.

So to my promised tale. 'Twas early May,
And the young orient dawn had risen, as bright
As when, upon creation's seventh day,
It rose, all fresh in loveliness and light
O'er finish'd Eden, ushering in a day of rest,
That even God, himself, took pleasure in, and bless'd.

The Mississippi, with its full spring tide,
Swept in its torrent majesty along,
And down its breast, in all her painted pride,
Rush'd a gay steam-boat, with her crowded throng;
Cleaving the rapid flood, and spurning back,
It swiftest wave, for lingering in her track.

Moor her in Venice, and one might have thought her,
A sea-girt palace of the Adriatic,
Towering on high, above the smooth green water,
In triple story, from her base aquatic;
And she was fill'd with crowds, as blithe, and gay
As ever sported a Venetian holiday.

Thence, might be heard, back on the breezes floating,
The mingled murmur of an hundred tongues;
Deep politicians, arguing and voting,
With heads prophetic, and untiring lungs,
Profoundly settling, as the steam-boat went,
That knotty problem, our next president.

And from within, came joyous, though remote,
Songs from the gay, and laughter from the young,
While ever and anon, with clarion note,
High o'er the rest, the stirring bugle sung,
'Till the rous'd echos started at the sound,
And answer'd from their solitudes around.

Along the guards, like lovers arm in arm,
Some exercising coxcombs wheel'd, and march'd,
Their snow-white ruffles, done up to a charm,
And their broad collars admirably starch'd;
While on the stern, a group of ladies fair,
Were sitting out to take the morning air.

And there was one, who shun'd the crowd, and stood
On the high deck, all silent and alone;
But not in sadness, for that solitude
Had charms, to him peculiarly its own,
And there, the sun, at earliest morn had found him,
Gazing, as now, upon the landscape round him.

In sooth, it was a spirit stirring sight,
The broad smooth stream, that sunward spread,

In many a glowing league of amber light,
The small green island, sleeping just ahead,
The willow shores, back'd by their forests tall,
And the blue hills, just peeping over all.

All these, thus blent, in one enchanting scene,
Might well have caught, a less observant eye;
Nor was his look, the careless glance, I ween,
That saw, admir'd, and pass'd forgotten by;
'Twas of that fix't and memory-printing kind,
That left the landscape, pictur'd in his mind.

But courage, reader, I have almost done.
With all my moralizing, and description;
And, when the narrative is once begun,
I shall out do the critical prescription,
And rush 'in medias res,' like—let me see,
Which now would make the prettiest simile?

There is the swift, yet the majestic motion,
Of the launch'd vessel, when she leaves her rest,
And rushes headlong to the buoyant ocean,
As though it was a mother's cradling breast;
And there's the happy plunge, with which a hog,
Souses head-foremost in the soft cool bog.

I've given both—let people take their choice,
And give me credit for my great good nature;
For 'tis not often, that they have a voice,
With critics, poets, or the legislature,
Unless new publications are intended;
Or, the full term of service, nearly ended.

Here, I'd make free, to pause awhile, and give
A short preliminary explanation;
Since this most interesting narrative,
Will doubtless have a general circulation;
Did I not think it best, that folks should doubt,
Rather than have their patience worried out.

Not, that I care what learned critics say,
About illusion, '*vraisemblance*,' conciseness;
Their keen hair-splitting, mathematic way,
Of carving poetry with so much niceness

Is monstrous silly; and besides, the fact is,
Their precepts are condem'd by their own practice.

Who has not seen, one dull idea's lead,
As though endow'd, with something like ubiquity,
Throughout whole paragraphs, and pages spread,
In the—but 'twere gratuitous iniquity,
To give the name, since title-giving mention,
Would scandalize the reader's comprehension.

We left our hero, whom we will now christen,
'Just for distinction's sake, and perspicuity,'
Menander, watching the sun-lit waters glisten,
Not with a look of indolent vacuity,
But with a passionate gaze, like that which first
Makes the young parting bosom almost burst.

His love of nature was a real passion,
Not that affected, sentimental rant,
Which has now grown so terribly in fashion,
And which, with its apostrophizing cant,
Sets every corner with an exclamation,
Like a steel trap, to catch one's admiration.

And there he stood, chain'd by the magic spell
Of nature's loveliness; and there had stood,
Perhaps all day, had not the breakfast bell,
Reminded him of less etherial food,
And call'd him to a very splendid table,
At which, as many sat down, as were able.

Among one hundred, who were seated there,
That is, of ladies, gentlemen and all,
There were some maidens, who were thought quite fair,
And some young men, who felt extremely tall,
And there was one, sweet pale-faced girl, that sate,
Just opposite to where our hero ate.

She had a keen, and bosom-piercing eye,
As bright as soul could make it, and a brow,
Whose pale serenity might almost vie
With sculptur'd marble. But I'm forced just now,
To stop awhile, and let my poem slumber,
Till it can waken, in another number.

M. P. F.

REVIEW.

Chronicles of the Canongate. By the Author of WAVERLEY. In two volumes. Carey, Lea and Carey. Philadelphia, 1827.

In an introduction of twelve pages, Sir Walter Scott assigns his motives for avowing himself the sole author of the Waverley novels, and gives such a kind of basis for them, and such authorities for the quotations, at the heads of the chapters, as we had always supposed, they had; that is to say, that warp and woof were alike woven in his own teeming brain. We are not without his own suspicions, that it may indeed happen to him, as he relates of the harlequin, whose acting was by no means so well received, after he had thrown off his mask, and stood before the public in *propria persona*, as before. There is an inconceivable power over the imagination in mystery, giving piquancy to the restless inquiries of curiosity, which ceases, as soon as the whole subject, predicate and conclusion lie unveiled before us. There is, also, an inexplicable influence, as of magic, which the works of an author, like him before us, finally acquires over the taste and judgment.

He is aware of it; and it will be well for the estimate of his correct and honorable feelings, if he is not tempted by cupidity, to draw too largely upon that influence. Who but he, could have relied so far upon public favor, as to calculate, that it would buy, and read all the small common place garrulity, which precedes the three stories, that appear in these two volumes? It is true, writing flows from his pen as easily, and seemingly as unconsciously, as the respiration of a person in full health. This, it is true, is a surprising endowment. Very few can write as easily, as a voluble French woman talks. Let any one, to whom this gift is not awarded, try, and satisfy himself, if it is an easy attainment. Sir Walter Scott possesses this talent in a degree, which, it seems to us, has not been awarded to any other author, living, or dead, with whom our reading has brought us acquainted. But when, in these hard days of close calculation, we pay a man a couple of dollars for conversing with us, at our leisure intervals, for two, or three days, we reasonably expect that his conversation shall be of the very best stamp, and the highest order. We do not pay our money for the spectacle, however rare, of the extreme ease, with which an author can pour forth neat periods of calm and unpretending wit, as steadily as a stream flows on through its meadows. We are disappointed, in not finding 'beaten oil,' and nothing bet-

ter, than the conversation of any talented man for the same length of time. In fact the fare is less sapid—for the living tones, enforced by the expression of the countenance, and the brightness of the eye, give an interest to such common place prattle, that can never be translated to the dead letter, which speaks to the eye instead of the ear and the heart.

He engages our undivided interest, while he is relating the anecdote of harlequin, and giving up the bases, upon which his more popular novels were founded; though certainly to most minds it will be a painful disclosure, to look in upon the meagre and every day incidents, that gave origin to the splendid illusions, in the tales of my landlord. The history of *Croftangry and Ma belle cousine* is well enough for two old cronies, approaching their dotage, but certainly is not the kind of writing, with which Sir Walter Scott ought to treat the public. Were this same writing presented by a nameless writer, it would fall dead from the press. To read writing of such an order, under the charmed influence of his name, has an unfavorable effect upon common minds. It weakens and destroys the discriminating faculty. Readers think, that there must be something in works of so much fame, which their tact has been unable to seize; and distrust themselves and inability to judge in any case, is the consequence.

There are, indeed, 104 pages in the first volume, that are astonishing proofs, how easily and well an author can talk about nothing. But let any man in our country, except our countryman Cooper, in Sir Walter Scott's phrase, print so much 'fule talk,' and let the latter part of his volume transcend 'Milton's Paradise Lost,' and we answer, that the first part will drag the second down to oblivion. Scribblers ought to live; but not at the expense of the reader's losing the faculty of *discerning between good and evil.* One half of these two volumes is a manifest draft upon the influence of his name. Any imagination of common freedom and vigor can supply, in evening twilight, over the extinguishing coals of the afternoon's fire, as good matter, as this about Mr. Croftangry.—Perhaps he has contrived this tedious approach to his parlor, only as a trick, to give us more pleasure, when we arrive there. If so, it is an artifice, too expensive for the reader, and we ought to have been introduced to the 'Highland widow,' without any other preamble, than half a dozen commencing paragraphs. We do not doubt, that this thrilling story comes with more interest, following behind the tame matter, that precedes it. In this story Sir Walter Scott is all himself again. Like the thing, touched by the spear of the good angel, Ithuriel, he instantly stands forth in his own proper dimensions. The story of the Highland widow is simply this:

Elspat M'Tarish is the widow of a Cateran of the Highlands of Scotland. She has one child, a boy called Hamish Bean, or the

fairer haired Hamish. The widow had accompanied her husband in many of his dangerous expeditions. and had often assisted him to defend himself from his enemies. The fondness, that she had imbibed for this mode of life, and the independence, which she thought it gave to those, who adopted it, led her, together with her peculiar character, to think it the only honorable pursuit for her son. While he was yet too young, to support himself, he lived with his mother in a lonely and comfortless hut, and they subsisted upon the milk of a few goats and meal. The latter Elspat often demanded, rather than asked of her neighbors. Her wants were generally satisfied more through fear than love. Her sternness and seclusion inspired the superstitious people, among whom she dwelt, with a belief, that she could harm them, although apparently powerless. Her son, as he grew to manhood, did not evince the blood-thirsty disposition, that she wished to see in him. He saw, what his mother would not see, that the moral world around him had undergone a great change, since his father's death, and that, were he still living, he could no longer, with his little band of followers, obtain a subsistence by openly robbing his neighbors. His mother reproaches him for want of courage and manliness. He leaves her in her anger, and enlists in a regiment of Highlanders, formed for the purpose of being sent to America. The feelings of his mother, during his absence, fluctuate between anger and love; for she loved her son with the concentered affection of a heart, that has but one object on the earth to love. While in this situation she receives, by a messenger from her son, money, and the information that she will see him in a few days. Under the belief, that her son had fulfilled her wishes, and that the money, which she now held, was received in payment for cattle, taken from some farm, and sold by him, the agitation of her mind subsides, and she becomes as happy, as she had been in her best days. She decorates her hut with an evergreen, that had been her husband's favorite; makes all the preparations of food, that her limited means will allow, in expectation of the arrival of Hamish. After days and nights spent by the widow, in the sickness of heart, produced by 'hope deferred,' her son arrives clad in the prohibited tartan. Her delusion is strengthened by this circumstance. When Hamish undeceives her, and tells the truth, her anger is terrible; but it does not alter the purpose of her son. Then she taunts him with the degradation, to which he has subjected himself, should he be compelled by circumstances to seem a deserter; but all her efforts are fruitless. She now appears to submit to the evil, that she cannot remove, and bends every effort to make him happy, while he is yet with her. The time for his departure having come, she offers him liquor, that he may drink for the last time, under the roof that had sheltered his father. Elspat had mixed with the liquor a decoction of narcotic herbs. A deep sleep comes upon the young

man, and when he awakes, the time in which he should have joined his regiment, has passed. Elspat hoped, that her son, certain of receiving a punishment, which would be more dreadful to him, than death, should he now join his regiment, would escape with her farther into the Highlands; and that they would live there the life that she loved. But Elspat was disappointed. No intreaties could induce Hamish to leave the hut. The noble minded young man had lost all wish to live, since the promise that he had given his commander was broken. Goaded by the reproaches of his mother, he shot the officer of the party, despatched in search of him, as he approached to disarm him. The remainder of the miserable Elspat's life was passed alone in her hut. She held no intercourse with humanity, and sought no compassion for her sufferings. When she was reduced so low by disease, that, apparently, she could not turn upon her wretched couch, the minister sent two women to watch with her, and attend her through the last agonies. From fatigue they fell asleep, during the night. When they awoke, Elspat was gone. Search was made for her body; but it was never found. The most probable opinion, formed with regard to her disappearance, was, that in her hatred to mankind, she dragged her feeble limbs to some cavern, known only to herself, there to die unseen. We have selected the followiug quotations:

Page 132. After gazing on this victim of guilt and calamity, till I was ashamed, to remain silent, though uncertain how I ought to address her, I began to express my surprise at her choosing such a desert and deplorable dwelling. She cut short these expressions of sympathy by answering in a stern voice, without the least change of countenance or posture—'Daughter of the stranger, he has told you my story;' I was silenced at once, and felt how little all earthly accommodation must seem to the mind, which had such subjects as hers, for rumination. Without again attempting to open the conversation, I took a piece of gold from my purse, for Donald had intimated, she lived on alms, expecting she would at least stretch her hand to receive it. But she neither accepted, nor rejected the gift—she did not even seem to notice it—though twenty times as valuable, probably, as was usually offered. I was obliged to place it on her knee, saying involuntarily, as I did so, 'May God pardon you, and relieve you!' I shall never forget the look, which she cast up to heaven, nor the tone in which she exclaimed, in the very words of my old friend, John Home—'My beautiful—my brave!' It was the language of nature, and arose from the heart of the deprived mother, as it did from that gifted and imaginative poet, while furnishing with appropriate expressions the ideal grief of Lady Randolph.

Page 170. He sat down on the bed—reclined back, and almost instantly was fast asleep. With the throbbing glee of one who has brought to an end a difficult and troublesome enterprise, Elspat proceeded tenderly to arrange the plaid of the unconscious slumberer, to whom her extravagant affection was doomed to be so fatal, expressing, while busied in her office, her delight, in

tones of mingled tenderness and triumph. 'Yes,' she said, 'calf of my heart, the moon shall arise, and set to thee, and so shall the sun; but not to light thee from the land of thy fathers, or tempt thee to serve the foreign prince, or the feudal enemy! To no son of Dermid shall I be delivered, to be fed, like a bondswoman; but he who is my pleasure and my pride shall be my guard and my protector. They say the Highlands are changed; but I see Ben Cruachan rear his crest as high as ever into the evening sky—no one hath yet herded his kine on the depth of Lock Awe—and yonder oak does not yet bend, like a willow. The children of the mountains will be such as their fathers, until the mountains themselves shall be levelled with the strath. In these wild forests, which used to support thousands of the brave, there is still surely subsistence and refuge left for one aged woman, and one gallant youth, of the ancient race and the ancient manners.'

Page 180. 'Leave me,' she said, 'to baffle your pursuers. I will save your life—I will save your honor—I will tell them, that my fair-haired Hamish fell from the Corrie dhu (black precipice) into the gulf, of which human eye never beheld the bottom. I will tell them this, and I will fling your plaid on the thorns, which grow on the brink of the precipice, that they may believe my words. They will believe, and they will return to the Dun of the double crest; for though the Saxon drum can call the living to die, it can not recall the dead to their slavish standard. Then we will travel together far northward to the salt lakes of Kintail, and place glens and mountains betwixt us and the sons of Dermid. We will visit the shores of the dark lake, and my kinsmen—for was not my mother of the children of Kenneth, and will they not remember us, with the old love? my kinsmen will receive us with the affection of the olden time, which lives in those distant glens, where the Gael still dwell in their nobleness, unmingled with the churl Saxons, or with the base brood that are their tools and their slaves.'

The energy of the language, somewhat allied to hyperbole, even in its most ordinary expressions, now seemed almost too weak to afford Elspat the means of bringing out the splendid picture, which she presented to her son, of the land in which she proposed to him to take refuge. Yet the colours were few, with which she could paint her Highland paradise. 'The hills,' she said, 'were higher, and more magnificent, than those of Breadalbane. Ben Cruachan was but a dwarf to Skooroora. The lakes were broader and larger, and abounded not only with fish, but with the enchanted and amphibious animal, which gives oil to the lamp. The deer were larger and more numerous—the white tusked boar, the chase of which the brave loved best, was yet to be roused in these western solitudes—the men were nobler, wiser, and stronger, than the degenerate brood who lived under the Saxon banner. The daughters of the land were beautiful, with blue eyes and fair hair and bosoms of snow, and out of these she would choose a wife for Hamish, of blameless descent, spotless fame, fixed and true affection, who should be in their summer bothy as a beam of the sun, and in their winter abode as the warmth of the needful fire.'

The Surgeon's daughter is the third story in the Chronicles of the Canongate, and with the exception of a few pages, fills the second volume entirely. It is in our opinion, inferior, and decidedly so, to the Highland widow. It wants fidelity to nature, both in the characters and incidents; and appears to us throughout an affair poorly got up. We pass it over, premising, that the scene is laid partly in England, and partly in India; and that it is a love story of the old school.

In our notice of these volumes, we have omitted the story of the 'Drovers.' It is the narrative of a mere common murder, colored with a certain degree of interest, from its having been dimly foreseen through the gift of second sight, by the aunt of the Highland murderer; by the long and generous forbearance of this Highlandman, before he is provoked to the act, and by his dogged, unconquerable and noble minded submission to his fate, afterwards.

The deportment of this man, after the murder is committed, and until his execution, suggests a few critical remarks, upon the general style and character of all the novels of this class. There is nothing in these volumes to equal the interest of 'Old Mortality,' or Jennie Deans. But the 'Highland widow' has a portion of that same deep interest, that same power of harrowing the feelings, that same clear insight into the folds of the human heart, that same power of discerning its motives, in depths, dark and unfathomable to common eyes, which to us form the most distinguishing features of his writings. Sir Walter Scott has certainly a great deal of variety in his vast assemblage of characters. Yet we observe one general grouping of all his historical paintings. One *beau ideal* of courage, dignity and virtue, in all his interesting personages. One common idea of the ludicrous, and one sort of coloring for all his hags, witches and spaewives.

His heroes are all alike possessed of unshrinking courage; all have the same indifference in suffering, copied, we suppose, from the manner, in which the North American savages endure torture and death. Sir Walter Scott has seen, that to endure the last agonies and death, without evincing a sense of pain, and the mortal agony, is the trait in human character, which lays the deepest hold of human interest and admiration. The jesting gaiety of Jan Vich Vohr, just before he goes out to be beheaded, is thrilling, though it is wholly unnatural.

The selfish concentration of maternal feeling in the story of the Highland widow, her savage heroism, tempered with noble touches of natural dignity, and working her up to a spirit of martyrdom, through the influence of clannish and national pride and revenge, inwrought with her existence, and confirmed with years, present a picture, which the author delights to draw, and in the view of which admiration, pity, and horror are blended. The slight and softened shades of the same character in the son, his noble and

generous temper, his stern independence, his filial piety and the concurrence of his whole character, to bring about the horrible catastrophe, are wrought up with great power.

In conclusion; we note four or five kinds of merit, in which this author seems to us to have attained unrivalled eminence.

1. In drawing a living picture of the persons, costume and armor of the gone by times.

2. In sketching scenery. Reading his best scenes is the next pleasure to looking on the open volume of nature.

3. In describing the quiet and natural influence of common passions and affections.

4. In giving the most vivid delineations of domestic manners from the palace to the cottage.

5. In giving dignity to love, and divesting it of its nauseous sweetness, as it is described in the common novels.

6. In giving an awfulness of shading to his conception of ghosts, and all the dreams of superstition.

7. And his happiest qualification for book making, an immeasurable command of common chit chat, and the filling out of the small talk of the drama. It is easy and graceful; but generally too witty for *vraisemblance.*

8. Gentleness and the pathos of tenderness have no place in his writings. In drawing the master strokes of his pencil, the point, in which, in our view, he stands alone, as a writer and a moral painter, is his unequalled power of giving a moral sublimity to those passions and that adamantine resolution, which triumph over love, fear and death.

The Red Rover—a tale by the Author of the Pilot. In two volumes. Carey, Lea and Carey. Philadelphia, 1828.

We have no disposition to discuss in detail the absolute or comparative merit of Mr. Cooper's novels. The critic may fearlessly view his writings, according to his impression of their general effect upon the public judgment and taste; for the author is wholly out of his reach, in the most vulnerable point of authorship. The public will buy, and read his novels, say of him, what we may. It is a consummation devoutly to be desired in authorship. His stories all have a steady moderate kind of interest, that never either thrills or becomes wholly insipid. He never ascends the utmost heights, or descends to the lowest depths of nature, the human passions and heart. He has a great amount of uniform, common place conversation and description, of which a single page ought

to serve, as a sample of a thousand. But his stories are well sustained, and they advance with that peculiar kind of narrative excitement, that is readily felt, and easily apprehended. This work is evidently written with great care, and under an abundant fear of critics before his eyes, the more to be regretted, as he seems to have it in his power, from the circumstance mentioned above, to set them all at defiance. We are clearly of opinion, that if he would wholly disregard the race, give full scope to his imagination, and reins to his invention, he would produce a work more faulty, it may be, but of infinitely higher interest and merit, than this before us. We respect Mr. Cooper only, as a man, whom we consider capable of doing far more, than he has yet done. A man who is cooped up from the exercise of his powers, through fear, that the lookers on will say, he has done amiss, might as well, for all the purposes of writing, be muzzled by a French censorship of the press.

The title of this book gives us sufficient intimations of the character of the hero. The Red Rover is a buccanneer. The trackless waters are his range. The tumultuous and dangerous billow is his home. His command is the absolute, stern, and yet interesting despotism, that necessarily prevails on board a ship. He has been reared on the seas; but, although a pirate, has a strong touch of generosity and honor in his nature; and although he fancies, that he cares nothing farther about the world, than as he can make it conduce to his interest, or his pleasure, he is evidently not a little influenced by its opinions. Instead of being a monster with giant frame, bony, gaunt and grim, and shaggy hair and eye brows, and eyes and mien of tyger aspect, and hands imbrued in blood, he is rather slightly made, light and agile, with fair hair and complexion, and blue eyes; and is on the whole, quite a pretty fellow for a Red Rover.

His crew are freebooters with some of that peculiar sense of honor, which is supposed to exist among thieves. Vast sums of gold are on board the pirate ship; and the imagination is left to infer, how they came there. The four points of the compass open before them. The winds are chartered for them. The trackless brine opens its heaving furrows, to allow them a path to whatsoever green island of pleasure, they shall choose to point their ship. They there bring out the treasures of the Peruvian mines, to spend in unbridled and unquestioned revelry. Life is to them a fight and a frolic. Might is their right. Fair damsels fall in their way of course. The interest which we naturally feel for such personages any where, is enhanced, by seeing them imprisoned on board a pirate ship, without the possibility of escape from men, who are equally under the ban of all laws, human and divine. The mental struggle in the freebooter's bosom is another subject of interest. He has a gifted and a powerful mind; and although his sea education

and discipline seem not to have been of the most moral cast, he sometimes has visions of better things, and higher hopes and aspirations. His ineffectual conflict of conscience is sufficient to harrow, and give him pain; but not sufficient to reclaim, and convert him.

Wilder has also been born, and reared on the sea; and is high spirited, and well educated. He has too all that occasional silence, sternness, dignity, gift of command, and curl of the lip, with which we are generally treated in Sir Walter Scott's heroes. His grand purpose seems to be rather a singular one. It is to find, join himself to the Red Rover, and betray, in order to destroy him. Though we should suppose, intended to be represented, as a moral man, the moral character of this purpose, is to say the least, a very equivocal one. Mr. Cooper's heroes are too near fac similes; and altogether too much alike in their main features. The lady part of the concern is a very sage, respectable, and rather grim governess, who is finally contrived to be on board the pirate ship, along with her pupil, a fair young lady from South Carolina, with blue eyes, &c. &c. &c. The author is certainly deficient in his delineations of female character. They want femality and individuality; and are to us very little more interesting, than pretty plaster mouldings. These are the chief *dramatis personæ*. The Red Rover, by the contrivance of Wilder, of which the latter seems to repent in the issue, has a fight with an English armed ship, which is severely beaten. For divers good and sufficient reasons, the Red Rover contrives to bestow Wilder and his fair ladies on board the beaten ship, and blows up his own. In the last page the young South Carolina lady is found married to Wilder; and the Red Rover, who proves to be his uncle, comes to die in his house.

Such is the story; and it is one of great capability for the interest of romance; and the whole province lies under the eye of the author, as one thoroughly explored and surveyed by him; and as being peculiarly a part of his intellectual domain. It certainly abounds in fine, graphic, and faithful delineations, of sea scenery. It is not his fault, that lord Byron has left the higher descriptions of that sort so unequalled and hopeless, that little, beside a very inferior copy, can be expected in that line. We can have too much of a good thing too. After we have been told, two or three times, that a vessel floats, like a sea bird, on the water; that she bounds over the billow, like a beautiful courser; that her spars have such a fine symmetry; and that she bends before the breeze with such a graceful and noble inclination, &c.; and, when afterwards, these same views, a little varied, recur again and again, we begin to be weary of them. It would be unjust, not to allow that, occasionally, similitudes and illustrations, that are really striking and fine, occur, and some passages where truth and nature and human feeling speak out in the eloquence and simplicity of good taste.

It is painful to advert to the defects of the work. It wants *vraisemblance*. Probability is violated at every step. The defects of Sir Walter Scott are religiously and scrupulously copied. There is the same sternness, the same grandeur—the same indifference to pain and death—the same curl of the lip, &c. &c. in the heroes. There is too a furious technicality in the work. We presume, that the thousand sea terms, and sea phrases, and nautical allusions are all in keeping, and faithfully correct. But how many of his readers are there, who can be supposed to be judges of this, or to take any interest in it? Of all kinds of writing, that, assuredly, is most tedious and prosing, that turns upon the mere barren phrase and term and interior language of a profession and calling; that can be tasted and judged only by the adepts in that profession. Novels are universally, and justly considered a chaffy and useless kind of reading; and if the good nature of the community will allow them to buy, read, and digest whole volumes of sea slang, about which they know nothing, and which, if known, has no more interest, than that of the carpenter, or baker, or brewer, we surely ought not to object. Better to read such matter, than what is positively mischievous and of bad tendency.

Moralists have always objected to novel reading; and yet the community always has read, and always will read novels. Since it has been so, is so, and will be so, a writer of this sort, who has right principles and views, will endeavor to seize upon a vehicle of such prodigious influence and efficiency, and cause it to convey moral and salutary lessons. This ought the rather to be so, because a novel, with a sea mark in the sky, a novel calculated to move the tears of virtue, to stir benevolent feelings, and to inculcate a high and good moral, will, in the same proportion, be more interesting as it is more useful. Miss Edgeworth's novels all have a sound moral—a noble purpose; inculcate a valuable lesson, and leave a deep impression in favor of virtue. The author of Waverley has no aim, but to excite interest, without any mixture of moral preference. He wishes to make you laugh, weep, or admire; and cares not, whether he has made you better or not; as he asks you only for your money. Cooper implicitly follows him in this, as in all other points, *sed longo intervallo*. His stories have no moral aim—and leave an impression perfectly equivocal, as regards their moral tendency.

After remarks, which some will consider dictated by a spirit of harshness, but which we have viewed, to be imperiously demanded by our duty, to inculcate sound principles, and just taste, we are aware we ought to add, that Mr. Cooper is a writer of power, and as much superior to most of those, who have undertaken to write novels among us, as Sir Walter Scott is to him. The scale of excellence is graduated with an infinite number of degrees—and Mr. Cooper deserves a high place in that scale. Would he write tales,

in which domestic manners were delineated, high morals inculcated, and feelings of tenderness and benevolence moved; and forget the while, that there existed such a fraternity, as the flock of the critical quill, he might be still more admired, and read, than he now is; and might have the satisfaction to reflect, that he achieved at the same time an immense amount of good for his money.

We have selected the sinking of the ship Caroline, as what struck us in the reading, as the finest passage in this book:

'The bright sunshine was sleeping in a thousand places on every side of the silent and deserted wreck. The sea had subsided to such a state of utter rest, that it was only at long intervals, that the huge and helpless mass, on which the ark of the expectants lay, was lifted from its dull quietude, to roll heavily, for a moment, in the washing waters, and then to settle lower into the greedy and absorbing element. Still the disappearance of the hull was slow, and even tedious, to those who looked forward with such impatience to its total immersion, as to the crisis of their own fortunes.

'During these hours of weary and awful suspense, the discourse, between the watchers, though conducted in tones of confidence, and often of tenderness, was broken by long intervals of deep and musing silence. Each forbore to dwell upon the danger of their situation, in consideration of the feelings of the rest; but neither could conceal the imminent risk they ran, from that jealous watchfulness of love of life, which was common to them all. In this manner, minutes, hours, and the day itself, rolled by, and the darkness was seen stealing along the deep, gradually narrowing the boundary of their view towards the east, until the whole of the empty scene was limited to a little dusky circle around the spot, on which they lay. To this succeeded another fearful hour, during which it appeared, that death was about to visit them, environed by its most revolting horrors. The heavy plunge of the wallowing whale, as he cast his huge form upon the surface of the sea, was heard, accompanied by the mimic blowings of a hundred imitators, that followed in the train of the monarch of the ocean. It appeared, to the alarmed and feverish imagination of Gertrude, that the brine was giving up all its monsters; and, notwithstanding the calm assurances of Wilder, that these accustomed sounds were rather the harbingers of peace, than signs of any new danger, they filled her mind with images of the secret recesses, over which they seemed suspended by a thread, and painted them replete with the disquieting inhabitants of the caverns of the great deep. The intelligent seamen himself was startled, when he saw on the surface of the water, the dark fins of the voracious shark stealing around the wreck, apprised by his instinct, that the contents of the devoted vessel were shortly to become the prey of his tribe. Then came the moon, with its mild and deceptive light, to throw the delusion of its glow on the varying but ever frightful scene. 'See!' said Wilder, as the luminary lifted its pale and melancholy orb out of the bed of the ocean; 'we shall have light for our hazardous launch!' 'Is it at hand?' demanded Mrs. Wyllys, with all the resolution of manner she could assume in so trying a situation.

'It is—the ship has already brought her scuppers to the water. Sometimes a vessel will float, until saturated with brine. If ours sink at all, it will be soon.'

'If at all! Is there then hope that she can float?'

'None!' said Wilder, pausing to listen to the hollow and threatening sounds, which issued from the depths of the vessel, as the water broke through her divisions, in passing from side to side, and which sounded, like the groaning of some heavy monster in the last agony of nature. 'None; she is already losing her level.'

'His companions saw the change; but, not for the empire of the world, could either of them have uttered a syllable. Another low, threatening, rumbling sound was heard; and then the pent air beneath blew up the forward part of the deck, with an explosion, like that of a gun.

'Now grasp the ropes I have given you!' cried Wilder, breathless with his eagerness to speak.

'His words were smothered by the rushing and gurgling of waters. The vessel made a plunge, like a dying whale; and raising its stern high into the air, glided into the depths of the sea, like the leviathan seeking his secret places. The motionless boat was lifted with the ship, until it stood in an attitude fearfully approaching to the perpendicular. As the wreck descended, the bows of the launch met the element, burying themselves nearly to filling; but buoyant and light, it rose again, and, struck powerfully on the stern by the settling mass, the little ark shot ahead, as though it had been driven by the hand of man. Still as the water rushed into the vortex, every thing within its influence yielded to the suction; and at the next instant, the launch was seen darting down the declivity, as if eager to follow the vast machine, of which it had so long formed a dependant, through the same gaping whirlpool, to the bottom. Then it rose, rocking, to the surface; and for a moment, was tossed, and whirled like a bubble circling in the eddies of a pool. After which, the ocean moaned, and slept again; the moon-beams playing across its treacherous bosom, sweetly and calm, as the rays are seen to quiver on a lake that is embedded in sheltering mountains.'—Vol. II. p. 20.

This is certainly strong, clear and admirable description. We have only to add, that in Mr. Cooper's style there are multitudes of attributes and epithets, which, so far from adding to the strength, or beauty of his descriptions, exceedingly weaken them. Epithets are dangerous materials; and are never neutral in their effect. If they do not add, they always weaken, and encumber the effect of the description. Mr. Cooper ought to understand this, for his chief reach of power is in being a happy and faithful painter of nature.

Le Genie du Christianisme, par Francois-Auguste de Chateaubriand, auteur de L'itineraire de la Grece, Attala, &c. En trois volumes. Tome I. Paris. Colburn, Libraire, 1813.

The writer of this book is unquestionably the most distinguished living author of his country, and in our view among the first of the age. Advanced of sixty years, he is revising, and editing a complete edition of his works, which already amount, we believe, to twenty-five volumes. The French papers affirm, that he is offered 200,000 livres, or more than 30,000 dollars for the complete copy right.

Other circumstances have drawn our attention to this work. The author has not only travelled in our country, and our portion of it; but we have no doubt, that in our forests and prairies, and along our rivers and lakes, amidst the vastness and lonely grandeur of our nature, and in the cabins of our stern and silent savages, he acquired that peculiar mental coloring, that impressive and unique *melange* of epic and romance, deep moral feeling and eloquence of the heart, arcadian pictures of savage simplicity, grouped in contrast with European refinement, that union of naiveté and art, that blended manner of Ossian and Homer, which, in the view of his admirers, give such a charm to his writings. In all his subsequent career, he seems to delight to recur, to what he saw and felt in our woods. He adverts to these remembrances, more than once, in his oriental travels.

His works have been translated, and some of them have received repeated editions in all the languages of Europe. Of all authors he has found the warmest friends and admirers, and the bitterest revilers and enemies. It is no part of our purpose, to take particular views of the objections of the latter. It was his misfortune to fall on evil days, when all the elements of discord, mental and political, were in the most violent fermentation and collision. He admits the errors of his youth. We do not know, that his enemies have undertaken to question that he has that endowment, called genius, and, we think, he has it in a pre-eminent degree. To rise wholly above the cheerless, flat and undistinguished mediocrity of the million writers of the age, is in itself, with many, an unpardonable offence. He is not insipid, like the rest; and therefore he violates all rule. He is never heavy; and therefore with these critics, he is not learned. He does not talk about religion with the narrowness, and in the shibboleth and terms of a sectarian, and therefore he is an hypocrite, or an unbeliever. He soars; and therefore he is extravagant. He moves the heart; and this is termed sentimental whining. He is not common; and therefore his anomalies are just so much wandering from the right

way. In short, he is a swan among the gregarious birds; and this is sufficient ground for common hostility of the whole race. The most cursory and least critical reader will see that he has *extravaganzas*—that he is exceedingly unequal. His sublime often touches on the limits of the ridiculous. Pity, that such should be the almost invariable character of genius. The experience of all time declares, that such has been the fact. Yet we infinitely prefer his grand and luminous region of intellectual glory, though some of its appendages are in bad taste, to the tame and common halls of learned and dull correctness. His critics have questioned, whether his works will go down to posterity? We have given some translations, at the close of this article, to furnish some of the means of enabling our readers, to judge for themselves, whether they deserve that honor.

Another view of the author gives his writings an appropriate interest. We know of no writer, ancient or modern, who has so extensively tested by experience all the vagaries and mutabilities of fortune. Born to the inheritance of nobility and opulence, he saw his relations and friends perish on the scaffold. He fled from his paternal hearth, partly from fear of participating in the same fate, and partly in chase of the phantom of fame, for which, on his crossing the sea, he proposed to wander, during a tour of nine years, in our inhospitable forests and deserts, from Quebec to the western sea. In the bark cabins of our savages he meditated, and sketched the splendid romances of Attala and Renè. He returned to France, fought among the royalists, was wounded, deserted, sick, an outcast, a Lazarus covered with sores, an object of loathing and avoidance. He was poor, and had a single companion, and that companion felt himself so miserable, destitute and hopeless, that he escaped from life by suicide. He was a needy and neglected exile, given over by his physician, as incurably gone in pulmonic affection. The star of Napoleon waned, and that of the Bourbons once more arose upon the horizon. He had been a consistent and ultra royalist. In its sharpest emergency he had given his powerful pen, as a coarse political writer for the thousand, to the royal cause. In return he was made peer and minister. His imprudent zeal soon lost him the royal favor. An intrigue once more brought him on the surface, and made him *a premier*. In this situation he gained a fame of bad pre-eminence, by advising and aiding that project, equally despotic, iniquitous and impolitic, the conquest of the Spanish country and constitution.

As an intrigue had raised him, another thrust him, with the most marked humiliation, from the heights of place to his level among the multitude, leaving him henceforward nothing to expect, but his intellectual fame. It ought not to enhance his claims to that fame, that political management, chagrin, complaint, and ill disguised envy towards those, who contributed to his fall, and have

occupied his place, mark, that the ambitious and disappointed politician still rankles in his bosom. No man living has surveyed more entirely every variety of nature that our world has to offer. In our continent he saw a world of woods, that had scarcely yet resounded with the axe. He roamed on the borders of uninhabited lakes, that to the eye are like oceans. The scene before him was silent, grand, dreary, illimitable and full of danger. On the wet earth and under tents of skins, or rushes, he imagined the silent savages engaged in profound meditations, and sketched them such as his fancy made them. In our country and in England he was made bitterly to feel, how desolate and forlorn a pennyless exile, however gifted, may be, among a people, who know, regard and care for nothing, which does not glitter with wealth, and is not marked with fame and notoriety.

Fighting as a common soldier among the Vendeans, he had been wounded, and trampled under foot by his comrades. He had heard *sans culottes* shouting *ca ira*, as the scaffold and guillotine streamed with blood. He afterwards saw a battalion of satellite kings, shouting behind the triumphal car of the French emperor. His hatred of that order of things was increased to abhorrence by the execution of the chivalrous and gallant d'Enghien, the fairest scion of the Bourbon stock. He was afterwards, next to the king, the most conspicuous personage in the most splendid monarchy in Europe. Thus he had been intimate with every costume, from that of the Canadian covering of skins, to the royal purple, and from a rush couch of the Indians to the voluptuous down of the pavilions of the *palais royal*. He saw the Italians burying Alfieri, as he meditated over departed greatness, glory and song among the ashes of heroes and saints, amidst the ruins of the 'eternal city.'

He saw the domes of St. Sophia and the palms of the seraglio in Constantinople, a city, like the former, stored with monuments and remembrances, and themes of moral interest and profound meditation; and affording the most mournful contrasts of the past with the present. Protected by janisaries, he had wandered among the Arabs, the Indians of the eastern deserts, affording another most exciting study of our species. He traversed Greece, proverbially the land of remembrance, glory and song.—He fancied that he stood over the ruins of Sparta, and where Lycurgus promulgated his stern laws, and the heroes of Thermopyle went out to show, that there is that in our natures, which can look death in the face, he saw nothing but desolation; heard nothing, but the howling of wolves. He looked upon the summits of Hemus and Rhodope and Olympus; and decyphered the mouldering columns of Athens.

As a professed pilgrim, he wandered in the holy city, amidst the more awful and affecting memorials, of religous remembrance, and the hopes that translate men from the level of animals to the

orders of superior and immortal existence. He saw the circular furrow in the stone pavement, around the tomb of the Saviour, which penitents of all ages and countries had worn, as they had described that circle on their knees. He affirms, that on his knees, and his eyes streaming with tears, he moved round the same hallowed circle. He remembered the thousands, who had mingled their tears there before him, and who had long since gone to see the *Author of life and immortality above.* He saw all the spots consecrated to everlasting remembrance by the scriptures. He stood among the mountains, where prophets had poured their strains, and where Jesus and his disciples had walked. On the lonely shores of Jordan, he communed with the spirits of Elijah and Elisha. He contemplated the dead sea, beneath whose bosom are supposed to sleep the towers of Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities of the plain. He had wandered in the footsteps of Moses and Zoroaster, the Pharaohs and the Ptolomies, the Roman conquerors and the primitive saints along the shores of the Nile. With a mind constituted like his, what a host of treasured thoughts, and deep inspirations, and solemn musings, and affecting recollections must have been awakened by such scenes as these! He had seen nature, animate and inanimate, in all its forms from the lakes to the Mississippi, and from the Tiber to the Jordan and the Nile; and every political condition of man from the intoxicated and bloody mob of Paris to the wild democracy of the American wilderness; from the fresh and rising republican institutions of our country, to the singular union of freedom, aristocracy and opulence in the monarchy of England; and from the military splendor of Napoleon to the voluptuous despotism of the Turkish Sultan. He was familiar with the people of all countries and all manners. Every variety and every extreme of the operation of all human passions had passed in review under his eye.

To bring all this home with a personal bearing upon his mind, his imagination and his heart, he had himself travelled through every condition of human life, had experienced all its illusions, felt all its aspirations, endured all its sufferings; and all the pleasurable and painful sensations between beggary and the palace; the loathing and horror of an outcast Lazarus, and the court paid to the *premier* of France.

> He saw whatever thou hast seen:
> Encounter'd all, that troubles thee.

We have recounted these circumstances, as developing in our view, a clue to his character and the peculiar style of his writings. It furnishes a moral too. Never was life more full, in enforcing the motto '*nil desperandum*, in demonstrating, that even amidst the intrigues of a despotic French court, *knowledge is power.* Never was there a more animating presage, that genius, talent, and perseverance ought never to shrink, or despond. Never have more

circumstances concurred, in one man, to stir all the fountains of the heart; to call forth all the inspiring, hallowed and affecting associations; to open every vista to the secret springs of human nature, and to give experimental views of every shade and combination of human character and passions.

Of his writings we shall only glance at those, which we have read. We have not had access to his complete works. His political writings and speeches, that have appeared in the papers, however sophistical, have all seemed to us to bear the peculiar impress of his genius and eloquence, and to be marked with the sign manual of his *unique* mind. His famous essay on revolutions, his popular pamphlets, that contributed so essentially to the overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty, his periodicals and the history of his elevation and fall, as a statesman, we can only judge by the snatches and extracts, that have appeared in the public papers.—We regret this the less, because we are confident, he will be remembered only by those writings, which we have read, and particularly by the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article.—Those who delight in turmoil and intrigue of parties, who enter into the triumph of those in place, and the abuse and reviling of those displaced; those, who feed only on the coarse and common history of politics, and see nothing of interest in our world, but the athletic struggle of political wrestlers, who shall bear away the palm of office and place, will no doubt, find his political writings and history a rich mine. We are willing they should dig there at their leisure.

His Attala and Renè are not included in this edition of the '*Genie du Christianisme*,' now before us. It is generally known, that they were originally episodes in this work. Many years have elapsed, since we read them. But it would be difficult to forget the effect, which we felt from reading the tale of Attala. It is possible, the author may have had Paul and Virginia in his eye, when he wrote it. But we discover no marked points of resemblance. The sweet and plaintive pastoral of St. Pierre has more amenity; Attala more genius and epic grandeur. Both are alike in the deep feeling of sadness, which their perusal leaves on the mind. René is the sequel of Attala, and is a story scarcely less affecting. Indeed to us there are some passages in it even of a higher order of writing. Most readers know, that it turns upon love, unconsciously commenced between brother and sister. A subject of such extreme difficulty and delicacy of management, in ordinary hands would have produced only revolting images and thoughts. We remember nothing in this, incompatible with the purest sentiments and views. The tale has more interest from the circumstance, that it is said darkly to shadow forth the actual early incidents in the life of the author. In both these works, there are, as it seems to us, thoughts and images and combinations of ideas, which, as far

as our reading extends, are entirely original, and whose faintest archetype we have met with no where else.

Every one has read his travels in the oriental countries. Dr. Clark, a distinguished English scholar, walked over the same circle, about the same time, and also published his travels. The Frenchman is to us far more lively and full of eloquence and fancy and poetry and associated remembrances. The former is supposed to contain more matter of fact information. The latter travels not only through the country of terra firma, but the aerial regions of shadows and visions, that overhang it. The one gives us sketches of what his feet traversed, his eyes saw, and his fingers grasped. The other surveys the world under his eye, chiefly in its relations to the world in his mind. Critics have remarked that the two books of travels are fair samples of the national character, which they represent. In this book he often recurs, as we have remarked, to his travels in our forests, and still oftener, by his style and manner he reminds us, that he has them in his thoughts. If our memory is not in fault, it is in these travels, that he relates the charming anecdote of the French dancing master, whom he had seen scraping his kit to the Iroquois, as he is teaching these hopeful pupils of our woods Parisian capers.

'*The martyrs, or the triumph of Christianity*' was, no doubt, suggested amidst the monuments of history and the mingled dust of the saints, over which he travelled in his oriental sojourn. It is an epic, in his peculiar prose poetry, sufficiently outré in its machinery and structure. The conception seemed to us extravagant, beyond his other writings, and tedious and monotonous. But it contains passages of great eloquence and power; and presents us with interesting and impressive pictures of the church in its first periods, and abounds in biographical sketches of martyrs and saints. The object of the work is sufficiently indicated by its title, and this, as well as the 'Genie du Christianisme,' seems to have been written, to countervail the prevalent infidelity of the period, and to make reparation to the church for the errors of his youth, and the influence of his early writings.

In returning to the view of the work before us, we ought to mention, that one of the circumstances, that induced us to notice this work, has been questioned. It has been doubted, whether he travelled at all in our valley; or ever saw the Mississippi.—This doubt is raised by various circumstances. He is seldom explicit, in relation to the points, where he sojourned among us.—The scenery of Attala is commenced at Natchez, and along the lower country. Though grand and splendid, it wants that appropriated kind of detail, that only can be furnished by actual inspection; and is such as an imagination, like his, might create, without having seen. He speaks too of green serpents on the trees of the lower Mississippi, of flamingoes and parrots and monkeys and

floating islands, and, if we rightly recollect, hippopótami at the bottom of the river. Our parroquets might, indeed serve a poet for parrots. We have, too, a number of beautiful species of the gull tribe, which might well pass for flamingoes. But we have no substitutes for green serpents on the trees, though we have to spare of noxious ones on the soil. We could no where fill the smallest order for *quadruped* monkies, or hippopotami, except oppossums and alligators might be accepted in lieu of them.

Chateaubriand was poor, and probably a proud, shrinking, dreaming enthusiast, very little likely to be appreciated. A pedestrian without money, and this country being almost an unpeopled wilderness, he was little known, and less understood, and remembered by the people. But we have intimations, to us sufficiently clear, that he travelled through our valley from lake Erie to the Mississippi, by the way of Vincennes. Volney followed his footsteps, and, probably, saw the Mississippi at the same point. The contemplation of that river, from the Illinois shore, sweeping down between its willow borders, and its dark forests, would furnish sufficient nutriment to his imagination, to enable it to travel down on the wave, to see all the strange sights, that he has described, as existing there, and to trace it to its junction with the sea.

Every one has heard that in his early days he was an unbeliever. The manner of his conversion is most charmingly given in the following extract from the preface to the work before us:

'Ma mère, après avoir été jetée à 72 ans dans des cachots où elle vit périr une partie de ses enfans, expira enfin sur un grabat, où ses malheurs l'avaient reléguée. Le souvenir de mes égaremens répandit sur ses derniers jours une grande amertume; elle chargea, en mourant, une de mes sœurs de me rappeler à cette religion dans laquelle j'avais été élevé. Ma sœur me manda le dernier vœu de ma mère; quand la lettre me parvint au-delà des mers, ma sœur elle-même n'existait plus; elle était morte aussi des suites de son emprisonnement. Ces deux voix sorties du tombeau, cette mort qui servait d'interprète à la mort, m'ont frappé. Je suis devenu chrètien. Je n'ai point cèdè, j'en conviens, à de grandes lumières surnaturelles: ma conviction est sortie du cœur; j'ai pleuré, et j'ai cru.'

'My mother, after being thrown, at the age of seventy-two years, into a dungeon, where she saw a part of her children perish, expired at last upon a couch of straw, to which her miseries had consigned her. The remembrance of my errors infused great bitterness into her last days. In death she charged one of my sisters, to recal me to that religion, in which I had been reared.—My sister transmitted me the last wish of my mother. When this letter reach-

ed me beyond the seas, my sister herself was no more. She had died from the consequence of her imprisonment. These two voices proceeding from the tomb, this death, which served as the interpreter of the dead, deeply struck me. I became a Christian. I did not yield, I admit, to great supernatural lights. My conviction proceeded from my heart. I wept, and I believed.'

The book before us was written, not only, as an *amende honorable* for the errors of his youth; but to vindicate the Christian religion from a common charge of the unbelievers of that period, that it is the natural enemy of free thought, liberty, independence and happiness; that it had wrought no effects, but wars and persecutions; that it had its origin in the small, ignorant, bigotted, and despicable country of Judea; that it naturally tended to produce a sterile imagination, and an unfeeling heart; and, particularly, that it was the destroyer of poetry and the fine arts.

In fact, there have not been wanting writers of decidedly religious character, and among them a name of no less authority, than that of Dr. Johnson, who thought, that the Christian religion was necessarily severed from figurative diction, and the ornaments and machinery of poetry; that its severe character, its stern moral and spiritual dogmas were incongruous, and incompatible with the whole range of epithet and style, belonging to the higher order of writing in that department.

In opposition to all this, it is the object of this book to prove, that the Christian religion is favorable to liberty and independence and high thought and virtuous feeling; that it naturally and powerfully associates with poetry, and generates its highest conceptions; that it is favorable to every thing, that is noble and virtuous within us, and that it is particularly favorable to eloquence and the fine arts. Such is, precisely, our view of the subject. If Christian influence and Christian feeling do not generate poetry in the head and heart of the subject, no other influence will. The evangelical strain of the scriptures, the hope of a resurrection from the grave, and a sinless re-union with friends on the hills of paradise, and the annunciation in revelations of the blessedness of those, who die in the Lord, in being led to living fountains, and having all tears wiped away; these are, as we conceive, as much superior excitements to the true spirit and power of poetry, as the Christian scriptures are more sublime, than the theogony of Hesiod, or the Metamorphoses of Ovid; or as the Jehovah of the Psalms, *walking on the wings of the wind*, or of the gospel, charged with an universe, and at the same time *caring for a sparrow*, is a more exalted object of contemplation, than the Jove of Homer, pursuing his amours, or fuddling with nectar.

It is universally found, we believe, that those, who are deeply under the influence of religion, breathe and speak the language of poetry. What can reach the imagination and the heart; what can touch all that part of our natures, which does not altogether apper-

tain to the low and sordid concerns of the earth, if it be not the themes, which are inculcated in the Christain temple?

It would not be an unpleasant task to us, if we thought the reader would follow us, to go through every chapter of the three volumes before us, and give an abstract of its contents. Amidst the thousand eloquent and beautiful passages, we are aware, that we often encounter weak and extravagant failures. But there are so many touching reflections and striking thoughts, that the chief difficulty would consist in the selection. Such an abstract however would extend this article beyond our custom, and, if made at all, must be reserved for another number. We confine ourselves at present to a simple outline of the contents.

The first chapter contemplates the mysteries and the sacraments of the gospel; the morality of the scriptures; the fall of man; objections to the system of Moses; the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, in their several relations to poetic feeling, and the condition and hopes of man.

The second volume takes a general view of the Christian epics; poetry in its relations with men; of the miraculous, or poetry in its relations with supernatural beings. In this chapter he institutes a comparison between the heathen mythology and the Christain system, touching their respective influence upon poetry. He compares the bible with Homer. He treats of the influence of the Christian system upon the fine arts, music, painting, sculpture and architecture; upon philosophy, history, and eloquence, and its harmony with the scenes of nature, and the passions of the human heart.

The third volume treats of the influence of worship, of bells, the vestments of the priests, and the ornaments of the church; of hymns, the solemnities of the church and Christian festivals; of funeral ceremonies, the funeral pomps of the great, of warriors, and the funeral service of the dead; the history of tombs; general view of the clergy: of missions; of the religious military orders of chivalry; of the services rendered to society by the clergy, and by religious orders in general.

Such are the heads of the chapters, from which the great general inference is drawn, that the Christian religion opens the heart, excites the imagination to action, enkindles enthusiasm, and stirs up within us every feeling, that is favorable to poetry and the fine arts. He proves *a priori*, that it ought to do so, in the nature of things, and *a posteriori*, that it has done so, by comparing the Christian epics, and at the head of them 'Paradise Lost,' with whatever of imaginative and splendid heathen fable has produced.

He clearly makes out his point, as we think, oftentimes by acute reasoning, but more frequently by happy analogy and appropriate illustration. Allusions enable him, as he passes, to bring up beautiful thoughts, and pathetic and affecting incidents. He

demonstrates, as we think clearly, that every thing relating to the Christian religon has a direct consanguinity with poetry, and that of the highest order. Whoever shall attentively read this book, we believe, will be convinced of the falsity of the charge, that belief in the gospel brings sterility upon the imagination, or torpor upon the fancy. It is no humble collateral point to prove, incidentally, as he does, that low as is the present state of virtue and morals, it would have been still lower, if this divine system had never been promulgated in our world.

The history of churches and their ornaments, of tombs and the funeral service, furnish, as any one will readily imagine, who knows any thing of the author's peculiar manner, ample materials for his impressive eloquence. The history of missions makes a chapter in his happiest manner. An account of the missions of Paraguay brings him at once on that favorite ground, where he is so peculiarly at home. He presents us, accordingly, a splendid painting of those Christian republics, formed of wandering savages, in those undescribed and charming solitudes. That is, also, a striking chapter, in which he illustrates the immense benefits, which the world has derived from Christianity, in its peculiar and appropriate influence, in giving birth to hospitals, charities and asylums, reared, and chartered for the relief of human misery. In all countries where the gospel has prevailed, they stand, as merciful monuments of the difference of its spirit from that of world.

We have met with no modern book, which has so many touching passages of original eloquence. His incidents make their way directly to the heart. He paints; and nature stands before us in her beauty and grandeur. He describes; and we hear Philomel mourning her young among the branches; or see the fishes reposing in the pellucid depths in the warmth and brightness of a sunbeam. He describes himself at sea; and we see him, in his own impressive words, '*suspendu entre les astres, et l'Ocean, j'avais l'immensite sur ma tete, et l'immensite sous mes pieds.*' Of all painters of nature, surely the most eloquent and affecting is Chateaubriand. We think, that a small volume of selected extracts from this splendid work would be a useful present to taste and letters.

We now commence our proposed selections for translation, only remarking, that the French is extremely idiomatic, and that we have striven to be only as nearly literal, as we might, without ceasing to convey the same idea, as is obvious in the original. In one splendid extract we give the original and the translation together, that our readers who understand the language, may comprehend the spirit and grandeur of the one, and be able to judge of the fidelity of the other.

Baptism. Vol. 1. p. 39. 'Behold the young infant over the sacred fountains! The family full of joy, surrounds him, and renounces sin in his stead, and gives him the name of his ancestor,

which becomes immortal by this renewal, perpetuated by love from race to race. The father, with a heart beating with gladness, hastens to resume his son, to carry him back to his spouse, impatient to receive him. They surround the maternal couch. Tears of tenderness and religion fall from all eyes. The name of the beautiful babe, the ancient name of his forefather is repeated from mouth to mouth; and each one, mingling the remembrances of the past with present joys, imagines, that he can recognize the good old ancestor in the child, that is preparing to retrace his memory.'

Maturity of vegetable and animal nature existed at creation. Vol. I. p. 112.

'In fact, it is probable, that the Author of nature planted, from the beginning, ancient forests and young copses; and that animals sprang up, some full of days, and others adorned with the graces of infancy. The bee, that had not lived, but a morning, counted its ambrosia by generations of roses. We must believe that the sheep was not without its lamb; that tufts of flowers concealed among their buds nightingales, astonished to sing their first airs, and to enkindle the frail hopes of their first pleasures.

Without this original maturity, there would have been neither pomp, nor majesty in the work of the Eternal; and nature in her innocence would have been less beautiful, than she is at present in her corruption. An insipid infancy of plants, animals and elements would have crowned an earth without poesy. But God did not trace the groves of Eden so unwisely, as the unbelieving pretend. Man in his royalty was born at the age of thirty years, that he might accord by his majesty with the ancient grandeur of his new empire. At the same time his companion already counted sixteen springs, which however she had not lived, to be in harmony with the flowers, the young birds, innocence, love and all the youthful portion of the universe.'

General Spectacle of the Universe. Vol. I. p. 116.

'There is a God. The grass of the valley and the cedars of the mountains bless him. The insect hums his praises. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power; and the ocean declares his immensity. It is man alone, who hath said, 'there is no God!'

It may be said, that man is the manifest thought of God; and that the universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance, which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is, that movement and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the march of the stars, which diversify the decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and in reality are permanent. The scene, which is effaced for us, is re-painted for another people. It is not the spectacle, but

only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way, in which to unite absolute and progressive duration in his work. The first is placed in time; the second in space. By the former the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, always the same. By the other they are multiplied, finished and renewed. Without the one there would have been no grandeur in the creation. Without the other it would have been all monotony. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation. The least of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends every thing; and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. Bring together then in thought the most beautiful accidents of nature. Suppose that you see at the same time the hours of day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms, plains covered with springing corn, and gilded with harvests. You will then have a just idea of the spectacle of the universe.

Is it not astonishing, that while you admire the sun, sinking under the arches of the west, another observer beholds him springing from the regions of the morning? By what inconceivable magic is it, that this ancient luminary, that reposes, burning, and fatigued in the dust of evening, is the same youthful planet, that awakens, humid with dew under the whitening curtains of the dawn? At every moment in the day the sun is rising, in the zenith, or sitting, in some portion of the world; or rather our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian nor west.

Can we conceive, what would be the spectacle of nature, if it were abandoned to the simple movements of matter? The clouds, obeying the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly on the earth; or would mount in pyramids into the upper regions of the air. The moment after, the air would become too gross, or too much rarefied for the organs of respiration. The moon, too near, or too distant from us, would be at one time invisible, and at another would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would either move upon the line of the ecliptic, or changing her side, would at length discover to us a face, which the earth has not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforward become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter. Bootes would lead the Pleiades; and the Lion would roar in Aquarius. There the stars would fleet away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Sometimes, crowding into groups, they would form a new milky way. Again, disap-

pearing altogether, and rending asunder the curtain of worlds, they would open to view the abysses of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men, before that day, when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means of destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself.'

The instincts of beavers. Vol. I. page 126.

'We have visited, at midnight, a small solitary valley, inhabited by beavers, shaded by firs, and profoundly silent under the influence of a planet, as peaceable, as the ingenious people, whose labors it enlightened. And would they say, that this valley was destitute of Providence, destitute of its bounty and its beauty? Who then hath put the square and the level to the eye of this animal, that knows how to construct a dyke, with a slope on the side of the waters, and a perpendicular upon the opposite one? Know you the name of the teacher of physics, who hath instructed this singular engineer in the laws of hydraulics; who hath rendered him so adroit with his two incisive teeth, and his flattened tail? Reamur never predicted the vicissitudes of the seasons with the exactness of the beaver, whose magazines, more or less abundant, indicate in the month of June, the longer or shorter duration of the frosts of January. Alas! in being compelled to dispute his miracles with God, they finally come to strike with sterility the entire work of the Omnipotent. Atheists have pretended to blow up the fire of nature with their icy breath; but they have only extinguished it. In breathing upon the torch of creation, they have shed upon it the darkness of their own bosom.'

The instincts of fishes. Vol. I. p. 127.

'That philosopher, who refuses to believe in God, is well worthy of pity. All those instincts, which the Master of the world hath parcelled out in nature, disappear before him. He will not be able to tell you, how the fishes, escaped from the ices of the poles, traverse the solitudes of the ocean every year, to find the stream, where they shall celebrate their nuptials. The spring, instructed by the sovereign of the seas, prepares upon our shores the bridal pomp. He stretches the beds of moss in the grottoes, and unfolds the foliage of the water lily on the waves, to serve, as curtains to these couches of chrystal. Scarcely are these preparations completed, when the enamelled legions come, to relate to our fountains the grandeur of the polar regions of tempests. These foreign navigators animate all our shores. Some, like fleeting bubbles in the air, mount perpendicularly from the depths of the waters.—Others balance themselves voluptuously on the wave; or diverge from a common centre, like innumerable gleams of gold. These dart their gliding forms obliquely through the azure fluid. Those sleep in a ray of the sun, which penetrates the silvery gauze of the waves. All glide, return, swim, plunge, circulate, form them-

selves in squadrons, separate, and unite again; and the inhabitant of the seas, inspired with that breath of life, with which God hath animated all nature, bounds away, pursuing the trace of fire, which his beloved hath left for him in the waves.'

The nightingale. Vol. I. p. 129.

'It is the mysterious hour, when the first silence of the night and the last murmurs of the day contend upon the hills, on the shores of the streams, in the groves and valleys. The horizon is still slightly colored; but already shade reposes upon the earth. At this moment, nature in the obscure collonades of the forests, her dome enlightened with the last splendors of day, resembles an ancient temple, whose sanctuary is veiled with a holy night, while the rounded cupola above the clouds sparkles with fires.

It is at this hour, that Philomel commences her evening prelude. When the forests have hushed their thousand voices, when not a spire of grass, not even a moss sighs; while the moon is in the heavens, and the ear of man is attentive, then this first songster of the creation intonates his evening hymns to the Eternal. At first he strikes the echos only with the brilliant bursts of pleasure. Disorder is in the song. He makes transitions from grave to acute; from soft to loud. He observes pauses. He is slow; then brisk. His heart palpitates with joy, and is intoxicated with the impulse of love. On a sudden the voice falls. The bird is silent. He commences again. But how changed the accents! What tender melody! Sometimes the modulations are languishing, though varied. Sometimes it is an air almost monotonous, like the repeat of those old French ballads, the perfection of simplicity and melancholy. The song is as frequently the note of sadness, as of joy. The bird, that hath lost its young, still sings. It is still the air of the period of happiness, that he repeats; for he knows no other. But, by a reach of his art—the musician hath done no more, than change the key; and the song of pleasure has become the lament of grief.'

Exile. Vol. I. p. 136.

'We have seen unfortunates, in whom this last trait hath caused the tears to spring in our eyes. Those banishments, which nature prescribes, are not like those, commanded by men. The bird is banished but a moment, and for its own happiness. It goes with its relatives, its father and mother, its brothers and sisters. It leaves nothing behind it. It carries away all its heart. Solitude prepares for it nourishment and shelter. The woods are not armed against it. It returns at last to die on the shores, which saw its birth. It finds again the stream, the tree, the nest, the paternal soil. But man, chased from the natal hearth, will he ever return to it? He finds not, like the bird, hospitality in his route. He knocks and no one opens. The ban, which hath driven him beyond his country, seems to have interdicted the world to him. He dies,

and there is no one to bury him. More happy, when he expires in some ditch, or on the margin of some great road, where the charity of some Samaritan may throw, in passing, a little foreign earth upon his corse. Let us hope, that in heaven we shall no longer fear exile. In religion there is a country every where.'

Remains of a wrecked ship. Vol. I. p. 165.

'As we were walking one evening at Brest, on the shore of the sea, we perceived a poor woman, who, walking in a bending posture among the rocks, contemplated attentively the fragments of a shipwreck, and particularly examined the plants attached to the ruin, as if she sought to divine, by their being more or less marked by time, the certain epoch of her misery. She discovered under the pebbles one of those boxes of the sailors, in which they pack their flasks. Perhaps she had formerly filled it herself for her spouse, with cordials purchased with the fruit of her savings. At least we judged so; for she began to wipe her tears with the corner of her apron. Sea mushrooms now filled the dear presents of her tenderness. Thus, while the report of the cannon informs the great of the ship wreck of the distinguished ones of the world, Providence, announcing on the same shores, mourning to the humble and the weak, despatches to them a spire of grass, and the ruin of a wreck.'

Evening service on the sea. Vol. I. p. 167.

'He would have been well worthy of pity, who in this spectacle, would not have recognized the beauty of God *in his works.* Religious tears flowed involuntarily from my eye lids, when my intrepid companions, doffing their tarred hats, began to intonate, with rough voice, their simple hymn to *our Lady of good Succour*, patroness of mariners. How touching was the prayer of these men, who, upon a frail plank in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the waves! How directly this invocation of the poor sailor to the Mother of Grief went to the soul! The consciousness of our littleness in the view of infinity, our songs, sounding far over the silent waves, night approaching with its hidden dangers, the miracle of our vessel in the midst of so many miracles, a religious crew seized with admiration and fear, an august priest in his prayers, God bending over the abyss, with one hand holding the sun at the portals of the west, and with the other raising the moon from the wave in the east, and yielding, amidst the immensity, a listening ear to the feeble voice of his creature; this is a scene, which we know not how to paint; and which the whole heart of man is scarcely sufficient to feel.'

We regret, and if our reader have any feeling of consanguinity with us, he will regret, also, that we may not proceed farther in these translations, without greatly tresspassing upon the prescribed limits of our articles. We have advanced little more, than

half away, in the first volume; and we hope to resume these extracts hereafter. We close with giving the following passage, in the original, and in translation.

'Passons à la scène terrestre.

'Un soir je m'étais égaré dans une grande forêt, à quelque distance de la cataracte de Niagara; bientôt je vis le jour s'éteindre autour de moi, et je goûtai, dans toute sa solitude, le beau spectacle d'une nuit dans les déserts du Nouveau-Monde.

'Une heure après, le coucher du soleil, la lune se montra au-dessus des arbres, à l'horizon opposé. Une brise embaumée, que cette reine des nuits amenait de l'orient avec elle, semblait la précéder dans les forêts comme sa fraîche haleine. L'astre solitaire monta peu à peu dans le ciel: tantôt il suivait paisiblement sa course azurée; tantôt il reposait sur des groupes de nues qui ressemblaient à la cime de hautes montagnes couronnées de neige.— Ces nues, ployant et déployant leurs voiles, se déroulaient en zones diaphanes de satin blanc, se dispersaient en légers flocons d'écumes, ou formaient dans les cieux des bancs d'une ouate éblouissante, si doux à l'œil, qu'on croyait ressentir leur mollesse et leur élasticité.

'La scène sur la terre n'était pas moins ravissante: le jour bleuâtre et velouté de la lune, descendait dans les intervalles des arbres, et poussait des gerbes de lumières jusque dans l'épaisseur des plus profondes ténèbres. La rivière qui coulait à mes pieds, tour à tour se perdait dans le bois, tour à tour reparaissait toute brillante des constellations de la nuit, qu'elle répétait dans son sein. Dans une vaste prairie, de l'autre côté de cette rivière, la clarté de la lune dormait sans mouvement, sur les gazons. Des bouleaux agités par les brises, et dispersés çà et là dans la savanne, formaient des îles d'ombres flottantes, sur une mer immobile de lumière. Auprès, tout était silence et repos, hors la chute de quelques feuilles; le passage brusque d'un vent subit, les gémissemens rares et interrompus de la hulotte; mais au loin, par intervalles, on entendait les roulemens solennels de la cataracte de Niagara, qui, dans le calme de la nuit, se prolongeaient de désert en désert, et expiraient à travers les forets solitaires.

'La grandeur, l'étonnante mélancolie de ce tableau, ne sauraient s'exprimer dans les langues humaines; les plus belles nuits en Europe ne peuvent en donner une idée. En vain dans nos champs

cultivès l'imagination cherche á s'ètendre; elle rencontre de toutes parts les habitations des hommes: mais dans ces pays dèserts, l'ame se plaît á s'enfoncer dans un ocèan de forêts, á errer aux bords des lacs immenses, á planer sur le gouffre des cataractes, et pour ainsi dire á se trouver seule devant Dieu.

'Let us pass to the terrestrial scene. One evening I wandered into a wide forest, at some distance from the cataract of Niagara. Soon after, I saw the day fading around me; and I tasted, in all its solitude, the beautiful spectacle of a night in the deserts of the new world. An hour after sun set, the moon showed herself above the trees, on the opposite point of the horizon. A perfumed breeze, which this queen of nights brought from the east with her, seemed to precede her in the forests, as her fresh breath. The solitary planet by degrees ascended the heavens. Sometimes she peacefully pursued her azure course. Sometimes she reposed upon groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of high mountains, crowned with snow. These clouds, folding and unfolding their veils, unrolled in transparent zones of white satin, dispersed in fleeting particles of mist, or formed into banks, in the heavens of a dazzling white, so pleasant to the eye, that one would believe, he could feel their softness and their elasticity.

'The scene on the earth was not less ravishing. The mild and velvet light of the moon descended through the intervals of the trees, and threw her sheaves of light even into the thickness of the profoundest shades. The river, which flowed at my feet, in turn was lost in the woods, and again re-appeared, all brilliant with the constellations of night, which it repeated in its bosom. In a vast prairie, on the other shore of the river, the brilliance of the moon slept motionless on the turf. Birches agitated by the breezes, and dispersed here and there in the mead, formed floating isles of shadows upon an immovable sea of light. Near at hand, all was silence and repose, except the falling of leaves, the quick passage of a springing breeze, or the unfrequent and interrupted cries of the owl. But at a distance the solemn rollings of the cataract of Niagara were heard, which, in the calm of night, were prolonged from desert to desert, and died away in the solitary forests.

'The grandeur, the astonishing melancholy of this painting can not be expressed in human language. The most beautiful nights in Europe can give no idea of it. Imagination strives to extend itself in vain in our cultivated fields. It encounters on every side the habitations of men. But in these desert countries, the soul delights to plunge into an ocean of forests, to wander on the borders of immense lakes, to flit above the gulfs of cataracts, and if it may be so said, to find itself alone before God.'

An Address on Female Education, delivered in Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, October 26, 1827. By CHARLES BURROUGHS, *Rector of St. John's Church.*

This address turns upon the character and importance of sound and right female education. So much has recently been said upon this subject, that some will disregard it, as a trite and worn-out theme. This is an error to be regretted, and avoided. There are themes of such deep concernment and intrinsic importance, that there can be no fear of discussing them too often. Some effect is produced, and some mind influenced, and some impression left by every repeated effort. This is of the number. Its importance can scarcely be magnified too far. The whole moral world will be found to turn upon this hinge. This half of the species, if we may use such a masculine similitude, is the lever that Archimides wanted.

Man goes abroad, full of noise and self-importance, and talks loudly in the first person, at the caucus, and spends many words in the debating room, or schemes, and makes bargains on the exchange; and is full of bustling and militant energy; and feels, as if he wrought with great power at the crank of the system. He comes home from the spacious threatre of his operations, to see all his plans and importance melt away, and to imbibe a new train of thoughts and directions from the fair face and placid brow of her at home, who smiles, and moves him, in silence and unconsciousness, to her wishes.

The vain, ambitious and noisy, who make speeches, and raise the dust, and figure in the papers, may fancy, that knowledge will die with them; and the wheels of nature intermit their revolutions, when they retire from them. They may take to themselves the unction and importance of the fly, that fancied it turned the wheel, upon which it only whirled round. But the fair, that keep cool, and in the shade, with unruffled brows, kind hearts and disciplined minds at home, that are neither elevated much, nor depressed; that smile, and appear to *care for none of these things*, these, after all, are the real efficients, that settle the great points of human existence. Man can not stir a step in life, to purpose, without them. From the cellar to the garret, from the nursery to the market place, from the cabin to the president's chair, from the cradle to the coffin, these smilers, that, when they are wise, appear to care so little about the moot and agitating points of the lords of the creation, in reality decide, and settle them. They decide pretensions by a glance. They determine for a man, and the whole world are all against him to no purpose. There is a caucus

of some four or five, that settle every thing for the sovereign people, who think, they have done it all themselves. But wise men know, that there is a wheel within a wheel—and that these caucusers, who think, they have tricked the people, are in their turn deceived, in imagining that they are the origin of their great works. The primum mobile after all has been the other half of the species.

Our first and absorbing impressions are from our mothers. They lay the unchangeable foundations of that character, that goes with the man through life. The efficiency of maternal instruction transcends all the rest. All the stamina of temper and thought are from them. There are a number of distinct epochs of the exertion of this influence. They rule us at the period of blond tresses, and the first developement of the rose. They fetter us alike before and after marriage; that is if they are wise, and do not clank the chains ostentatiously, but conceal the iron. They rule us in maturity. They rule us in age. No other hand knows the tender, adroit and proper mode of binding our brow in pain and sickness. They stand by us in the last agonies with untiring and undismayed faithfulness. They prepare our remains for the last sleep. They shed all the tears of memory, except those of the mocking eulogy, and the venal and moaning verses, that water our turf. Some of them remember more than a year, that their lovers, brothers, husbands, fathers existed. Who can say that of men?

They are purer, less selfish, less destitute of true moral courage, more susceptible of kind and generous impressions, and far more so of religious feeling, than men. So Park found them. So all qualified observers have found them. So the annals of the church have found them. So all the great charities have found them. So in our humble walks have we found them. Women testified unparalleled heroism and forgetfulness of fear and personal consideration, and were martyrs for their friends, in a thousand instances, during the worst horrors of the French revolution, long after the men seemed generally to have become ferocious, cowardly and selfish demons. Surely then every thing that concerns the education of this better half of the species, must be of intrinsic importance. We have seen too many winters, and are too entirely beyond the breath of suspicion, to leave any question, whether we say these things in compliment rather than conviction. If this world is ever to become a happier and better world, if political and religious frenzy are ever to be mitigated, woman, well educated, disciplined and principled, sensible of her influence, and wise and benevolent to exert it aright, must be the original mover in the great work.

These are substantially the views, that the address before us takes of woman. It is wise, calm, polished, and on the whole, an admirable one. The enlightened orator has remembered every thing, but one; and this is forgotten every day in congress hall; and

that is, that we may have too much of a good thing. An orator there may well bluster, foam, and sweat nine hours about differences the most insignificant, for many men that go there need the penance, for their political sins, of sitting without changing their posture to the end of such a chapter. But we protestants, do not believe in the claims to saintship, from sitting for years immovable on a pillar. Certainly, if there be any subject, which may justly demand patience to the end of such a long address, it is this before us.

From the commencement to the thirteenth page, the address considers the estimation and the treatment, which woman has received in the early ages of the world. It was sufficiently brutal, rough and ungallant. Paganism considered her as the drudge of its sordid pleasures, and ruled her with a rod of iron. Most of the primitive, oriental nations regarded her, as a degraded play *thing*, rather than a *person*. The divinely inspired Jews, and the humanly polished Greeks, knew, and felt something more of her character and importance; but on the whole, treated her no better, than they should do. In his polished age and country, Socrates could find no intelligent woman, more respectable than Aspasia; and scholars know, what price the bearded sage was obliged to pay for his lessons. On the whole, she was considered little more, than household furniture, in any country, until the times of the gospel.

That divine system, in throwing its true radiance over earth, time, and eternity, and man in all his relations and destinies, brought her forth to the sun and the air, in her native dignity and attractions. It broke her chains, informed her, what she was; and for what purposes her attractions and influences were given her. She became henceforward the earthly arbiter of the moral world. She saw, that she owed her new and high state to the *legitimate* influence of the gospel; and she has proved grateful. Wherever it has been preached, the first tears of excitement have been shed, the first charities started by her; and in all ages of the church a much greater number of female names have been written on its enduring records, than of men.

Upon the revival of letters, on the dispersion of the Greeks by the Turkish capture of Constantinople, a number of women became celebrated, as authors. Some of them filled professor's chairs, and had crowded lectures. History has not transmitted the fact, whether these ancient *bleus bas* were pretty, or not. France early gave the fashion of a chivalrous and affected homage to the fair. Unhappily, in that country of brilliant endowment and unbounded vanity, women, flattered to the seeming of adoration, as the directors of fashion, opinion, taste, criticism, and in fact every thing, became giddy, and intoxicated with vanity. Madames de Genlis, and de Staël are certainly rather admirable for their genius and talents, than for their sound principles or their safe example.

One of the statutes of Henry the Eighth prohibited women from reading the New Testament in English. From the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, women of rank did not appear in the streets of the cities of Europe, without a mask. Every one knows, that Milton and his wife rehearsed curtain lectures, and that the great poet affected to think cheaply of women; and that it was much more proper for them to understand cookery, and to darn, and dye blue stockings, than to wear them.

Scotland has the imperishable honor, of having taken precedence in that mode of education, which gives full scope to all the minds of the community, where it operates, and which opens to woman all her resources. The era of national education, in common schools, was commenced in that country, scarcely two centuries ago. It is an era still more important, than that of the invention of printing. The glory of New England will abide forever, in having been the second country, to follow this example. In her woods, and in her rough cabins, and on her sterile soil, and amidst her granite cliffs, she opened her hundred and her thousand common schools, and improved upon her model. There the rudiments of all useful knowledge are spread gratuitously before every mind. Rich and poor, male and female, are invited to the perennial and ever open fountains. There no gems need remain unwrought in their dark caves; no moral aroma of roses be wasted on the desert air.

An immense result has followed, and is following. Collegians come home in their vacations, and find, that their sisters and *cheries amis* can ask them strange questions; and return to their colleges with a new impulse. Emulation is provoked; and a thousand circumstances demonstrate, that talent, learning and intellectual reach are not sexual. A thousand female names might be selected in proof. To all flippant charges, on our part, of incapacity and mental debility, the simple record of the great names of female writers of the age, of the day, and we may add, of our own country, is, and ought to be a sufficient reply.

The orator justly remarks, that much as has been already done, still more remains to be accomplished. An extensive, sound and liberal system of female education is necessary for the individual happiness of woman; necessary, that she may rightly manage her unbounded influence upon society; necessary, that she may render home the asylum and the happy retreat of her husband; necessary to give her the arithmetic, and the calculation for prudent and judicious and economical domestic details; necessary to give intelligence, interest and weight to her conversation; necessary to enable her rightly to mould the opening minds of her children; necessary to enable her to gain their respect along with their confidence and affection; necessary, that she may assume with wisdom and dignity that active part, which she has recently been called to take in the great public plans of Christian charity. In short her appro-

priate field is the world; her empire the human mind. Let us hear the orator state his views for himself:

'Now on woman devolves almost the whole superintendence of a family. On her chiefly depend its economy, order, and moral beauty and harmony. Knowledge alone will effect these benefits, and the whole character of home will be graduated according to the degree of that knowledge. The welfare of a family, as connected with its pecuniary concerns, is owing very materially to female management. It is education, which is to produce right views and feelings respecting the proper course of living, and the correct adjustment of expenses in the various departments of domestic life. It was the remark of Dr. Johnson, that a woman can not have too much arithmetic; and Hannah Moore has told us "That a sound economy is a sound understanding, brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion, reduced to practice; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them; it is expecting contingencies and being prepared for them." Besides, a female wants knowledge and judgment for aiding and advising those of her household. Where is the counsellor, in whom man is so much inclined to place confidence, as in the partner of his cares and joys? By the possession of intellectual attainments she may guide her husband in safety amidst numerous dangers, and may interpose by the combined influences of an enlightened mind and tender affection, to break the force of every calamity that could not be foreseen or prevented. It can never reasonably be apprehended that, by enlarging a woman's faculties and improving her taste and feelings, she will think herself above the common duties of domestic life. Notwithstanding the recent progress of female education, we see no diminution of the household virtues. They were perhaps never better observed, than at the present day; and she, who from pretence of superior wisdom disdains a condescension to "house affairs," will generally be found not much distinguished for intelligence or common sense.

Female education is extremely valuable from its imparting an elevated and improved character to domestic discourse. Conversation is one of the greatest joys of existence; and the more perfect it is made by the resources of learning, enlarged views of morality, the refinement of taste, the riches of language, and the splendors of imagery, the more exquisite is the joy. It is from education that discourse collects all its ornamental drapery, "its clothing of wrought gold," its thrilling eloquence, its sweetest music and all its magical influence over the soul. Intelligent and animated discourse eminently exalts the dignity, and multiplies the charms of every female, that can excel in it.

It is a sacred and homefelt delight,
A sober certainty of waking bliss.

She, who can sustain an elevated course of conversation, whose mind soars above the trifles and common things of time and sense, who is distinguished for well digested opinions, sensible remarks, habits of thinking and observation, good judgment and a well disciplined temper, is a perpetual source of blessing and exhileration to all within her circle. She will make home all that is desirable, so that none of her household will need or wish to seek elsewhere for happiness. They will all be able "to drink waters out of their own cistern, and running waters out of their own well."

Female education is inseparably connected with the moral condition of society. It is essential to the common good that knowledge should be universally diffused. Every uneducated person is an anomaly in the scheme of human happiness, is constantly retarding its advancement, and is at variance with one of the most benevolent designs and provisions of heaven. "Go, *teach* all nations," was the mandate of mercy to the first missionaries of the gospel; and we are assured that, from such a mandate, God designs the unlimited diffusion of knowledge. It was the entirely original as well as the infinitely gracious purpose of our Saviour, to provide intellectual as well as religious and moral light for every one that cometh into the world. Every well instructed mind is a diminution of the mass of human misery, and an addition to that of human happiness. Look now at the female portion of mankind, and reflect upon the course that, till within a few years, has been pursued with them in relation to their mental and moral faculties. We shall be led from such a survey to know and to feel with sorrow that the course of treatment, which they have suffered, has been excessively erroneous and injurious, and that it has deprived the world of countless benefits. With minds, differing from those of men only through the accidental circumstances of education, women have for ages been doomed to the reproach of intellectual inferiority, and their usefulness has been bound by a chain, which they could not break. Till the omnipotent and all merciful touch of the Son of God severed that chain, released them from thraldom, and ushered them to the regions of civil, mental and spiritual liberty; till the gospel began to have its perfect work, they were comparatively useless to the world; their talents and powers were in disastrous eclipse, and man was debarred of more than half the blessings that were desiged for him.

> For knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
> *Base servitude* repress'd their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul.

Now all women are invited to the fountains of knowledge, and are recompensing the community with new mercies. Light has flashed upon the dark places of the world, and woman has burst, like a splendid vision, upon all the exalted walks of intellect and taste. Every instructed female mind has been fraught with numerous beatitudes; and radiant streams of wisdom from a large catalogue of illustrious female writers have gladdened our earth. Let the education of females become general, and be established on an extensive and liberal plan, and you will bring toward the best interests of the community a wonderful and an accumulating mass of moral energy, and will accomplish an entire revolution in the state of society. "Many a gem of purest ray serene" will be dislodged from the dark caverns of ignorance, to charm numberless admirers by its lustre. Long has the effect of the education of woman been powerfully felt. The works of many female writers are among our richest blessings. They have decidedly promoted public felicity, and maintained with enchanting eloquence the cause of virtue. Gratefully would we utter the praises of such names as Chapone, Aikin, Barbauld, Hamilton, More, Edgworth and Hemans. These, with many others, have become fixed stars in the region of literature, and will continue to irradiate and rejoice mankind, till time shall be no more.

The importance of female education, as connected with the general happiness of the community, will be readily admitted, if we advert to that powerful moral influence, which women hold over their children at the periods of infancy and childhood, and which is continued with their female children almost to the age of maturity. The mental and moral impressions, that a child receives during the first years of life, are chiefly derived from the mother; and these are generally conceded to form the very elements of character, and to generate those moral tendencies, which color the whole of existence. Seldom are early impressions effaced. Most of the distinguished men on record received the seeds of their greatness from maternal culture. It was under the care, and, as it were, in the bosom of his mother, say Tacitus, that the tender mind of Agricola was trained to science and every liberal accomplishment. Lord Bacon made grateful acknowledgments to his mother for his love of philosophy and great renown. We learn, too, that maternal ability, vigilance and decision chiselled the bold outlines of glory in the life of the political saviour of our country. Who among us can deny his obligations for maternal care in imparting holy influences? Who feels not over his soul the recollections of a mother's early fondness, and finds not his character moulded by her constant and faithful assiduities? Who can be sufficiently grateful, when that fondness and those assiduities have been enlightened by wisdom and hallowed by piety? Now if a mother have no education, or, what is as bad, one that was merely superficial and showy; if she lack understanding and has never attended to the culture of her heart, her children will inherit the deficiencies of her character, and will prove either incumbrances or positive evils to the community. Whereas a well informed and religious woman will inspire in her children generous sentiments and feelings. From her intellectual and moral exertion, from a resistless proneness to imitation, and from the moral contagion of maternal rectitude and dignity, her children will be abundantly blessed with all the best materials for the formation of character. It is by providing high schools of instruction for females, that you are to make *them* the best and most successful teachers in the land, to render them ministering angels to countless beings, and to multiply the joys of learning and virtue. Here then are we taught that the advancement of female education is one of the most efficacious means for promoting the public good. This will clothe society with new beauty and new blessings. On the exertions of the intelligent and pious of the present age rests the immense responsibleness of the future character of our country. It has become the imperious duty of every people, of every government to make abundant provision for female education.' Page 19.

We had noted further extracts for insertion, which want of space compels us to omit.

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[We give the following extracts as samples of the civil history of the 'Geography and History of the Western States'—of which the first volume is now from the press. The work will be published in May next.—Ed.]

HISTORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

It will be obvious to the smallest degree of reflection, that the limits prescribed to us will prevent our treating this article with the copiousness and minuteness, which ordinarily characterizes history. The origin and progress of the disputes and contests of the Spanish, French and Anglo-American colonies in the valley of the Mississippi, thus treated, would alone form a very considerable work. Our object is, to give a connected and synoptical view of the commencement and progress of the population of the whites in these forests down to this time; and we shall condense the article, as far as possible, and give it in the unpretending form of annals, premising, that, having compared different authorities for the French and Spanish part of it, we have mostly relied on the manuscript, and as yet untranslated authority of M. de La Harpe.

The English and the Spanish dispute the honor of the discovery of this country. There seems to be sufficiently authentic testimony to the fact, that Sebastian Cabot sailed along the shores of the country, since called Florida, but a few years after America had been discovered by Columbus. The Spanish contend, that it was discovered in the thirtieth degree of north latitude by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1512. This Spanish navigator is said to have been led to undertake this voyage, in consequence of a tradition, which he had heard at Cuba, probably derived from the intercourse of the Indians of that island with those of Florida, that there existed, somewhere in this region, a fountain, which had the property of opera-

ting rejuvenescence upon old age, and afterwards perpetuating youth. This would have been a discovery still more precious, than the gold of Montezuma and the Incas. He fitted out a small squadron, and directed his path over the ocean to the supposed point of these precious waters. He discovered land on Easter day, and gave it the name of Florida, from the Spanish name of that festival, *pasqua de flores*—the festival of flowers, or, according to Herrerra, from the appearance of the country, the trees of which at that time were covered with abundant and beautiful blossoms. The name imports the country of flowers.

He wandered in the flowering forest, searching in vain for the fountains of rejuvenescence. Instead of those fountains, he encountered fierce and determined savages, very different from the timid and effeminate Indians of Cuba. He was glad to escape, and return to Puerto Rico, whence his expedition was fitted out.

Between 1518 and 1524, Grijalva and Vasques, both Spaniards, landed on the shore of Florida. One of the two, and authorities do not agree which, treacherously carried off a number of the natives, as slaves. Grijalva returned again to the country, and received the just retribution of such perfidy. He landed with a considerable number of men, of whom two hundred were slain by the savages, in remembrance, and in retaliation of the injury of enslaving and carrying off their friends. He made another attempt to land on these shores, and was again attacked by the savages; and on his return to Hispaniola, he lost one of his ships, having been unfortunate in his whole enterprize. He returned, gave himself up to despair, and died of a broken heart. Francis de Garay obtained the first grant of Florida; but died without entering upon his grant. De Allyon succeeded to his grant; and as history says nothing of him, it only proves, that little was thought of the country at this period.

In 1528, Pamphilo de Narvaez obtained a grant of Florida; and the boundaries of the grant were specified. He fitted out a considerable armament, with four or five hundred men. With this force he landed, and marched into the interior; and we first begin to hear the names of the tribes and villages of the natives from his journal. The extent of his march was to Appalacha, a village with forty cabins. He had been decoyed thus far by the natives, who, finding that the grand object of the Spaniards was to obtain gold, pretended, that there were mines in their vicinity. On their own ground, they turned upon him, defeated him, and harassed him on his retreat. On his return voyage, somewhere not far from the mouth of the Mississippi, his fleet was attacked by a storm, in which most of his ships were wrecked, and in which he, and many of his men perished.

He was succeeded by Ferdinand de Soto, governor of Cuba.—He was a man of great bravery and boldness, and of a chivalrous and enterprising spirit. He contemplated the conquest and colo-

nization of Florida. His powerful armament sailed from Havanna, and consisted of nine ships, nearly a thousand men, between two and three hundred horses, and live stock of different kinds; indicating a purpose to establish a colony. He landed this formidable force, and was attacked immediately on landing; but he was one of those early adventurers in America, who rather coveted glory, than gold. He marched far into the interior, penetrated the Indian country, as far as that of the Chickasaws, fought many battles with them, rather courting, than avoiding danger; and he was, probably, the first white man, who saw the Mississippi, which he crossed on this expedition, not far from the entrance of Red river. He had already passed a winter in the country, in continual rencontres with the Indians. On Red river he sickened, and died. He had rendered himself such an object of terror and hatred to the Indians, that in order to preserve his remains from violation, or prevent the knowledge of his death, his body was enclosed in the hollow section of an oak tree, and sunk in Red river. His followers, reduced to two or three hundred men, in want and despair, felt but too happy to get away from these inhospitable shores, and once more to leave Florida without a white inhabitant.

The great and illustrious Protestant, Admiral Colligny, had formed the project of establishing a colony of *hugunots*, as the Protestants were called in France, on these remote shores, that they might find an asylum from persecution in the wilderness. Charles of France was anxious to get rid of his *hugunot* subjects, and furthered the project. An expedition was fitted out, and the command given to Francois Ribault. The settlers were landed not far from the present position of St. Augustine. To the eastward of the bay of St. Joseph he built a fort, which the French contend, was the first fortification erected in the country. It was called fort Charles, in honor of the king. It was in the year 1564; and a number of families were established here.

This colony suffered various disasters from disaffection, and mutiny, and hunger, and desertion by the parent country. After a considerable interval of time, Ribault arrived with seven ships and large reinforcements from France; but it was only to draw from the new settlement all the men, that could be spared, for an attack upon the Spanish fleet in those seas. M. de Laudoniere was left in the new fort without an adequate force, to defend it. In the absence of Ribault, it was attacked by Don Pedro Menendez, who commanded a Spanish force in that region, charged by the king of Spain, to root out the French heretics from Florida, and plant good Spanish Catholics in their place. He attacked the fort, and carried it by storm. All, that escaped the sword, were immediately hung, with this inscription labelled on their backs—'Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics, enemies of God and the Virgin.'

A private Gascon gentleman in France, of good family and fortune, named Dominique de Gourgues, determined to avenge the massacre of his countrymen by his own private means. He fitted out a small armament, proceeded to the country, enlisted a number of the natives, as allies, attacked the Spaniards, and, after some severe fighting, carried the fort. All, that survived the capture, were hung on the same trees, where the French had so miserably perished, with this retaliating label on their backs—'Not as Spaniards, or soldiers, but as traitors, and assassins.' But the vicinity of powerful Spanish colonies in the islands, so near to the shores of Florida, gave them such advantages for retaining possession of that country, that Gorgues and his friends soon felt themselves compelled to abandon it; and it was left to the undisturbed occupancy of the Spaniards for nearly half a century.

Almost fifty years elapsed, before we hear any thing more of the French in North America. In 1608, a fleet arrived in the St. Lawrence, commanded by Admiral Champlaine, and founded the important city of Quebec. There is one surprising coincidence in the discovery and first settlements of the three great colonizing powers in this division of North America, the Spanish, French and English. The Spaniards fixed their first colony east of the Mississippi on the barren sands of Florida. The first French establishment in the north was in the icy and inclement climate of Quebec. Their first southern colonial experiments were in Florida, and on Biloxi, both as sterile regions as could have been selected. The English first planted a colony at Jamestown, in Virginia, no way remarkable for its comparative promise of fertility; and at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, as discouraging a point, from its appearance at the time of landing in the depth of winter, and from its natural sterility, as little inviting, as could well be imagined. Providence seems to have settled the arrangement, that the most dreary and sterile regions should be the first settled.

Even after the French were established on the fertile borders of the Mississippi, where the prodigious power of vegetation, constantly in operation before their eyes, must have taught them the prolific character of the soil, they long drew from France, or the Spanish colonies, supplies of provisions, which the earth under their feet was much more capable of producing. We are told, that the first Dutch settlers of Albany and Schenectady brought the bricks for the first houses from Holland, which might have been made of a better quality from the earth which was thrown up in the excavation of their cellars. Such is the force of prejudice; and so slow are the advances of reason.

The Spanish at this period were less enlightened, than the French; but in their projects of establishing colonies, they had been taught by experience, and their reasonings, touching the proper measures and arrangements for the permanence and prosperity of colonies,

were based not on fancy and theory, but on what they had learned by observing the order of events in their new settlements.—Hence, when they founded a colony, they generally laid its foundation on such sure and reasonable calculations, that it remained. The perseverance and steady enterprize of the English effected for them what experience taught the Spaniards. Most of their first founded colonies were permanent.

The French had a clear advantage over both the other nations, in a point most vital to the prosperity of colonies founded in the North American wilderness, a much greater facility, to assimilate themselves to the habits and inclinations of the savages, and to gain their alliance and good will. There is scarce an instance on record, where success depended on superior power and adroitness of winning the affections of the savages, that the French did not carry it. And yet the French were by no means so successful, as either of the other powers, in establishing colonies. It is still more surprising, that the French colonies, planted on the Mississippi, in a mild climate, and which at that time was not particularly insalubrious, and in the most fertile soil, and in one of the most favorable positions in the world, were abandoned, broken up, and renewed, more than once, before they became permanent; while the first colony founded on the inclement shores of the St. Lawrence prospered, became flourishing, and soon extended itself to the lakes.—It is proverbial, that the human powers, bodily and mental, are best developed by difficulty and opposition.

Canada had become populous, strong and enterprizing. The French aptitude to be well with the savages had manifested itself. The immigrants had begun to take themselves wives from among the Indians, and to display that inclination to hunting, and trapping, and inhabiting among them, for which they have been distinguished in these regions ever since. They soon discovered the astonishing natural shrewdness of the Indians, as manifested particularly in their facility in obtaining accurate knowledge of the vast countries and rivers around and beyond them. In their hunting advances to the region of the lakes, the French were not long, in getting an account of a river of great size, and immense length, which pursued a course opposite to that of the St. Lawrence, and emptied into an unknown sea.

If the Spanish had seen and crossed the Mississippi, it was without knowing its name, or having any adequate idea of the country watered by it. In a narrative, written with great interest, and apparent simplicity, father Hennepin claims for La Salle the honor of this discovery; and he gives details of the outfit of the discovering party from Quebec, the building of a vessel, called the 'Griffin,' the first, it should seem, that ever navigated the lakes, and the subsequent wanderings, misfortunes and assassination of La Salle, in his impressive journal.

But from a comparison of authorities we deem, that *peres* Marquette and Joliette, two French missionaries from Canada, deserve the honor of being considered the first discoverers of the Mississippi. They commenced their journey of discovery from Quebec, with five men; traversed the rivers, and forests, and immense inland seas. They made their way from lake Michigan, it is supposed by the present route, to the Illinois, and down that river to the Mississippi.

The day of its discovery, an era, which should be so memorable to this country, was June 15, 1673. We can imagine their sensations, when they first saw that broad and beautiful river from the mouth of the Illinois. We can fancy, how the imaginations of Frenchmen would kindle at the view of the romantic bluffs, the grand forests, the flowering prairies, the tangle of grape vines on the trees, the beautiful birds, that flitted among the branches, the swans sailing in their stateliness on the stream, and as yet unterrified at the view of man, the fishes darting in the pellucid wave, and nature in the array of June. We can fancy them looking up and down this calm and majestic wave, and painting every thing above and below the cope of their vision, just as beautiful, as they could wish it. Of course, we rather attribute the wonderful accounts of the height of the Illinois bluffs, the descent of the falls of St. Anthony, the rapidity of the current of the Missouri, and the terrible monsters painted on the Grand Tower, together with their exaggerations of the fruits, flowers, birds, beasts, and every thing they saw, which we meet with in the accounts of the first French voyagers on the Mississippi, to the influence of an imagination naturally and highly kindled, than to any allowed intention to deceive.—They descended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas; that is, nearly a thousand miles. From their journal, exaggerated as it is, we clearly trace the progress of their descent by the present order of things.

It may be supposed, that these fathers, on their return, would not undervalue their discovery, or underrate the beauty of the river and country, which they had explored. M. de La Salle, commandant of fort Frontiniac on lake Ontario, a man of standing, courage and talents, and besides a needy adventurer, gave up his imagination and his thoughts to this discovery. To complete it, promised fame, money, and success of every sort. The exhausted state of his finances offered formidable obstacles to an enterprize, which could not be prosecuted without money. At the close of the summer of 1679, he had by the greatest exertions equipped a small vessel, called the Griffin, at the lower end of lake Erie. His company consisted of father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan friar, and thirty-four men. In their progress over the lakes, they were joined by many of those '*coureurs du bois*,' those woods' men, of which Canada thus early had begun to furnish specimens. On

reaching the waters of Michigan, their vessel was despatched back with a valuable cargo of peltries. She was arrested on her return by the savages. Her crew was massacred, and she was burned.

By this disaster the crew was reduced to thirty-two in number. They made their way to the western end of lake Michigan, up the Chicago, and down the Des Plaines and the Illinois by the same route, which is now travelled. They wintered on the banks of the Illinois, near Peoria lake, and built a fort, at once for winter quarters, and security against the savages. They called the fort '*Crevecœur*,' or Heart-break, either from their own misfortunes, suffered here, or from the circumstance, that it was the site of a bloody battle between the Iroquois and Illinois Indians, in which the latter had been defeated, and had suffered a loss of eight hundred prisoners carried into slavery. M. de La Salle, with three men, returned to Canada to procure supplies and reinforcements.

In the absence of M. de La Salle, father Hennepin was instructed to ascend the Mississippi to its sources; while the former was to return, and descend the river to its mouth, that between them the discovery might be complete. The father departed from Creve-cœur, with only two companions, to fulfil his part of the instructions. But when he arrived at the Mississippi, which he reached March 8th, 1680, he found it easier to descend, than to ascend, and he reached the mouth, if his word may be taken, on the 25th of the same month; nor is it incredible, that three men could work a canoe with the rapid current of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Illinois to the Balize in sixteen days. On his return, he asserts, that he ascended the river to the falls of St. Anthony. He revisited Canada, and embarked immediately for France. He there published his travels in the most splendid manner, dedicating his work to the great Colbert. In this work the country is called Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV., the reigning monarch of France.

Various attempts have been made, from the discrepancies and exaggerations in this book, to throw doubt upon the whole asserted fact of his having ever descended the Mississippi to its mouth. Be that as it may, M. de La Salle, delighted with the country on the Illinois, made use of every exertion, which his exhausted means would allow, to furnish another expedition for the Mississippi. A number of adventurers were found willing to push their hopes and fortunes in the discovery of unknown countries. With them he arrived, in 1683, on the Mississippi. He founded the villages of Cahokia and Kaskaskia, and some other small establishments on this descent, and these are the oldest places in the western world. He left his friend, M. de Tonti, in the command of these establishments. He returned to Canada, and thence made all haste to France, in order to procure the co-operation of the French ministry with his views.

One of his first objects was to convince the ministry of the existence of that astonishing inland water communication, which nature has furnished between the river St. Lawrence and the gulf of Mexico, which binds these distant points together by an almost unbroken chain of nearly four thousand miles in length. He first comprehended the plan, upon which the French government afterwards so steadily acted, of drawing a strong line of communication from one point to the other, and thus insulating the English settlements within this impassable barrier. As establishments were thus already formed on the upper Mississippi, it was a part of this plan to commence establishments at the mouth of this river.

He obtained from the king an order to fit out an armament for discovering the mouth of the Mississippi, and the command was given to him. It sailed in the month of August, 1684. He steered too far to the westward, to reach the mouth of the Mississippi, and made land in a bay, which he called St. Louis, and which is now called the bay of St. Bernard. It is something more than one hundred leagues west of the Balize, in latitude 29° 20′ N. He lost one of his vessels on the bar at the entrance of this bay. He finally succeeded in landing his followers on the banks of the river Guadeloupe, a stream of the present province of Texas. The adventurers were protected in some measure from the continual assaults of the savages by a fort, which he erected for them. But in addition to their exposure to the Indians, they were assailed by sickness, and their situation was inconceivably lonely and desolate.

The efforts, which this brave man made, to rescue this little colony, which had thus followed his fortunes over the sea, and into the wilderness, from impending destruction, are almost incredible. Once he started, with twenty men, in hopes they might reach the Mississippi, and the settlement under M. de Tonti, in the Illinois. He advanced a great distance among the Indians. They received his men kindly, and four of them deserted, and joined the savages. He was compelled by sickness and desertion to return to the fort, discouraged, and weakened. But he soon regained courage, to renew the attempt to make his way over land to the Illinois.—They wandered through the unknown prairies and forests, and crossed the lakes and rivers, for two months. De Salle halted, to allow his men some repose from their incessant toils. They encamped in a beautiful place, where game abounded, and where the Indians welcomed their arrival. The soldiers had heard of the desertion of their companions, on the former trip. They contemplated, on the one hand, the life of toil before them, and on the other, the fancied happiness of those, who had already deserted to dwell among the Indians. The Indolence and licentiousness of a life, so passed among the savages, contrasted in their

minds with the incessant toil of civilized life. They were of the hungry rabble from the populace of a French city. They determined to desert, and join the Indians. To treachery they added the most cruel assassination. They ambuscaded a party, sent out by La Salle to hunt—among whom was his nephew, and slew them, to prevent their opposing any obstacle to their desertion. La Salle observed the mutinous spirit of these men, and became uneasy about the fate of the hunting party, which had delayed its return beyond the appointed time. With gloomy presentiments he departed, to search for his lost companions. He soon found their dead bodies. The mutineers fired upon him, and he fell. But history has not clearly ascertained, where this patriarch of Louisiana, illustrious by his merits, his misfortunes, his adventures, and his discoveries, laid his bones. Of his colony planted at St. Bernard, we may here remark, that of those that remained, part fell by the savages; and the remainder was carried away, in 1689, by a detachment of Spaniards from Coahuila, in New Leon.

The mutineers, as might be expected, soon quarrelled among themselves. In the quarrel, the two murderers of M. La Salle experienced the re-action of justice, and were slain in their turn.—Two priests of the party became penitent at having winked at the assassination, and have furnished us with the account, which we have given. Seven only remained. With the two priests at their head, and aided by various savage tribes on their way, they finally reached the Arkansas, where they found a French colony, consisting of immigrants from Canada, already settled. Charlevoix throws a melancholy interest over the fate of the other great discoverer of Louisiana, father Marquette. Previous to his discovery of the Mississippi, he had been a laborious and faithful missionary in Canada. After that discovery, he was still prosecuting his travels with great ardor. On his way from Chicago to Michilimackinack, he entered a river, which bore his name. He requested his followers to land, intimating, that he had a presentiment, that he should end his days there. He landed, erected an altar, said mass, and retired a little distance, as he said, to offer thanks to God; and requested, that he might be left alone for half an hour. When they returned, he had expired. The place is not known, where Marquette is interred.

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Bernard de La Harpe, in giving his narrative of his proceedings, according to his instructions, on Red river, lays down its mouth as being in latitude 31° 15′; and Natchitoches in 32° 30′. He established a post, eighty leagues above Natchitoches, on Red river, in latitude 33° 10′; and attempted to open a trade with the Spaniards. He thoroughly explored the country between Red river and Washita; and made himself particularly acquainted, according to the usual French policy, with the various tribes of Indians.

His narrative shows much simplicity and credulity; but is otherwise amusing. He describes, probably from the ill-understood accounts of the Indians, an animal, which he calls a lion, with one horn, and other incredible circumstances, which no after information has confirmed to exist. Many of his barbarous names of savage tribes in that quarter, are the names, which they bear at present; and the general impression of the savages at this day confirms the statement of La Harpe, that the Carancoahs of Texas were cannibals.

He ascended the Arkansas, according to his narrative, to the mountains; and found a number of savage tribes, associated, and living in one town, which contained, as he asserts, 4,000 souls. Their cabins were contiguous, and running in a parallel line for nearly a league. The situation was delightful beyond description. They were allies of the Pawnees, who dwelt forty leagues to the north of them, and were then at peace with the Osages and most of the wandering nations about the sources of Arkansas and Red river. Their old men related, that the Spaniards had traded for the precious metals with the Padoucas, whose villages were situated at the distance of fifteen days' journey from them. They asserted, that they knew where these metals were found, but fearing their enemies, they seldom crossed the mountains, over which they were discovered. They showed him rock-salt, which they said, they obtained on this side the mountains. They represented the Arkansas, as navigable for a great distance above them, although they admitted themselves to be so ignorant of navigation, as not even to have periogues. They presented the calumet of peace to him with great ceremony. There were present on the occasion more than 500 savages. Some venerable old men performed the ceremony. Their harangue was of the same cast with those, which the Indians give at present. It touched upon the advantages, which they hoped from an alliance with the French, the benefits of their merchandize, their warlike character, and generosity. After this, all the chiefs and principal warriors recounted the great deeds and exploits, which themselves had performed, and particularly dwelling on the number of scalps, that they had taken. It was a gorgeous ceremonial; but, as such things are apt to be, before the termination it began to be wearisome. It lasted nearly three days,—during which time, the savages continued to dance, and sing without intermission.

When he retired to repose, several warriors attended with eagle feathers to drive away the flies and musquitos, and to fan him through the night. They still continued their harangues, dances and songs by day; casting from time to time buffalo robes at his feet. They made him presents of rock-salt, corn bread, tobacco, and a rock of a beautiful blue and red color, to which they added a young slave, eight years old. They regretted, that they had

not received his visit one moon earlier; declaring, that they could then have given him seventeen slaves, instead of this one; but averred, that they had eaten them all at a public festival!

They were in the habit of leaving their village, in the month of October, to hunt the buffalo, and returning from the hunt in March. At that time, they planted beans, corn and pumpkins, which formed their sustenance during the summer. They had beautiful horses, which they rode with bridles and saddles of leather, after the Spanish fashion. They, also, wore a kind of armor made of leather, which was proof against arrows. Each of these nations had its own peculiar coat of arms, answering to the present Indian '*totem*.' This was painted on a piece of leather, and suspended above their doors. Some bore the sun, moon, or stars; and some different kinds of birds and beasts. What is most singular is, that many languages were spoken in this single village.

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It is well remembered, that the purchase of this country by our government was a theme of party crimination at the time; that the measure was strongly reprobated by many, as tending only to give an useless and dropsical extension to a country, already too large. Our limits and our inclinations equally forbid our dwelling on these painful remembrances. At this day, there is but one opinion about the wisdom and necessity of this measure. Louisiana, independent of its intrinsic value, would have been the apple of eternal discord between us, and whatever power retained it. That power would have been able always to keep alive dissension and disunion in the West. Either the western states must have been perpetually barred from the ocean; or the whole course, and the entire command of the Mississippi must have been ours. But, independent of political considerations, at this day a single territory, beyond the states already formed, is worth to the treasury of the United States, more than the whole purchase cost.

Ridicule at the same time was cast upon the mode of acquiring the country by purchase, and by money, and not by arms. It is not true, as was then alleged, that this was the first precedent of a purchased country. Even had it been, our government deserved credit for the first example. The conquest of the country, had that not been in the nature of things a contingent event, could not have cost less money, laying the price of human blood, that must have been shed in acquiring it, out of the question, than we gave for the purchase. It is useless to enlarge. Whoever looks on these fair and fertile regions, now, and as we hope for ever, the domain of freedom, and which have already had their influence, in diffusing that boon to the vast extents of country beyond them, will hail the era of the purchase of this country, as long as the Mississippi shall roll to the sea.

A new scene opens before us. The wide and fertile country of the 'father of streams' is all a land of freedom; and that mighty river, from its source to its mouth, only sees the American standard. The Atlantic population poured in a stream of immigration from beyond the mountains. As presages of the empire, that was one day to spring up in these deserts, towns and settlements began to appear on the courses of the Ohio, as by enchantment.—In order to preserve something like an unbroken chain of events in Louisiana, we have a little preceded the order of events in other parts of this valley. We return, to contemplate the condition of the country on the Ohio at the close of the war of the revolution.

The savages had generally taken part with Great Britain in that war. That power still held posts within our ceded limits, whence her traders issued the means of influence and corruption among them. These posts were central points, from which they marched upon our incipient settlements on the frontier, armed with the tomahawk and the scalping knife. One of the earliest objects of the attention of our government, after that war, was either to pacify the Indians, or restrain and punish their cruelties. The Creeks, a powerful nation in the centre of the southern country, were in a position, to be excited to enmity both by Britain and Spain.—They were headed at this time by M'Gillivray, a man, who united in his character the strong points both of the savage and the civilized life. He was at first refractory, and indisposed to terms.—A second effort with him was more successful. Colonel Willet, who was charged with the negotiation, induced M'Gillivray to repair to New York; and a treaty was signed, which bears his name along with that of Washington.

Attempts to pacify the Indians of the Wabash and the Miami were not equally successful. The measures of Washington were soon taken. As soon as he saw, that the ordinary motives would have no effect, in bringing them to terms, he felt that policy and humanity alike called for strong measures. An expedition against the hostile tribes, northwest of the Ohio, was planned. The object was, to bring the Indians to a general engagement; or if that might not be, to destroy their establishments on the waters of the Scioto and the Wabash. General Harmar was appointed to the command of this expedition. Major Hamtranck, with a detachment, was to make a diversion in his favor up the Wabash.

On the 13th of September, 1791, general Harmar marched from fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati, with 320 regulars, and effected a junction with the militia of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, which had advanced twenty-five miles in front.—The whole force amounted to 1,453 men. Colonel Hardin, who commanded the Kentucky militia, was detached with 600 men, chiefly militia, to reconnoitre. On his approach to the Indian set-

tlements, the Indians set fire to their villages, and fled. In order, if possible, to overtake them, he was detached with a smaller force, that could be moved more rapidly. It consisted of 210 men. A small party of Indians met, and attacked them; and the greater part of the militia behaved badly,—leaving a few brave men, who would not fly, to their fate. Twenty-three of the party fell, and seven only made their escape, and rejoined the army. Notwithstanding this check, the army succeeded so far as to reduce the remaining towns to ashes, and destroy their provisions.

On their return to fort Washington, general Harmar was desirous of wiping off in another action the disgrace, which public opinion had impressed upon his arms. He halted eight miles from Chillicothe; and late at night detached colonel Hardin, with orders to find the enemy, and bring him to an engagement. Early in the morning, this detachment reached the enemy, and a severe engagement ensued. The savages fought with desperation.—Some of the American troops shrunk; but the officers conducted with great gallantry. Most of them fell, bravely discharging their duty. More than 50 regulars and 100 militia, including the brave officers, Fontaine, Willys and Frothingham, were slain.

Harmar, in his official account of this affair, claimed the victory, although the Americans seem clearly to have had the worst of the battle. At his request, he was tried by a court martial, and honorably acquitted. The enemy had suffered so severely, that they allowed him to return unmolested to fort Washington.

The terrors and the annoyance of Indian hostilities still hung over the western settlements. The call was loud and general from the frontiers, for ample and efficient protection. Congress placed the means in the hands of the executive. Major general Arthur St. Clair was appointed commander in chief of the forces to be employed in the meditated expedition. The objects of it were, to destroy the Indian settlements between the Miamies, to expel them from the country, and establish a chain of posts, which should prevent their return during the war. This army was late in assembling in the vicinity of fort Washington. They marched directly towards the chief establishments of the enemy, building and garrisoning in their way the two intermediate forts, Hamilton and Jefferson. After the detachments had been made for these garrisons, the effective force, that remained, amounted to something less than 2,000 men. To open a road for their march was, of course, a slow and tedious business. Small parties of Indians were often seen hovering about their march; and some unimportant skirmishes took place. As the army approached the enemy's country, sixty of the militia deserted in a body. To prevent the influence of such an example, major Hamtranck was detached with a regiment, in pursuit of the deserters. The army, now consisting of 1,400 men, continued its march. On the 3d of

November, 1792, it encamped fifteen miles south of the Miami villages. Having been rejoined by major Hamtranck, general St. Clair proposed to march immediately against them.

Half an hour before sunrise, the militia was attacked by the savages, and fled in the utmost confusion. They burst through the formed line of the regulars into the camp. Great efforts were made by the officers, to restore order; but not with the desired success. The Indians pressed upon the heels of the flying militia, and engaged general Butler with great intrepidity. The action became warm and general; and the fire of the assailants, passing round both flanks of the first line, in a few minutes was poured with equal fury upon the rear. The artillerists in the centre were mowed down; and the fire was the more galling, as it was directed by an invisible enemy, crouching on the ground, or concealed behind trees. In this manner they advanced towards the very mouths of the cannon; and fought with the infuriated fierceness, with which success always animates savages. Some of the soldiers exhibited military fearlessness, and fought with great bravery. Others were timid, and disposed to fly. With a self-devotion, which the occasion required, the officers generally exposed themselves to the hottest of the contest, and fell in great numbers in desperate efforts, to restore the battle. The commanding general, though he had been for some time enfeebled with severe disease, acted with personal bravery, and delivered his orders with judgment and self-possession. A charge was made upon the savages with the bayonet; and they were driven from their covert, with some loss, a distance of 400 yards. But as soon as the charge was suspended, they returned to the attack. General Butler was mortally wounded; the left of the right wing broken, and the artillerists killed almost to a man. The guns were seized, and the camp penetrated by the enemy. A desperate charge was headed by colonel Butler; although he was severely wounded; and the Indians were again driven from the camp, and the artillery recovered. Several charges were repeated with partial success. The enemy only retreated, to return to the charge, flushed with new ardor.—The ranks of the troops were broken, and the men pressed together in crowds, and were shot down without resistance. A retreat was all that remained, to save the remnant of the army. Colonel Darke was ordered to charge a body of savages, that intercepted their retreat. Major Clark, with his battalion, was directed to cover the rear. These orders were carried into effect; and a most disorderly flight commenced. A pursuit was kept up four miles, when fortunately for the surviving Americans, the natural greediness of the savage appetite for plunder called back the victorious Indians to the camp, to divide the spoils. The routed troops continued their flight to fort Jefferson, throwing away their

arms on the road. The wounded were left here, and the army retired upon fort Washington.

In this fatal battle fell 38 commissioned officers, and 593 non-commissioned officers and privates. Twenty-one commissioned officers, many of whom afterwards died of their wounds, and 242 non-commissioned officers and privates, were wounded.

This severe disaster to an expedition, which had been deemed sufficient to look down all opposition, was as humiliating, as it was unexpected. Public opinion was unfavorable, in regard to the management of general St. Clair. He solicited a trial by a court martial; but owing to the circumstance, that there was no officer in the army of a grade, to be authorized by the usages of war to preside over the trial, he did not receive one.

[Our friend Smelfungus has remitted us another chapter of the 'Miseries of Authors.' In volume, it is compared with the former, as a mountain to a mole-hill. When we state the circumstances, under which we sat down to peruse it, the good natured reader will catch a sympathetic shudder from ours. We have scarcely had two successive days of sunshine in our formerly clear and brilliant winter sky, since the 'hanging month' of November.—The sun seems to have taken an affront at the fogs of vituperation, abuse and political malignity, which earth has been steaming upwards towards him—and has hidden his warm and glorious countenance in magnanimous disdain. The sweet heavens have been striving ineffectually to wash away the defilement of the times by the drenching of incessant rains. We, mean while, have been rummaging dusty shelves, and turning over dull books, and looking with dismay upon a shower of pamphlets and periodicals, ever and anon glancing our eye into a gauzy souvenir or album, and arresting it a moment upon a tale, a little nauseating, like sweetened antimonial wine. Add to this poor health, and unremitting labor, and it will not be difficult to suppose, that we were, as physicians say, 'predisposed' to the horrors, before we received this mountain of miseries. Our friend seems to find relief in venting his dolors to the winds. It is partly to oblige him, and partly with the good natured and common kindness of a desire to communicate a share of our gloom, dismay, and chagrin to our reader, that we have

made a selection from these miseries. We have an ultimate view to his good in another point. There is really ground to apprehend, that every man, woman and child in the United States, that can read, and write, is afflicted at this time with the mania of propensity to authorship. If every body turns author, where will be the readers? We publish now triple the number of papers, that can be supported. If we triple that number, who will pay the paper maker and printer? It may not be amiss for aspirants to count the cost, before they gird themselves to the warfare.

The compiler of these miseries has poured them forth from such a fulness of lamentation, that he seems not to have had sufficient 'method in his madness' even to number them. We have performed that duty for him, and we find in the MS. before us, a good hundred and three distinct miseries. We have selected a few choice ones, which in a cursory perusal seemed to us the most exquisite; and even them we have very much abridged. We can only hope, that they may be useful in staying the plague of authorship. Two or three '*quos equus Jupiter amavit*,' may have arrived at the fortune of having their lucubrations stereotyped; but for the remainder, it must be a losing concern, that of authorship, until the time, when the law, which the honest Tennesseeans are said to have passed, in the early days of their legislation, to wit, *that there should be no out side rows to their corn fields*, shall take effect.—Ed.]

MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

Misery 21. To have your book reviewed by the ninth part of a man, who is positive, flippant and arrogant, as generally happens, in exact proportion to his ignorance; a man, who proves by the dulness and clumsiness of his own writings, that if he knows how to set another right, and abuse his imagined faults, it is without knowing how to apply the benefit of his knowledge to his own use and behoof; that, like the ill fated Cassandra of classical memory, he has critical skill, tact and prophecy for every body's benefit, but his own.

Misery 40. To see yourself exposed in the columns of a heavy and splenetic newspaper to the abuse of some young tyro fresh from the academy, croaking criticism, like a young chanticleer just beginning to crow; to perceive, that this young Theban is as able to comprehend you, as he is the highest analysis of La Place, and has as many claims, from his learning, taste, feeling and capacity

to relish excellence of any sort, as an oyster has to sing sonatas; while your good natured friends are complimenting you, that you show weakness, to manifest any feeling in view of such criticisms, to be bitterly conscious, that you are not writing for fame alone; and that three will read what your critic has said of you, where one will pause to enquire, touching the justice of the criticism; to be sensible, that his criticisms lay nearer the common apprehension and taste, than your writings; and to be made aware by experience, that, fume and fret, as you may, this *thing* has a strong bearing and influence upon the opinion of that very public, on which you depend.

Misery 45. To pass your night vigils in meditating, how you can shoot your new periodical through the thick shade of its hundred cotemporaries into the sun and air; to rise from the meditations of such night watchings, to see on your table next morning the announcement of fourteen new periodicals and publications; and among the rest the title of a favorite work, with which your brain has been pregnant, like that of Jove with Minerva; and now, when just ready to be delivered of your full grown progeny in complete panoply, to see yourself anticipated.

Misery 50. To have three letters arrive by the same mail.—In one, an anonymous friend, with a peculiarly disinterested affection, as he prefaces his motive, informs you, that your late book is completely dished by box, pit and gallery. The second contains a very clear and intelligible note from your paper maker, touching the paper of said book. The third is from him of the 'trade,' and in a tone of exquisite tenderness, informs, 'sales very limited.'—No books, but those of distinguished authors, will go in these dull times. The postcript, as usual, contains the cream of the joke.—'You will please remember, that your note is due.' When this 'coincidence' happens, let the author avoid upper and unfurnished rooms, and the sight of all unappropriated cord.

Misery 51. To perceive, that the envy of the whole tribe of dunces, '*pecus innumerabile*,' is enlisted against you as surely, as if you had unquestioned merit and talent; and yet to have most mortifying doubts yourself, whether it were your merits, or defects, that united the confederacy against you.

Misery 55. To be denied learning, because your printer has no Greek types, or because you respect your reader too much, to eke out your chapter, with what nobody will read, instead of tasking your own brain for the matter.

Misery 60. To find that your critic has neither the sense, courage nor heart, to let you wholly alone, nor give you unclogged praise, nor generous, decided, and vigorous abuse; but takes the middle, mean revenge of damning you with faint praise, such as 'he has reached mediocrity;' or he is 'sometimes above mediocrity,' &c. &c. Let such men read in the Dunciad.

'Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.'

Misery 63. Ask a critical friend, to whom you have consigned your MS. for his judgment, what he thinks of it? And have him answer your question, by proposing another, as thus—'*apropos*,' have you read that superb article upon the question of the next president? And when forced to the point, to have him add, 'Oh, I had forgotten: tolerable, tolerable. But you have no chance.—Too many thousand books made at this time by real authors.'

Misery 67. To be writing ineffectually from Dan to Beersheba, to get a tolerable article of originial verse, and have a prospectus of a new work in some obscure place announce under your eye, that the poetry of that work shall be original, and of the *highest order*. This evil raises a smile, that almost cures it. It reminds one of the old Roman cub of a general, who sacked Corinth, if my memory serves me. Despatching some of the priceless and incomparable '*chefs dœuvres*' of captured Grecian statuary to Rome, he gave the person, charged with them, many strict cautions, to take care of them, and imposing upon him the penalty of replacing them by others of equal value, if they should be lost!!

Misery 80. Oh! Misericordia! To be nursing a sentimental tale; to have your eyes ready to fill; to see the whole universe with the youthful confiding view of poetry, as good, amiable, benevolent, sighing, lack-a-day-saical, &c. To sit down to write with such dispositions; the morning foggy, the roads muddy, the room smoky, a murky moral atmosphere pervading the whole establishment; to begin to read a pathetic sentence for the judgment of a member of the family, and be interrupted by a boy bringing in a bill; and when the pathetic sentence is finally read, to be answered, instead of tears, with a half suppressed yawn! This kind of agony may be technically termed revulsion of association.

Misery 90. To see a criticism upon your orthography and punctuation started by an animal, whose authority in the one case is his own Small Walker, and in the other his own mode of punctuation. He never comprehended the meaning of a *member of a sentence*—and he never had sufficient reach of mind to discriminate between errors of the press and original defects of education;—and yet he has had the fortune to start a criticism against you, which is going the rounds of the papers.

At the close of these miseries, the author adds from Gil Blas,

'Spes et fortuna, valete;
Sat me lusistis; nunc alios ludete.'

POETICAL.

In descending the Mississippi, there is a long sweeping point of heavily timbered bottom, just opposite the second Chickasaw Bluff, a name which is given to one of those peninsulas of high land, which jut into the alluvion, and approach the river from time to time on its eastern side. In this bottom, at the distance of about two hundred and fifty paces from the bank of the river, there is a little grave, in which are deposited the remains of my youngest sister. She was born on our passage from Arkansas to St. Charles, in the fall of 1819, and survived only three days. At that time, the settlements on the Mississippi were so thin, and remote, that there were often intervals of unbroken forests, extending from twenty to thirty miles along its shores. It was in the midst of one of these, and in a night of storms, that this little infant was born; and it is there, that she was buried. We were ascending the river in a small batteau, and were entirely alone, having been left by our hands a few miles below. Our solitary situation—the circumstances of her birth—the place of her burial—all, conspired to make a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Some years afterwards, I passed the same place, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, in a steam boat. Before we arrived there, I had stolen away from the crowded bustle of the cabin, to a more secluded place on the top of the boat, that I might indulge my feelings without observation, or restraint. I shall not attempt to describe them now. I felt a desire to consecrate the memory of this 'desert born' and 'desert buried,' in the minds of some, whose friendship has been, and ever will be, dear to me.

LINES, ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

On yonder shore,—On yonder shore,
Now verdant with its depth of shade,
Beneath the white-arm'd sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear. A brother weeps.
'Tis there the faded flowret sleeps.

She sleeps alone. She sleeps alone.
The summer's forests o'er her wave;

And sighing winds at Autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmur'd, at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then deep'ning to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep,
And pour unheard, along the wild,
Their desert-anthem o'er a child.

She came, and pass'd. Can I forget,
How we, whose hearts had hail'd her birth,
E'er three autumnal suns had set,
Consign'd her to her mother Earth?
Joys, and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper trac'd, than they.

That little group;—I see them now,
As when I knelt among them, there,
And saw our father's pallid brow
Uncover'd to the desert air;
As, in the midst, he knelt to pray
Beside the bier, on which she lay.

Again, I see each pale cheek flush;
Again the burning tear-drop start,
And mark the deep and voiceless gush
Of feelings—such as wring the heart.
That grave—the spade—the coffin—pall,
Aye, even yet, I see them all.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heap'd the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain-drops fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May Angels guard it;—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone. She sleeps alone.
For all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,

As, in one broad, eternal tide,
Its rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
  There is no stone,—with graven lie;
To tell of love, and virtue blent,
  In one, almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace,
To point us to her resting place.

The pilgrim, as he wanders by,
  May see, indeed, no trace, from whence
To learn, that he is treading nigh
  The sleeping dust of innocence;
But there are hearts, by whom that spot,
In death, alone, will be forgot.

She sleeps alone. She sleeps alone.
  But now, the Spring hath pass'd her bier,
With flowery crown, and verdant zone,
  To wake again the slumbering year;
And all around, on joyous wing,
The forest songsters flit and sing.

She sleeps alone. She sleeps alone.
  But midst the tears of April showers,
The Genius of the wild hath strown
  His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone. She sleeps alone.
  But, yearly, is her grave-turf drest,
And still, the summer vines are thrown,
  In annual wreaths across her breast,
And, still, the sighing Autumn grieves,
And strews the hallow'd spot with leaves.

M. P. F.

THE ORLEANS HYMN.

Comrades, wake; the foe is waking!
Hear ye not the rolling drum?
See—the glorious dawn is breaking:
Freedom's hour of strife hath come.
Orient, from his ocean-pillow,
Springs the sun, and flames afar;
Onward, now, like ocean's billow,
Rolls the crimson tide of war.

Let us think, amid its swellings,
Of the land that gave us birth,
On our distant forest dwellings,
On the dear domestic hearth;
Let us call to mind the story
Of our brave, and dauntless sires,
Men—who trod the path to glory,
Through young Freedom's trial-fires.

What was death, and what was danger?
What was famine—hardship—toil?
They had vow'd to chase the stranger
From their own beloved soil.
Think, Oh think, and let it cheer us,
When the fight is raging high,
That their spirits see and hear us,
From their thrones in yonder sky.

By their oath, so proudly spoken;
By their blood, so freely pour'd;
By the chains, that they have broken;
By the Freedom they restor'd;
We, their sons, will never—never
Shame the cause, in which they fought;
But will keep, and keep forever,
What their blood so nobly bought.

See; in full reflection beaming,
How the glist'ning bayonets shine!
See! their steely splendor gleaming
From the long approaching line.
Banners wave, and plumes are dancing
O'er the moving mass of life.
See, its serried ranks advancing
To the fierce and fatal strife.

Say, Oh say, before yon minions,
Nurst in rapine, breathing lust,
Shall our Eagles droop their pinions,
And be trampled in the dust?
Shall our sons bow down in slavery?
Shall our peaceful homes lie low?
In the name of Patriot—bravery,
Let our actions answer, No. M. P. F.

REVIEW.

Description of the Antiquities discovered in the state of Ohio, and other Western states. Communicated to the president of the American Antiquarian Society. By Caleb Atwater. Worcester, Massachusetts:—William Manning, 1820.

Sketches of Louisville and its Environs; including, among a great variety of miscellaneous matter, a Florula Louisvillensis; By H. M'Murtrie, M. D. &c. Louisville, Kentucky:—S. Penn, Junior, 1819.

[Whether a race so listless crawl upon the earth, or sink into the grave, is, in my mind, of little moment. In either case, they leave behind them no memorial of their existence. He alone seems worthy to live, and truly in possession of enjoyment, who dedicates his talents to some active pursuit; who seeks for fame either in the field of glory, or in the walks of science.

Sallust. Vit. Catalinæ.]

One of these paths to usefulness and true glory, which the ancient historian so eloquently describes, is to employ knowledge and talents in illustrating, and making known our native country.—Ours has been described in the parent land, as being sterile in moral interest, barren in remembrances, and wanting those golden links of the chain of association, which connect the past with the future. The representation is equally unworthy and false. We have monuments innumerable. This great valley, apparently the wreck of a submerged world, is every where full of them. We have nature's ruins, compared with which the mouldering towers of abbeys and castles and churches in the old world, are but as the littleness of man compared with the dimensions of the works of God. We lately saw bones and organic remains dug from our soil, which would have made no mean buttress, or foundation for one of these European ruins, in the proud day of its erection.—Boulders of granite and countless masses of lead ore, torn from their native position, show the mighty changes, which our valley has undergone and what our world once was. In turning up the soil on all sides, we find huge bones of unknown animals; we stumble on the bodies of undescribed races of men. We find masses of human bones and skulls; and no one has thought of counting

the numbers of mounds and tombs, that rise along our wilderness. Surely the mystery of such a ruined world affords sufficient scope to imagination, and can not be justly charged with being destitute of moral interest.

In the older countries, men, who would devote time, talents and industry to the investigation of such subjects of interest, and so identified with national reputation, would be both honored, and rewarded. We are either too mercenary, or too deeply occupied in the heartless scramble after wealth, and the common objects of pursuit, to bestow a thought upon the past, or the future, or the men, who devote their time and talents, to place these relations in their proper bearing before us. Every thought, interest and feeling is merged in the momentary present. It is painful to believe, that this is more emphatically true of our portion of the country, than either of its other great divisions. In the east and in the south there is, evidently, a sectional feeling, a pride of nationality, that attaches a certain degree of consideration and respect to the labors of the man of science, the antiquarian, the natural historian, who strives to explore, make known, and illustrate his native region. The people see, that the only adequate reward of such a man is in public opinion, and in public estimation. The little nationality, which we have, turns wholly upon other subjects, and is wasted in other directions. If the press yield any and in the case, it is, to enable the one, in the meanness and the ignorance of envy, to pull down, decry, and neutralize the efforts of the other. Whatever is written, that is not gaudy, and glaring, with the sordid and ephemeral interests of the hour, passes into a shoreless and bottomless oblivion.

We wish to recal the attention of the western public for a moment to the names of men, who have devoted large and integral portions of their lives to searching, and illustrating the natural, physical and monumental history of this great region, without fee or reward, and who have not even the satisfaction of seeing their labors remembered, and estimated. We do not flatter ourselves, that we shall be able to reverse this decree of oblivion, and call up the more generous feelings of honest and innocent nationality, and the due gratitude for services rendered. We shall at least have borne our testimony, however unregarded, that there are some among us, who remember the claims of those, who have thus labored, and who would desire to rescue their names from an undeserved forgetfulness.

If we regard intellectual labors according to their intrinsic bearing and importance, surely those, who bestow their researches upon nature, and the past and the future of time, are more worthy of remembrance, than they, who solely direct our thoughts, to what is gliding away, and vanishing under our eyes. Man, the physical, eating, sleeping, and money getting man, the bustling

and political man fumes, and frets his short hour of vanity on the stage, and makes his exit, to be seen, and remembered no more.—Nature, grand, calm, enduring, like its Author, passeth not away. He, who illustrates nature, and records her perennial features, records phenomena, which will arrest the attention of an hundred generations to come, and cause the remembrance, that in the depths of the past, there were those, who noted and reflected upon the same facts, that strike their eyes. It is discouraging and humbling, and, more than all, it causes us to think meanly of human nature, to perceive, how little favor these investigations find at present. With such thoughts and feelings we were impelled to call the attention of our community to the books, whose titles head this article.

At the head of those, who have taken a part in these labors in the west, we name Dr. Drake of our city. He preceded among those, who brought to this field not only science and talent, but the sustained patience and labor of investigation. He was a diligent, faithful and persevering observer of nature in all her aspects. His 'picture of Cincinnati' embodied more research and observation, touching the Miami country, than any book of the kind, that had been published in the United States, if we except Jefferson's '*notes on Virginia.*' If it had less eloquence and interest and discursiveness, than that book, it had a compensating balance in the greater exactness of its information. This book was read in foreign countries, and not only gained name and reputation for its author, but to the great section of country, upon which he bestowed his researches. But we can not learn, that the author has been remunerated by any permanent demonstration of public gratitude. The book itself, though now out of print, never passed, we believe, to a second edition. But it has been generally read. Its merits are admitted, and the information, contained in it, so generally diffused, that it would, probably, subserve no useful purpose for us to attempt an analysis of its contents.

It is otherwise with Mr. Atwater's researches and Dr. M'Murtrie's book. The title of the latter had not reached us, until our peculiar interests and pursuits caused us to stumble on the work. Yet either of these books, with the mere advantage of handsomer mechanical execution, and a little more exactness in writing, and printing would have gained name and reputation to their authors in the older countries. The objects of the 'American Antiquarian Society' seem to have been those, precisely congenial to the character and pursuits of Mr. Atwater. His earlier, and we believe, his chief researches are embodied in the collections of that society, and make up the principal part of the first work, mentioned in this article.

The reading community generally know, that this society was formed with the wish, to become the general deposite for Ameri-

can Antiquities, and an '*alma mater*' to stimulate, foster and record the labors of American Antiquarians. Its purposes and objects were in the highest degree respectable. Whatever perpetuates the remembrance of the past, and carries man away from the appetites and selfishness of the present, has a moral bearing, and a tendency to exalt our intellectual aims, and to merge the passions and the vanity of the moment in the higher purposes, that look to the future. We know not, whether the society has prospered: but we know, it ought to prosper. During our long absence from the region, where it exists, we have not been made acquainted with the progress of its transactions and collections; and are at this time drawn to these incidental remarks, by the circumstance, that the volume before us, is the record of Mr. Atwater's researches.

We can give the reader no better idea of the subject-matter of this book, than in an abbreviated view of the table of contents.—History of the origin and progress of the American Antiquarian Society—Hennepin's and La Salle's narratives of the discovery of the Mississippi. Western Antiquities by Caleb Atwater—Ancient works—Ancient tumuli. Articles found in them. Ancient mounds of stone. Conjectures respecting the origin and history of the authors. Evidence of the antiquity of these works. Evidence, that the authors were distinct from the present race of Indians.—Idols discovered near Nashville and Natchez. Various miscellaneous articles, touching the Indians generally. Conjectures communicated, concerning them, by Moses Fiske, Esq., and by Dr. Mitchell. Description of a remarkable cave in Kentucky by J. H. Farnham—Account of an exsiccated body, or mummy, found in said cave by Charles Wilkins, Esq. Account of the Caraibs by Wm. Sheldon, Esq. of Jamaica. Account of an extraordinary cave in Indiana. Such is a compendium of nearly one hundred articles, that compose this book.

The second article is a transcript from the journal of father Lewis Hennepin of his journey, and the voyage of his compatriot, La Salle, to discover the Mississippi. During the past winter we were occupied in examining unedited French manuscripts, touching these men, and these discoveries, and the history of the settlements of Louisiana. We found the style and manner in exact accordance with these narratives before us. They derive a charm from a certain naivetè, sweetness and tenderness of writing, that savor rather of the manner of intelligent children, than hacknied and selfish men of mature age. This manner spreads a charm over these narratives, like the interest of the first history of Robinson Crusoe; a charm, which beguiles, and conceals even the frequent puerility and credulity of the writer. We are delighted with the details of these long voyages, and routes, and follow the adventurers with untiring and unsated interest from Quebec to the Mississippi, and thence to the gulf. The description of scenery

and circumstances, like that of most of the early French travellers in these regions, is extravagant. But the paintings of the savages and their manners are remarkably graphic and correct.—Both the narrative of Hennepin and La Salle are charmingly told, and full of intrinsic interest.

At page 109, the record of Mr. Atwater's researches commences. It occupies nearly 200 pages, and turns almost entirely upon the aboriginal monuments. This gentleman has certainly given the most exact and faithful account of the Indian mounds, monuments and antiquities, that we have seen. The western public clearly stands indebted to his industry and research in this ample field. General views of these subjects, for the most part based upon his observations, have been so extensively diffused, that even to those, who have not explored the monuments personally, we should communicate but little information, by dwelling at any length upon these articles. Entire reliance may be placed upon Mr. Atwater's drawings and descriptions, of what he himself has seen; and he has, probably, seen, and examined these subjects more extensively, than any other man among us. A description is given of the most interesting and striking mounds, and tumuli, accompanied with plain and faithful drawings. Drawings, also, are given along with the descriptions, of their domestic utensils, trinkets and idols. Very just details are presented of their pottery, their drinking vessels and idols. Incomparably the most interesting one, that we have seen, is that found on the Cany fork of Cumberland river. A very exact drawing of the idol is given, and the idol itself is thus described:

'It consists of three heads, joined together at the back part of them, near the top, by a stem or handle, which rises above the head about three inches.—This stem is hollow, six inches in circumference at the top, increasing in size as it descends. These heads are all of the same dimensions, being about four inches from the top to the chin. The face at the eyes is three inches broad, decreasing in breadth all the way to the chin. All the strong marks of the Tartar countenance are distinctly preserved, and expressed with so much skill, that even a modern artist might be proud of the performance. The countenances are all different each from the other, and denote an old person and two younger ones.'—p. 238.

Among hundreds of articles, dug from the mounds, that we might name, are trinkets of copper, part of an iron bow, and elsewhere taken from different depths in the earth, a sword, a small horse shoe, of a third of the common size, very unfrequent silver trinkets, and, it is affirmed, in one or two instances, gold ones, all found in depths, and in positions, and of a form, clearly to indicate, that they were neither the productions of Europeans, or left there by them. In some of the mounds have been found large

and beautiful marine shells, exactly similar to the splendid ones, collected on the shores of Florida and the Tortugas.

Among the inexplicable vegetable remains are the exact impresses, on pieces of fractured pit-coal and rock, of various tropical leaves. We have examined some of them in Mr. Letton's museum, and they appear to be perfect '*fac similes*' of the actual vegetable leaves of tropical plants, as engravings show them. Whether these leaves, which have so strongly arrested the attention of schemeing geologist, may not be of the '*lusus naturæ*' class, similar to the chemical formations of metallic precipitates, such as the '*arbor Dianæ*,' we leave others to determine. They are certainly striking curiosities in the eye of a naturalist. The huge organic remains, that are found near the licks, or strewed in confusion in all parts of this valley, are curiosities, which, as they did not belong to the immediate range of his subject, Mr. Atwater has only treated incidentally.

Having devoted more than an hundred pages to these descriptions, in which he has manifested abundant industry, and patience of research, in common with most other enquirers upon these subjects, he arrives at last at the marrow and poesy of the investigation, in the questions, who the people were, and whence they came, whose bodies and skulls we find, whose mounds we measure, and whose implements we handle? Mr. Atwater ventures upon this ground with becoming diffidence, and as one, who has been more used to the actual perforation of mounds, handling the discovered remains, and sketching draughts of their forms for the engraver, than as one, capable of reversing the old philosophic maxim, '*ex nihilo nihil fit.*' He manages the said case, however, with a good degree of adroitness. Like an ingenious lawyer, who has no firm ground, upon which to base his argument, he travels over the globe, talks in turn of the Mexicans, Asiatics, Jews, &c., the modes, dresses and habits of various nations, and returns promptly upon his question, as though he had been reasoning all the while, and had finally arrived by clear induction at his conclusion. He proves irresistibly, at least to our apprehension, that these people lived in some period of time, and came from some place. Nay more; he almost demonstrates, that they were a people very little advanced in the arts. He then takes the circuit of the globe again, and returns once more to the starting point, as in the following remarks:

'All these considerations lead to the belief, that colonies of Australasians, or Malays, landed in North America, and penetrated across the continent, to the region lying between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. There they resided, and constructed the fortifications, mounds, and other ancient structures, which every person who beholds them, admires.

'What has become of them? They have probably been overcome by the more warlike and ferocious hordes that entered our hemisphere from the north-

east of Asia. These Tartars of the higher latitudes have issued from the great hive of nations, and desolated, in the course of their migrations, the southern tribes of America, as they have done those of Asia and Europe. The greater part of the present American natives are of the Tartar stock, the descendants of the hardy warriors who destroyed the weaker Malays that preceded them. An individual of their exterminated race now and then rises from the tomb.'—p. 324.

We must do him the justice, however, to say, that his poetry seems much more like matter of fact, than the sublime soarings of Judge Haywood of Tennessee, or the still grander empyrean flights of the learned Mr. Rafinesque. His Shawnee vocabulary makes no pretensions, and is very brief. But we consider it one of the best vocabularies, that we have seen, and explaining the derivation of more western names, than many, that have seemed much more learned, and have advanced much higher claims. We should take pleasure in quoting the whole article pp. 280—7, upon the manners and customs of the Indians. It is a very amusing one, particularly the account of the Indian *war physic.* The account of the caves, too, and of the Indian mummy are sufficiently striking from their intrinsic interest.

At page 325 we are treated with Dr. Mitchell's solutions of the grand questions, who these ancient people were? and whence they came? This ingenious and learned gentlemen, as any person in the least acquainted with the stamina of his scientific character, will readily imagine, is at home in this poetry of solution. Nothing is found wanting, obscure, or difficult in the subject. By 'a process of reasoning, not hitherto advanced,' in a letter to the late De Witt Clinton, he settles the questions conclusively. We are always delighted with such solutions of matters, so little within the grasp of common minds. It affords a delightful mental analogy to a prodigious steam power breasting the surge. The Dr. proves, that these people were of Asiatic origin. The Indians look like the Asiatics. *Ergo*, they came from Asia. Indian and Asiatic 'dogs have sharp noses, are white, steal, when they can, are indomitable, bark, grin and howl.' Ergo, the American Indians came from Asia.

The 2d point, proved by the Dr. is, 'that the exterminated race,' *meaning those, who constructed the mounds*, 'in the savage intercourse between the Indian nations of North America in ancient days, appear *clearly to have been Malays.*' This identity of races is proved by the 'similarity of cloth;' the 'resemblance between the feathery mantles;' the meshes of their nets, pieces of sculpture, fortifications, the shape of the skulls', &c. Certainly the itinerant preacher's derivation of the word, *brethren* from the word *tabernacle*, because we *breathe* comfortably *therein*, was not altogether extravagant, if these reasonings are sound. A young lady is said re-

cently to have commenced an harangue upon the *extent of the human intellect*, with this sublime exordium, 'great men will reason—Oh! how they will reason!' It was the late excellent Mr. Boudinot, if we recollect, who found innumerable proofs, that our Indians are the descendants of the lost ten tribes. Other philosophers not only discovered, that there were Welsh Indians on the Missouri, but the names of individuals were given, and they were found reading the Welsh bible. A gentleman recently called on us, who stated, that he was deputed on the part of Welsh immigrants, not long since settled in this country, to enquire, as of one, who had resided on Red river, if there were really tribes of Welsh Indians now living there. How clearly the history of man in all time proves, that wise men can demonstrate any theory, or speculative opinion, that they please to advance. We have seen the mounds in all this great valley. We have examined, and handled all those matters, on which these premises and conclusions are based. It would have saved us many hours of enquiry, to have arrived at some satisfactory conclusion, who, and whence these past and unknown races were. We have never been able to find the slightest datum, or the most minute clue to even a conjecture. We have felt, that all these theories must be woven, as the western phrase is, 'from the whole cloth.' We have been obliged to content ourselves with the old adage, '*ex nihilo nihil fit.*'

We ought to mention, that the brief account of the ancient and almost extinct race of the Caraibs appended to this work is one of great interest. The descriptions are enlivened with fine engravings; and the attention is powerfully arrested and sustained from the commencement to the close of the article. Take this volume altogether, it is a treasure to a western antiquarian; and ought to be examined by every one, who would go to the fountain for information upon that subject.

Before we pass from this article, we ought not to forget Dr. Crookshank of White water, whom we consider among the most diligent and intelligent observers in the same field, and whose investigations upon these subjects were published with considerable applause in the National Intelligencer. His opinions come as near to our own vague thoughts upon the subject, as those of any other writer. It is his opinion, that the larger embankments were erected for fortifications alone, and that others served the purposes of temporary fortifications, during periods of war; and abodes of the chiefs and nobles in time of peace; and were also used as places of worship. He mentions one, in Warren country, east of Lebanon, Ohio, which he supposes to belong to the latter class. One height of the embankment commands a full view of the rising, and the other of the setting sun. Hence he concludes, a little inclined to poetical induction, like the rest, that the Indians were like the Mexicans, worshippers of the sun. Near these remains, which he

considers forts, are other remains, which he supposes to have been the abodes of the great men of the tribes. He describes the ruins of villages, which overlooked rich alluvial grounds, that exhibit marks of having been cultivated by the inhabitants. Sometimes the houses of these villages were detached, and solitary; and at other times, there were two or three in a cluster. He sees nothing in these mounds, enclosures and villages, that indicates, on the part of their possessors, any knowledge, or skill, superior to that of the Indians of the present day. Neither does he discover any necessity for believing the population of that day to have been greater, than was found in the country, when it was first discovered by Europeans. He considers the present race of Indians lineal descendants of those, who constructed these monuments.— He treats with very little ceremony, and as entitled to little respect the theory, that these works were the erections of antediluvians, or Asiatics. He relates an amusing anecdote, to show upon what kind of foundation some of these theories have been based. It was stated with no small eclat, that a certain Mr. Jack had discovered undeniable proofs of the former existence of a Welch colony in Ohio. This person stated, that on a rock in the neighborhood of Lebanon, Ohio, were to be seen the figure and letters 1181 I. S. The inference was, that the Welch at this time were there, and marked the letters and the date on the rock! Some enquiry was excited; and it was found, that a man, named Isaac Stubbs, travelling that way, had set himself down to rest upon the rock.— While sitting there, he amused his leisure by cutting the initials of his name between his legs on the rock. The date of the year was 1811. The discoverer read this famous inscription inverted, and it became an ample demonstration of a Welch colony in 1181!

Dr. M'Murtrie's sketches of Louisville are rather unfortunately, as it seems to us, dedicated to Mr. Monroe. A dedication is a thing of extreme delicacy and difficulty to manage; and if not strongly successful, is apt to prove a flat failure. This is sufficiently laudatory; but not sufficiently simple. We hope, however, it reached the hands of the distinguished person, for whom it was intended, and that he duly estimated the merit and the labor of the work, especially that of preparing a flora more copious, according to our judgment, than any other which has appeared in the western country. In this very minute, laborious and copious vocabulary, we think, consists the chief excellence of the book. The author states, as an inducement to soften criticism, that the book was written under the pressure of sickness, and of other 'tremendous powers.' Such pressure ought to render the subject humble, and bring him down from the proud heights of learning, and, as the bible has it, 'great swelling words of vanity' to a simple, and natural style. But these effects seemnot to have been wrought upon

the words, however they may have been upon the mind and heart of the author by his visitation. He seems to be a man of science; and there are even passages of fine writing in the book. But he appears to have imbibed the idea, that the more grand and mysterious and out of the way and polysyllabic the terms, in which he expresses his scientific remarks, the better. He seems to be wholly above the simple, straight forward, common way of saying things, and does not yield faith to Sancho's axiom, that no better bread is needed, than that, which is made of wheat. To sum up all, that we would say of the style and manner of the book, he is, in the language of his compatriots, a *mighty* proud writer.

The book commences with a topographical and geological view of the section of country, in which Louisville is situated. In the second and third pages there are specimens of description, that we might select, as samples of the ambitious style of the book. The descriptions of the rivers, contiguous to this section of the country, and of the falls is concise, and we should judge, correct. The accompanying engraving and account of the falls is the most accurate and graphic, that we have seen. Beyond this article, we have geological and mineralogical descriptions, as is commonly the case in that kind of writing, having little other use, than to convince the reader, that the writer is learned and can handle terms, which can not be uttered without enlarging the dimensions of the organs of speech. Next follows an account of the 'Mammoth cave in Indiana.' From the number, and magnitude of its chrystalizations, it is said to exhibit a most splendid and dazzling appearance, when its profound caverns reflect from their columns and arches the brilliance of torches. The chrystals contain immense quantities of sulphate of magnesia, of which whole cart loads have been carried away. Like other long and deep limestone caverns, it has its halls, anti-chambers, arches, pillars, rotunda and saloon, the latter, 'a spacious and superb apartment, which with a little trouble might be rendered a banqueting hall, worthy the presence of Charlemagne and his peers.' As a favorable sample of the descriptions in this book, we give the following from his account of this cave:

'Having followed the windings of the passage, for the distance just mentioned, an exclamation of surprise is not unfrequently elicited from the passenger, who, looking down upon his right, beholds a circular grotto, whose ceiling and sides are most magnificently adorned and fretted, with millions of semi-transparent stalactites, of various figures and different colors. On the floor, at the foot of a large stalagmite, is a deep triangular fissure, at the bottom of which is heard the roaring of a torrent of water.

'After leaving the grotto, the saline productions of the cave diminish, so as to become scarcely perceptible, and the rock is found to consist of a friable kind of limestone, mixed with schistose particles, very imperfectly cemented together, lying in a horizontal strata of from two to three inches in thickness. Here

also may be found what the French mineralogists have denominated fossil fluor, of a reddish brown color, which is probably owing to iron, the sulphate of that metal having been found in the vicinity.

'In pursuing this passage, however firm may be his nerves, the visitor can not help shuddering at being obliged to pass, what has been emphatically called the *trap*, a flat rock, weighing at least a ton, that is suspended directly over his back (for he is compelled to crawl seven or eight feet under it) supported at two of its acute angles by projections in the sides of the rock of not more than an inch each! It has the appearance of being balanced in air, and threatens to grind to powder the unfortunate wretch who might be unlucky enough to touch it.

'From a little beyond this, the cave becomes wet and slippery; the transition from limestone to a kind of slate is evident in the lamellated structure of its parietes, between the thin strata of which are interposed large beds of tenacious blue clay. Any of these plates can be drawn out by the hand, with the greatest ease, and the appearance of the place generally, proclaims it "nodding to its fall" so that I have no doubt ere long all ingress will be precluded to the

CHAMBER OF FOUNTAINS,

'Which I have thus named from two masses of stalactites that resemble, in the direction of their spars, the various columns of water ascending from a jet d'eau in full play. This apartment is of a circular figure, with a flat ceiling, about fifty feet from the floor. The only means, however, by which the reader can entertain any idea of the fairy spectacle presented in this enchanted spot, will be to describe it in a general way, as it is seen from the entrance.

'The first object that attracts the eye of the wondering spectator, is an immense stalagmite, of an hemispherical figure, on which rests a group of spars, that presents a striking similitude to a circular fountain, fifteen feet in diameter, forcing up a golden-colored fluid to the height of twenty feet, in such a manner that those columns which ascend from the larger and outer ranges of pipes all converge in their descent, while those from the smaller and inner ranges of the same, have precisely the contrary direction. Issuing from the top of another conical stalagmite, is a second collection of spars, of about one-fourth the size of the first, that presents an equally interesting and similar spectacle, with this difference—it is surrounded by sparry concretions, resembling statues in various attitudes, columns, vases, architectural ruins, trees bearing fruit,&c.'-p. 41.

To this description succeeds an account of the climate of Louisville. He gives us a summary view of it in the epigrammatic terms of Dr. Rush, 'that its only steady trait is its utter irregularity.' A brief view of the exceedingly fertile soil, to which Louisville is central, succeeds. At the close of his account of the exports and imports of this important and growing town—we have the following remarks in a style, characteristic of the general manner of the book:

'A great change, however, is about to take place in the importation of East India goods, which, (I speak prophetically) ere ten years, will be brought to

Louisville direct from China and Bengal via Columbia. The land carraige necessary to effect the transportation from that river here, not exceeding 360 miles, a distance not more than equal to that from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The great gain of time, and the consequent reduction of the expenses necessarily attendant on those voyages from and back to Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New York, will easily be perceived. The spirit of commerce has already fixed his eye upon the spot, and some of his favorites are engaged in the project, and ere long those breezes that now fan the rising town of ASTORIA, may kiss the star spangled banner streaming from the mast of an *Indiaman*.'—p. 56.

The zoology and ichthyology of this region furnish a long article, abounding in learned terms to an excess, even in the rumbling vocabulary of that dialect. We are treated with a very short chapter upon the antiquities of the country. The author reserves his poetry for the commencement of the chapter upon 'the settlement of the country.' In the previous chapter, he had found bricks, Indian bricks, compacted with *chopped straw*. He here discovers, that iron must have been in use in the country, about the year 1519, that is to say more than 300 years ago! Whence came these workers in bricks and iron, these builders of fortifications and mounds? He answers 'the shores of the Ohio were inhabited by a race of men, instructed by, and descended from Europeans, probably the French,' several hundred years previous to the epoch of the settlement of the country,' as our histories relate it. This is the position. The proof is the easiest thing in the world. It is only to talk about the Greenlanders, the Norwegians, the Welch, navigation, storms, being driven out of the way, &c. and to come clearly to the conclusion, that it is not unreasonable to suppose—'that, stimulated by the hope of gain, and the desire of distinction, or, perhaps, disgusted with their country or its government, and desirous of seeking new ones, some few individuals, without parade or noise, leaving the soil of France, long prior to the expedition of 1524, and trusting to their fortune, may have been conducted safely to the forests of America; where, finding a country, lovely beyond description, abounding with every gift that nature can bestow, and delighted with the uncontrolled exercise of man's natural heritage of unlimited freedom, they determined to remain forever, incorporating themselves with some friendly tribe of Indians, and communicating to them the knowledge of such arts as would tend to their comfort and security.'

His account of Louisville appears to us to be condensed, concise and happy. We only remark, that the increase of this important and flourishing town has been so great, since the publication of this book—that any account of it, as it then was, would only serve to mislead the reader. Every person, in the slightest degree acquainted with the western country, knows, that Louisville is the most commercial place, of its size, after New Orleans, in the western country; and that the chief street of the town is one of the

most bustling, busy, and we may add, well built streets—that is seen west of the mountains. It has hitherto been by far the most important steam boat harbor—if we except that of the western emporium; and has been but little behind its great rival, Cincinnati, in the rapidity of its growth, especially in commercial importance.

The next chapter discusses the project of a canal round the falls. What was then in prospect, is now advancing rapidly to completion. The importance of this noble work to the upper country on the Ohio is incalculable. The author pauses to investigate its bearing upon the interest of this town. Some have supposed, that Louisville grew up from her fortunate position, in relation to the falls, and that she will fall with the removal of this obstruction to the navigation of the river. The author treats this view of the matter with very little respect; and justly concludes, that a town, affording the luxuries and conveniences of a city, the natural *debouche* of an immense and fertile country, and with peculiar advantages, in relation to its position on the Ohio, must continue to be a great and important place, canal, or no canal. The transfer of the immense business of factorage, growing out of the present necessity of unloading, and reloading in different bottoms at the falls, will, no doubt, cause a strong revulsion, when the canal shall be completed. But there will be a partial compensation in the advantage of water power. The canal will bring its own peculiar advantages to this town; and more than all—it is impossible, that the immense advantages, which the canal will bring to the country above, should not re-act, and tend to the commercial importance of this place, which must continue to be the depot for a great extent of country, above, and below the falls.

The steam boat navigation and commerce of Louisville, also, has had such a prodigious increase, since the date of this book, that the chapter, which treats upon this subject, would now be like a gone by Almanac. There are now between 150, and 200 steam boats running on the western waters, which, however dispersed, and in whatever trade employed, still look to Louisville, as their meridian, and the place that is to bring them up. This is one of the main sources of the wealth and commercial importance of Louisville. In discussing the merits of Fulton, as the great parent of steam navigation in the west, the author asks in view of the peculiar obligations of this country to him, 'why has he not a statue?'

The author next adverts to the obligations of the western people to Capt. Shreves, who first ventured to contest the sweeping patent of Livingston, and who, by obtaining a legal decision against that monopoly, may be properly said to have laid open the western waters to general steam boat navigation; and thus reducing freight and passage to their present reasonable and moderate prices.

The book closes with a '*florula Louisvillensis, sive plantarum catalogus, vicinitate urbis.*' Eighteen botanists are given, as authorities for the compilation of plants, in addition to those observed by the author himself. The genera are numbered as high, as 409, and the species must amount to some thousands. The author seems to us entitled to consideration and respect, were it only for the richness and completeness of this florula. We suspect no region of the United States can show a richer. The appendix contains a very detailed and minute account of the earthquakes of the years 1811—12, as they were felt at Louisville and vicinity—and the atmospheric phenomena, that accompanied them.

There are obvious faults in this work, of a number and character easily apprehended. But had a work of equal labor, science, and research appeared in reference to any important Atlantic town, surrounded by a region of country, as interesting, and undescribed as this, the book would have been blazoned, and the author known and remunerated. We deem, that a very different fate has attended the work before us.

Sketches of a tour to the lakes, of the character and customs of the Chippeway Indians, and of incidents connected with the treaty of Fond du Lac. By Thomas L. M'Kenny, *of the Indian department, and joint commissioner with his Excellency,* Governor Cass, *in negotiating the treaty;* with 29 engravings. pp. 495. Baltimore:—Fielding Lucas, jr. 1827.

From the preface we learn, that this work was the result of a promise made to a friend, the evening before the author commenced his journey to the remote regions, where the chief scenes of the book are laid, that he would write down in a series of letters, such matters and things, as were impressed upon his sight, or his mind, just in the order, in which they occurred. He assures us, that this very considerable book is an exact and literal accomplishment of that promise. We believe it. The book is evidence. So far as the eye of a friend was concerned, these are charming letters. They are just such, as one friend ought to write to another. But the public is another sort of a monster, and very different from a friend; and in reference to the inspection of this many headed, heartless being, we should have thought this promise more honored in the breach, than the observance.

The same ground has been already travelled over by Major Long, and Mr. Schoolcraft. It would have required much scientific research, many instruments, and patience and leisure, to have produced much scientific or scenic information, touching a region.

which had been thus, and so recently explored. Of this the author was, probably, aware, and has struck out a new track of travels.—He discourses, as Sir Walter Scott writes, and as French ladies talk, with an endowment entrusted to but few; and with such infinite ease and volubility, that a voyage in a tea cup might furnish incidents for a volume. It is, therefore, a volume, which has grown up from the common, every day conversations of a good natured, good hearted, well principled man, for such we should suppose the writer to be, who travels over a thousand leagues, and finds every where, and in every thing the transcript of his own heart. His *fidus Achates*, his *compagnon du voyage* figures frequently in these letters. Fortunately his name, Ben, is a very short one, and is introduced with ease, if not with dignity. Ben, though he has a black face, appears from different passages on this journey, to have a very white heart, being much addicted to chattering of the teeth in case of danger from the Indians, or other causes.

The author's route is from Washington to New York; and thence by North river, Albany and the Erie canal to the lakes, and the place of his destination, *Fond du Lac* at the head of lake Superior. On his outward and return passage, during this long route, the author meets, as well he might on such a beaten track, with many distinguished friends and acquaintances, of whom he makes sketches, or records eulogy. We do not readily discover the utility of the mysterious use of initials and terminating letters of their names, if in drawing their portraits, the originals are immediately recognized. But he allows nothing to escape him; and he finds, like the musing character of the bard, 'sermons in stones, and good in every thing.' He repeats a vast amount of prettyisms, and treats his correspondent, and through him the public, with a mass of sentimentality, that would suffice for two novels and a tragedy. At Detroit, we have a striking panorama of the place and scenery, and a history of the unfortunate affair of general Hull. In moralizing upon a skull, found in a mound in the vicinity, we discover, that the author is reasonably, and about half a convert to phrenology. He makes here, and, as the subject is suggested to his thoughts, in different places, many just and important remarks upon christian worship, and proper liberality of sentiment. Upon this point, he evinces just that union of earnest feeling, and deep sense of its importance, with dislike of the cant and the denouncing spirit of bigotry, which ought to characterize every good and sensible man.

While voyaging on the river St. Clair, he reads for the common benefit of the passengers, a dissertation, sent him before his departure, by an anonymous friend. It is an eulogy upon the genius and writings of Cowper, by the Rev. Milton P. Braman, the most splendid and happy composition of the kind, that we have seen. We read it with double satisfaction from the surprise of its being discovered in such a place.

At *Saut du Ste Marie*, he introduces us to the striking family of Mr. Johnson, the Irish patriarch of the place, and his fair lady, a broad checked Chippeway with a pastoral name of only the following length, Oshauguscodaywaygouh. If the reader wishes to pronounce a longer word, we give the Mohawk one for *wickedness*, to wit, *raorighivannerakseragewegouh*. Certainly the American Doric transcends all other dialects in some particulars. Mrs. Johnson, as is the vulgar name of the lady, is daughter of Wabajick, or the White Fisher, grand war chief of Le Point of Lake Superior.—She is a full blooded Chippeway. She has three sons and four daughters, who have all been carefully educated. Of these, the traveller Schoolcraft, married the second daughter. 'She dresses like our fashionables, only that she wears black silk leggins.' The author describes her, as very pretty and accomplished, and exceedingly captivating in her appearance and manners. She accompanied her father to Europe, before she was married; and she was much admired there. A duchess of Devonshire, we think the author mistaken in supposing her the celebrated duchess of that name, would have detained her in England, and would have adopted her. Mr. Johnson was solicited, too, to remain; but with true Irish frankness, he said, 'that he had married a king's daughter in America—that she had always been faithful to him, and that he would not desert her.'

Charlotte, we do not know her Indian name, but we dare say, it would be a long one, a younger sister of Mrs. Schoolcraft, has not been so highly educated as her sister; but is a very pretty circumstance of mixed blood notwithstanding—has but little of the mother's complexion, possesses that, which is only now and then seen in more polished circles, 'the expression and form of a beautiful face, a most amiable and cheerful temper, the loveliest and most captivating ornament of the sex, along with the sweetness of spring, and from which the graces seem never to have departed. All these charms derive an additional interest from her own total unconsciousness of their presence, and of her powers to please.'—We lay out of the question, in this impassioned description of the author's, 'that she is tall, dresses neatly, like our ladies, has beauful teeth, and sings Indian, like an angel, wholly unconscious of the mischief she is inflicting. One of her songs, 'the *Ojibway maid*,' which she sings with most enchanting effect, is set to music, given in scores in Indian, in a literal translation by Mrs. Schoolcraft, and in a free version by a visitor. The chorus, which returns at the end of every stanza, is '*we, yea yea, haw ha.*' Thus far the author. He adds, 'she would be a belle in Washington.' We trust, many young sentimentalists, who shall read the author's glowing picture of this family, would gladly turn out of their course to give such a family in the wilderness a call. If such readers will turn to the appendix of this book, they will find, that in consideration of the

services, which Mrs. Johnson has rendered the government, each one of these forest primroses has a section of land assigned to her by way, we would hope, of marriage portion. This narrative, taken together, furnishes the author with a very pretty novellette, and is by far the most interesting writing in the book.

In speaking of the domestic details of the family, we learn that Mr. Johnson makes annually four tons of maple sugar, a sufficient evidence, that he is a kind of king in the land, as the making requires a great deal of labor. The author saw some of this sugar put up in little baskets, made with great neatness, as white as the whitest Havanna. They cook beavers' tails, also, to a charm, and have made no mean proficiency in the luxuries of the table. Seventeen feet of snow fell there in the winter preceding the author's visit. The people, savage and civilized, subsist mainly on fish, which nature, as if disposed in this way to compensate for the sterility of the vegetable kingdom in these regions, has provided in lavish abundance, and of the best kinds. The people in this climate, travel, as every one has heard, in dog trains, which are easily drawn over the snow by the savage dogs, forty miles in a day. When the people walk abroad, it is on snow shoes, or rackets.

Much splendid scenery is described on the journey to *Fond du Lac*, and on the return; and beautiful engravings of detached portions of this scenery are given. Among them we would select, as pre-eminently striking, that of the 'grand council held at *Fond du Lac*,' p. 310, and the Indian urn on lake Superior. In fact, the number and beauty and fidelity of these engravings constitute one of the chief merits of the book. Unhappily, they so enhance the price, as to put it out of the reach of all, but the tasteful among the opulent.

The work abounds in delineations of Indian character; and they are given with that ease, volubility and naiveté, that characterize the book. We do not doubt, that, to many readers, this kind of painting will convey more information, and give more pleasure, than the more scientific sketches of Major Long. We should be glad to transcribe the whole account, that was given to the author, by a Chippeway Indian, in reply to the question, who, according to their belief, made the world? The fable, that follows, is as long, circuitous, and full of visions, genii, devils and maniac frenzies, as the wildest German imagination could desire. The name of the maker of the world, according to this Indian, is *Nanibojou*. The author, at the close of this Indian cosmogony, has his theory, too; and finds this fable like the Mosaic account of the fall, &c. He discovers in it resemblances to the Asiatics, traces of the *Noatic flood*, and traditionary glimmerings of the doctrine of the Trinity!

The account of the mourning of the Chippeway widows, has interest. The widow, immediately upon the decease of her husband, bundles up the best of her clothing, which may amount in value to

a dollar. She ties it in a roll with her husband's sash, and surmounts the bundle with his feathers and trinkets. This bundle she calls her husband, and is never to be seen abroad, nor at home, except embracing this speechless companion, often, however, a more comfortable one, than the living husband. He saw a widow in this predicament, of whom a fine engraving is given—a girlish, squat-looking figure, embracing her bundle-husband, thirty inches high, and eighteen in circumference, in her arms. When her husband's relatives think that she has mourned enough, they come and take away this uncomfortable doll. This is commonly done at the expiration of a year, when she may decorously exchange it for a living one again. The worst of the penance is, that during this interregnum, she is obliged to wear her poorest clothes, and is interdicted from all modes of earning better. There is one counterbalancing advantage in the bundle-husband. When presents are going, the widow has a right to count him as a real personage, from which circumstance, she sometimes gets a double dram of whiskey, to cheer her desolate heart. The Chippeway women are said to be remarkably affectionate and constant as wives and mothers, and no other widows give more devoted proofs of their constancy in mourning.

They have a common and impressive mode of burial among them. A scaffold is erected. The body is placed on it, because the mourners feel, as they allege, a reluctance to deposite their dead in the earth, out of their sight. Hop-vines and other creepers are planted, so as to mount the posts of the scaffold, and cover the funeral couch with verdure. The author remarks, that in passing the Indians, he used to be saluted with the words *boo shoo*. He does not inform us, that these words are corruptions of the French salutation *bon jour*. We have been saluted an hundred times, in the same words pronounced in the same way, by Americans, who affected to speak French. The Indians call *aurora borealis*, which is common in that region, by one of their twenty-syllable words, which imports 'dancing spirits.' The milky way, in like manner, they call 'the path of the ghosts;' proofs, that the Indians have poetical imaginations.

On his return, the author is somewhat minute in his account of Michilimackinack, of which a fine engraving is given. An amusing anecdote is related here, which, we think, went the rounds of the papers in the late war. If true, it shows the inconceivable ignorance of the British ministry, of their Canadian possessions. In the fleet, to be constructed by Sir James Yeo, on lake Ontario, was to be used an apparatus, prepared, and sent from England, for distilling fresh water for the fleet, while cruising on the lake. Our government laughed, as well they might, at this egregious ignorance; and after the enjoyment of the joke, perpetrated a bull, equally amusing. It ordered the digging of a well, to be used in construc-

ting a light house at Fort Gratiot, while millions of tons of better water, than could be hoped from the digging, rolled hourly at the base of the erection.

Any one can perceive, that we have not occupied space for any thing, like a detailed survey of a volume of nearly five hundred pages of close printing. Our readers are aware, that we have recently multiplied articles on the same subjects embraced by this. We are by no means certain, that in a very cursory and hurried survey of the book, we have been able to seize the most prominent points of interest. There are multitudes of stories, passing notices of persons met on the journey, Indian incidents, and an immense amount of what may be termed common parlance-colloquy, in this volume. Along with these, is an abundant garnish of verses, some of them fine, and some, as we deem no more than ordinary.

This book, taken altogether, is entirely a patrician concern.—None, but people of that class, can, or will afford to buy a book, rendered expensive by so many fine engravings. The author seems to us a gentleman, of a mind singularly amiable and good. Shielded, as he is, with official dignity, and the book appearing in such a beautiful dress, we have no doubt, that it has been, and will be well received by the public.

A Voyage to the Moon: with some account of the manners and customs, science and philosophy, of the people of Morosofia, and other lunarians. By Joseph Atterley. pp. 264. New York:—Elam Bliss, 1827.

In some sense this may be called an original work, and in this age of stale, flat, common-place writing, this is no mean circumstance of interest. The world is suffering from an absolute deluge of books. The flood has risen a thousand cubits above the comprehension, patience, leisure and purse of the readers. To produce any thing new under the moon is, therefore, to achieve a miracle. It is obvious, that the hint of this book was suggested by Gulliver's travels. This work, however, is wholly free from the grossness of that. At the same time, it must be admitted, that it wants the keen, broad and laughter-stirring ridicule of Dean Swift. But, though the original scope of both works may have been the same, the scene and details of this are so different from that, that it has a fair claim to be considered an original work.

New York has the deserved distinction of having produced various works of the same class, and entitled to claim the same honor. But the works of that merry and witty city seem naturally to tend to extremes. Salmagundi, Knickerbocker, 'John Bull in

America,' and the 'Three wise men of Gotham,' are full of wit, which is delightful in its kind, but certainly, too broad, palpable, and coarse to aspire to the highest honors in that line. The author of this work we should deem a practised writer, well acquainted with science and general literature, and conversant with the modes of the great world. But, we apprehend, that he mistakes the common taste of the American public. We can neither hope to make almanacs, nor look through an unwrought millstone, if that public will readily bestow the light of its countenance upon any other books, than those which are broad, coarse and palpable, as a mountain. That public is used to communicating its own hints to authors by a kick, and is very little disposed to search deep, and tax its brain to decypher dark allusions, or to look, with Swedenborgian eye, beyond the literal to the hidden and allegorical meaning. In avoiding the broad wit of his predecessors, the author has so studiously concealed his in the mazes and profoundness of ambiguity, that it is often like a kernel of wheat in a peck of chaff, difficult to find; and when found, sometimes scarcely worth the labor. We question, if he had always clear conceptions himself of the point, at which he was driving. He seems often in a strait betwixt two, whether to dwell most on the hidden and allegorical meaning, or the natural and obvious one. Sometimes the object of his satire is as plainly perceptible, as that of the satirist, who manages his purpose in the common way. At other times, whether other comprehensions will be able to grasp his intent, we can not say. It is clearly too deep for ours.

The circumstances of the voyage to the moon are these. Joseph Atterley, apparently the author of the book, is a native of New York. At the age of twenty he marries, and is happy. After seventeen years, he loses his wife, and to dissipate his chagrin, and recover his health, he takes a sea voyage for Canton in China. While off the Burmese coast, the ship is overtaken by a hurricane. The crew desert her, and she founders. They reach the shore in safety in a long boat. The English at this time were on the eve of a war with the Burmese, and the crew and passengers were apprehended, as English. Atterley, as being estimated to be of more consequence, than the rest, is conveyed prisoner into the interior. His destination is a remote village in a beautiful vale, surrounded by mountains. Here he was carefully guarded; and spent three years in this confinement. During this period, he became attached to an eminent Brahmin, whose seclusion and sanctity had gained for him the name of the 'holy hermit.' This person dwelt retired in a nook of the mountains. The confidence of the hermit having been won by Atterley, he communicates to him, the great secret, that he had made three voyages to the moon; and that he possesses the power to transport himself to that planet at any time. Atterley persuades him to take him, as the companion of another

voyage there. They commence their voyage in secret, at midnight. Their car is of copper. The apparatus is described. The ascending power is derived from a metal, discovered, and purified by the Brahmin, and entitled *lunarium*. This metal possessed the property of strong attraction to the moon, and proportionate repulsion to the earth. It carried them rapidly into the upper regions. In their ascent, an opportunity is afforded for a fine description of the phases of the continents and seas of the earth, as seen in the different lights, and at the different distances and positions, in which the ascending vehicle placed the voyagers. It is not altogether so amusing as Sancho's play with the *nanny goats*, or his descriptions of the earth appearing of the size of a hazle nut, and men of the size of acorns, as they seemed to him while he traversed the aerial regions, behind his master on the famous wooden horse.—To compensate for this deficiency, it is infinitely more learned and just to our conceptions of the aspects, that the earth would actually assume, in such an ascent.

They land safely in the moon; and they find much less difference between that planet and ours, than we should have imagined.—Their houses are built of a soft, shining stone, with porticoes, piazzas and verandas, suited to a tropical climate. They do not admit light by glass windows, but by chasms in the wall, which admit light and air, and exclude the sun, at the same time that they allowed the indwellers, to see all, that was passing abroad, while themselves were concealed. This construction of the lunar houses seems to have manifest advantages over ours. In other respects, the description of Morosofia, '*mutatis mutandis*,' would answer for a similar portion of our world. The women appeared to be of the same race with ours, at least in one point. The Brahmin often saw their peepers glistening with curiosity above the lower edge of the aperture, as they gazed intently at the travellers. We had always understood, that the lunar ladies wore high heeled shoes, in order to seem tall; but no mention is made of this circumstance. They follow the European fashions in the lower part of their dress, and the Asiatic in the upper. Their costume gives them the appearance of a square rigged vessel, precisely like that of *full dressed* ladies of our world. In order to produce effect, they wear turbans of stiff gauze, stuck over with butterflies, and the gayest insects. Atterley mentions one, in particular, which he saw made of silver tissue, and filled with fire flies. Of course she must have had a very brilliant head. They have a whim, too, of imitating various classes of birds, such as doves, magpies, hawks, parrots, eagles, &c. Like our savages, they also decorate their persons with the appendages of various other animals.

In the course of their first dinner with their host, they discovered that many things, of which we are most fond, they threw away; as for instance, in eating fruit, they selected the parings, and rejected

the pulp. Their wine tasted like our vinegar, while a bottle at table, which they pronounced unripe, and not allowable for drinking, seemed to our travellers, reasonably good wine.

Atterley was naturally surprized at these circumstances. The Brahmin explained the affair. They had fallen into a family of strict religionists, who held, that God made us to do penance, while here below. Hence they threw the pulp of their richest peaches into the yard; and sipped the vinegar, while they abused the generous wine. The travellers, however, remarked the people secretly picking up the thrown away peaches, and eating with an appearance of good appetite. The knowing old host, too, who sat at the head of the table, as he denounced the unripe wine, sipped it, that he might speak of its qualities experimentally, and made wry faces, until he had gradually worked off nearly half the bottle. Atterley could not forbear something like exultation, as he compared the habits of these religious of the moon, with those of the inhabitants of New York, especially some of the preachers, whose conscience it does not offend, to eat, and drink of the best, and who are, particularly, considered connoisseurs in wines.

We pass the satire upon the Glonglim miser and spend-thrift, as having a good moral, but being deficient in point. The dissertation upon the physical peculiarities and celestial phenomena of the moon, evinces a great deal of learning, which seems to us misplaced in such a work, though it contains some just and sensible remarks upon national and sectional prejudices. We ought, perhaps, to notice, in passing, one of these circumstances of physical difference.—Bodies have not the same specific gravity on the moon, as on the earth. Hence it happens, that the same impulse propels a body much farther and easier, there than here. Atterley, in running away from a dog, that he supposed mad, attempted only to leap over a gutter, and he bounded across the street. School boys in their antics, cleared leaps of forty feet; and ladies, square rigged and in full dress, sprang away, like the wild deer of our forests.

A philosopher invited them to dine; and proved to be poor company. He engrossed the conversation, the fire, the best part of the dinner and the wine. He had two knocking-down arguments, *utility* and *truth*. If he did not hang his antagonist in an argument on one horn of this dilemma, he was sure to bring him up upon the other. They next visited a celebrated physician remarkably full of notions, who had invented a saw and grist mill, to be put in motion by the constant explosion of gun-powder. He found this plan to succeed better, than a former one, of putting machinery in motion by the expansive power of water at the moment, when it is converted into ice.

His next notion was a *poetry box*, though we would take leave to mention, that many of our poets have a prior claim to the patent right. The whole mystery of verse-making in this way, is rendered

as simple, as the letters of the alphabet. It consists simply in assorting all the words of the lunar language, as the printers do their types. For instance, you wish to paint the lilies in the cheek of a fair lady. Look to your box of words labelled *white*. You will find alabaster, silver, lime, chalk, white enamel, ivory, snow drops, rice, &c., and select as the words best suit the rhyme, sound the softest, and best apply in her case. If the color be yellow, take all the similies between saffron and pickled salmon, brimstone and straw. Mr. Atterley has brought off a prodigious number of these selections, which, we have no doubt, will shortly be manifest in the visible improvement of the eastern albums. Happily for the *irritabile genus*, it has become a prevalent opinion, that poetry is made of mere words, and requires nothing more.

The satire of the feather hunting Glonglims seems to us to be too serious, to be in keeping with the rest of this matter; as, we may also add, is that upon the folly of war, at the end of the next chapter. The ridicule of physiognomy and, we suppose, phrenology is too remote to be readily apprehended; and is besides trite and common place. The satire in the tenth chapter upon farmers and improvers is well enough, though in some respects had, perhaps, better been spared.

Our travellers visit a man, who has applied his *notions* to the invention of machinery for cooking, who by means of a seven-guest pipe, air pump, and gun powder, ignited by electricity, has in operation a grand machine for roasting.

'That carried the fire round the meat, the juices of which, he said, by a rotary motion, would be thrown to the surface, and either evaporate or be deteriorated. Here was also his digestor, for making soup of rams' horns, which he assured me contained a good deal of nourishment, and the only difficulty was in extracting it. He next showed us his smoke-retractor, which received the smoke near the top of the chimney, and brought it down to be burnt over again, by which he computed that he saved five cords and a half of wood in a year. The fire which dressed his victuals, pumped up, by means of a steam engine, water for the kitchen, turned one or more spits, as well as two or three mills for grinding pepper, salt, &c.; and then by a spindle through the wall, worked a churn in the dairy, and cleaned the knives: the forks, indeed, were still cleaned by hand; but he said he did not despair of effecting this operation in time, by machinery. I mentioned to him our contrivance of silver forks, to lessen this labour; but he coldly remarked, that he imagined science was in its infancy with us.'—p. 51.

The quarrels of the lunarian physicians are happily described; and we find them just as positive, dogmatical, and full of theories in the moon, as they are in the other planets. The ridiculous extent, to which some quack teachers have carried the system of Pestalozzi, in attempts to dupe ignorant parents to part with their money, is well hit off, in the account of the great lunarian instructor,

Lozzi Pozzi. We are amused, too, with the issue of the lunarian philosopher's experiment, to change the original tempers and instincts of animals by education. The zebra, lama, mastiff, cat and mouse behave very decorously, while they are standing upon their best at an exhibition, and the philosopher exults in the proof, that he has changed their natures. While in the midst of this behaving party, the mastiff, jostled by the lama, dislodges the mouse from an elevated position, where it had been seated. The cat springs upon the mouse. The dog darts upon the cat. The timid lama flies; jostles the zebra, who kicks the animal dead upon the spot, and leaves, we doubt not, on the minds of our travellers, the conviction that a cat, educated as she may be, will always be a cat.

The twelfth chapter we consider the most amusing and spirited of the whole. It turns upon the violence of political party spirit in the moon.

'A dialogue between two individuals of opposite sides, which we happened to hear, will serve as a specimen of the rest.

''Are you not a pretty fellow to vote for Baldhead, whom you have so often called rogue and blockhead?'

''It becomes you to talk of consistency, indeed! Pray, sir, how does it happen that you are now against him, when you were so lately sworn friends, and used to eat out of the same dish?'

''Yes; but I was the butcher's friend, too. I never abused *him*. You'll never catch me supporting a man I have once abused.'

''But I catch you abusing the man you once supported, which is rather worse. The difference between us is this:—you professed to be friendly to both; I professed to be hostile to both: you stuck to one of your friends, and cast the other off; and I acted the same towards my enemies.' A crowd then rushed by, crying 'Huzza for the Butcher's knives! Damn pen and ink—damn the books, and all that read in them! Butcher's knives and beef for ever!'

'We asked our guide what these men were to gain by the issue of the contest.

''Nine tenths of them nothing. But a few hope to be made deputies, if their candidates succeed, and they therefore egg on the rest.'

'We drew near to the scaffold where the candidates stood, and our ears were deafened with the mingled shouts and exclamations of praise and reproach.—'You cheated the corporation!' says one. 'You killed two black sheep!' says another. 'You can't read a warrant!' 'You let Dondon cheat you!' 'You tried to cheat Nincan!' 'You want to build a watch-house!' 'You have an old ewe at home now, that you did not come honestly by!' 'You denied your own hand!'—with other ribaldry still more gross and indecent. But the most singular part of the scene was a number of little boys, dressed in black and white, who all wore badges of the parties to which they belonged, and were provided with a syringe, and two canteens, one filled with rose-water, and the other with a black liquid, of a very offensive smell, the first of which they squirted at their favorite candidates and voters, and the last on those of the opposite party. They were drawn up in a line, and seemed to be under regular discipline; for, whenever the captain of the band gave the word, 'Vilti Mindoc!' they dis-

charged the dirty liquid from their syringes; and when he said 'Vilti Goulgoul!' they filled the air with perfume, that was so overpowering as sometimes to produce sickness. The little fellows would, between whiles, as if to keep their hands in, use the black squirts against one another; but they often gave them a dash of the rose water at the same time.

'I wondered to see men submit to such indignity; but was told that the custom had the sanction of time; that these boys were brought up in the church, and were regularly trained to this business. 'Besides,' added my informer, 'the custom is not without its use; for it points out the candidates at once to a stranger, and especially him who is successful, those being always the most blackened who are the most popular.' But it was amusing to see the ludicrous figure that the candidates and some of the voters made. If you came near them on one side, they were like roses dropping with the morning dew; but on the other, they were as black as chimney sweeps and more offensive than street scavengers. As these Syringe Boys, or Goulmins, are thus protected by custom, the persons assailed affected to despise them; but I could ever and anon see some of the most active partisans clapping them on the back, and saying, 'Well done, my little fellows! give it to them again! You shall have a ginger-cake —and you shall have a new cap,' &c. Surely, thought I, our custom of praising and abusing our public men in the newspapers, is far more rational than this. After the novelty of the scene was over, I became wearied and disgusted with their coarseness, violence, and want of decency, and we left them without waiting to see the result of the contest.'—p. 174.

Atterley next has a palpable hit at the moon lawyers, the moon tariff, and the respective advocates of manufactures and agriculture, as objects of national protection. He proceeds to describe a kind of Platonic republic, in the *happy valley*, and the laws, customs and habits of the Okalbians, and their happy expedients to prevent excess of population. He proceeds thence to the '*field of roses*.'—Whenever a marriage is consummated on the earth, one of these beautiful flowers springs up in the moon, that in color, shape, size and other properties, is a type of the individual, whose change of state is thus designated. While they were musing upon the botanical fact, and the many opinions in our world, touching lunar influence, Reffei, a Glonglim philosopher, comes up, who holds the same opinions in the moon, respecting taste, that Dr. Alison did upon our earth; that is, that every thing is agreeable or otherwise, only by association. Atterley objects to this theory codfish, which the yankees hold to be a very savory dish, though no one ever regarded it as grateful to the olfactories, or pleasant to the eye. The philosopher finds an hypothesis, by which he comes over this objection.

We pass over the visit of the travellers to the monthly lunar fair, only remarking, that the mania of gambling seems as prevalent there, as on our earth. Atterley procured a great number of lunar curiosities; but found to his mortification and disappointment, that upon exhibiting them, most of them had been previously discovered in our world. Among those curiosities, was a lady's tur-

ban, decorated with cantharides, and a pair of slippers with heavy metallic soles of lunarium, which are used there for walking in a strong wind, and to prevent the dancing girls from making their caracols too high. This metal gravitates as strongly to the moon, as it is repelled from our earth. Hence, in the same proportion, as it repressed indecorous capers in the lunarian ladies, it lightens the heels, and elevates the extra flourishes of terrestrial lady-dancers. With this view, Mr. Atterley lent them to Madam ——, of the New York theatre, who has thus been enabled to astonish the natives by her feats of agility.

Lunarians in most respects write as we do. They have one manifest advantage. In their polysyllabic words, they put one syllable above another, instead of arranging in line, as we do. This has an imposing effect upon the eye, and, probably, some influence in giving a loftiness and magniloquence, which so laudably characterizes our fourth of July-orations and funeral panegyrics.

On their voyage back to the earth, the Brahmin gives Atterley a history of his life. It furnishes a charming novelette. It ought to have been placed at the commencement of the book. We know, that many prefer to have the best last. Not so with us. We say with Dr. Franklin—best first, and best always. We have seen no writing of the kind in our country, superior to it. It is simple, natural, pathetic and affecting.

The Brahmin was born at Benares, and was the son of a priest of high rank. This son was carefully educated, and destined to the same office. At school, at the age of twelve, he is brought in contact with Balty Mahu, a lad born in the same condition of life with himself. He was ambitious, vindictive, implacable, and cunning. Circumstances rendered them rivals. The boys at school took sides with the one or the other. One evening Balty Mahu, pretending, that the Brahmin had jostled him, struck him. They fought, and Balty Mahu was beaten. He thenceforward treated the conqueror with external respect; but cherished towards him an implacable and eternal hatred. The Brahmin is transferred to the college at Benares. On arriving, he finds, that Balty Mahu had preceded him, and had been successful in prejudicing his fellow students against him.

The misfortunes of the Brahmin had commenced in mistaken fondness of his mother's allowing him, from an injudicious tenderness, abstinence from many ablutions and ceremonies of the Hindoos. The foundation was thus laid for a habit of remissness.—These petty transgressions, industriously reported, and artfully exaggerated, estranged the charitable, and induced the rigidly orthodox to regard him with aversion and horror.

In a vacation, his father allowed him to visit an uncle, who lived at some distance from Benares. This uncle had two sons, nearly of his own age, and several daughters. He was rarely permitted

to see his female cousins, who were generally confined to the *Zenana*, by the rites of their caste. A lady and her daughter happened to be guests there at that period. The young Brahmin, as may be supposed, had a natural curiosity to see them. Chance enabled him to gratify this desire. A fight was to take place between an elephant and a royal tiger at an important, approaching, Brahmin festival. Every thing was show, splendor and preparation on all sides. As an aspirant for the priest hood, the young Brahmin was interdicted from attending. Witnessing the splendid show of the preparations, his imagination pictured the magnificent scenes, for which it was intended. Marking the thousands of gaily dressed spectators assembled, and gazing in breathless anxiety, to witness the exhibition, he felt repining at his lot, and regret, that he was born in a condition in life, that interdicted him from the enjoyment of some of its most exquisite pleasures.

He soothed and consoled himself, as he might, by repairing to the resources only open to studious men. Among these resources, was a knowledge of the English language. He took up the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and, retiring to a summer house, soon became so completely absorbed, that the show and his regrets were alike forgotten. He entered the house, which seemed to be deserted of even the menials, of whom there were usually fifty. Supposing the *Zenana* to be equally empty, and led by irresistible curiosity, he entered it. He passed many apartments of the ladies, which seemed to be in great dishabille. He entered one, where every thing was neatness, taste and propriety. There he came upon the beautiful fair one, who is described in all the glowing colors of oriental imagination. She had the very eyes, and eye lashes, and spirit, and languor, and interesting debility, and raven locks, and careless grace, all so beautifully clad, in such a rich undress, and there was such a *melange* of alabaster and rose in the concern, as, in all ages and countries, have been so mischievous to impassioned young gentlemen, who have no better business in life, than to fall in love. The rest may all be imagined.

Veenah, for that was the name of the beautiful maiden, appears to have participated in a very proper and maidenly way, the sentiment of the young Brahmin. Frequent interviews took place.—The female cousins, so far from having any envious dispositions, to mar these mutual raptures, facilitated the intercourse. But all pleasant things on this side the grave have an end. These raptures were of too high an order to last long. The time approached, when Veenah and her mother must return to their residence at Benares. The two lovers exchanged amaranths; and the sad business of parting was not brought about without a kiss and a tear.

The young Brahmin soon followed for Benares. Proposals were made by him to Shunah Shoo, the father of Veenah. This old man was alike remarkable for avarice and bigotry. He had been

in some way instructed, that the young applicant for his daughter was heretical in some of the hundred points of the Brahmin faith; or failed to perform some of its numerous ablutions. The young man soon contrived to establish the customary intercourse of billets between himself and Veenah. By these means Veenah informs him, that Balty Mahu, like an invisible fiend, had thrown his malignant spell over their loves. The Brahmin repairs to Shunah Shoo, and endeavors to soften his prejudices. The father coolly informs him, that he means to dispose of his daughter in another way. The morning after this interview, he learns, Shunah Shoo had left the city with his daughter. Balty Mahu has disappeared also. He learns, that an old and rich Omrah had proposed for Veenah. Her notions of the stern obligations of filial obedience would have been unavailing, to obtain her consent to this detested marriage, had not the faithful girl's jealousies been roused by artful insinuations, that her young lover was about to leave India for Europe.

Veenah, brought to believe in his infidelity and indifference, becomes regardless of her fate, and is led, an unresisting victim, to the altar. At once to mitigate the agony of his despair, and to wreak his vengeance upon Balty Mahu, the secret author of all this, the young Brahmin travels in pursuit of his enemy through the different countries of India. Balty Mahu flies before him.—On his route, he learns, that the Omrah, husband of Veenah, is sick, and has returned to Benares for medical advice, and probably to die. If he dies, the young Brahmin determines to break over all the obligations of his caste, and marry the widow, if he may. He arrives at Benares at the moment, that Veenah is on the way to immolate herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband. He has the satisfaction to learn, as he approaches the funeral pile, that the story of his love, her wrongs and the cruelty of her father is in every mouth. Veenah, emaciated, pale, but still exquisitely lovely, had shaken hands with life, and resigned herself with utter indifference, to the awful fate, that awaited her. She hears, and recognizes the cry of her lover, exclaiming, he lives, he lives! and faints in the arms of her attendants. The Brahmins are determined, that the rites of their horrid orthodoxy shall be consummated. The distracted lover is held fast, while Veenah implores the Brahmins to spare her. The monsters throw her on the funeral pile, and bind her fast. The dying shrieks of the victim are drowned amidst the thousand cries, shouts, groans and exclamations that rend the air. The distracted lover sees Balty Mahu, seizes a scymetar from the hands of one of the guards, and plunges it into his breast. By the intercessions of his father his life is spared, notwithstanding the opposition of Shunah Shoo, and the family of the Omrah, on condition of his doing penance, by departing from the country, where his religion prevails: and that he shall never

look at, or converse with a woman, for two minutes at a time. The Brahmin afterwards travels, and devotes himself to seclusion, and profound study, in a remote country. During his residence near the mountain Mogaun, he discovers the famous *lunarium*, whose properties have been described. The first use, which he makes of this surprising discovery, is in propelling a car through the air, to his native country, and suspending himself over the spot, where repose the ashes of the ill-fated Veenah and his parents, that he may enjoy the melancholy pleasure of contemplating the hallowed earth without breaking his vow.

The remainder of the story is soon told. The Brahmin and Atterley return safely to the earth. They land forty miles inland in the province of Venezuela. The Brahmin continues his studies amid the mountains of the Andes; and Atterley returns to New York, in the brig Juno.

We have not the slightest clue to the name of the author of this book. We consider the conception in general an admirable one. We have a great respect for the talents of the author. The defects of the book are, that it is too light for a grave work, and too grave for a light one; and that the rich mine of learning and satire is too deeply buried to be sought out by the indolent readers of the present time.

The name of Christian, the only appropriate name for believers in Christ —a dedication sermon. The Christian Spirit—an ordination sermon. By Charles Lowell, D. D. *Minister of the West Church in Boston.* Cambridge, 1827.

We talk proudly of the march of mind and the advancing spirit of the age at the present day. Bigotry and sectarian feeling, if not on the increase, are evidently more bitter and concentrated, than in the last age. In religion, in politics, in science and philosophy on every side is heard the angry and arrogant note of bitterness and denunciation. In religion, this spirit receives from those who manifest it, the flattering unction of pastoral fidelity, plainness, evangelical duty, and a feeling of the obligations of a good conscience. In politics, it is patriotism—pure, disinterested patriotism—In philosophy, it is the love of science and the truth. But, disguise it as we will, it is a bitter draught. It is a strange, and a humiliating sight under the sun, to see a weak, arrogant, and fallible *bipes implumis* insect, called man, set up his understanding, as the measure of reason, his will as the rule of action, and his opinion, as the interpretation of nature and religion. Yet this monstrous spectacle is one of every day occurrence. We are equal enemies

to this spirit, assume what form it may; whether it aim to control our religious or political opinions; whether it assume the form of orthodoxy, or liberality; whether it cloak itself in christian or free thinking profession; whether it manifest itself in denouncing the wrath of God upon opposing sentiment; or in sneers and charges of ignorance and folly.

The great portion of the ministry of the past age in New-England were moderate in their religious opinions, and little given to denunciation. We believe no age or country had a purer, or a better ministry. The general tone of preaching was affectionate, persuasive, mild, paternal. The clergy now seem arrayed under hostile banners, and distant from each other, *toto cœlo*.

Dr. Lowell, though comparatively a young man, seems to be one of this past age, and of a race, which appears to be hastening to extinction. The mild and affectionate spirit of the sermons before us seems in comparison with the tone of what we see, hear, and read, as the music of the spheres. We recognise in them the same temper and dispositions, disciplined by the allotted trials of earth, and instructed by the teaching of years, that we loved when we knew him in the days of his boyhood. Amidst extremes of opinion, and the clamors of party, and the arrogance of assumption, he has preserved the calm and even tenor of his way; and while others have broached theories of evangelical tempers, he has been content to display the practice. Such at least are our views of this amiable and exemplary divine.

The only fault, which we are disposed to find with the sermons before us, is one diametrically the opposite of the most prevalent one in productions of the kind; they are too short.

In the first sermon, Dr. Lowell enters his protest against the assumption of any other name, than that, by which the disciples were first called at Antioch. Every new name, he says, is a new barrier. The sanguine act upon the moderate, and a strange fire is kindled, which, instead of diffusing the genial heat of the gospel, spreads around it destruction and desolation.

He admires a spirit of proselytism, when its object is, to bring the unenlightened to the knowledge of christianity, and the vicious and unholy, to virtue and holiness. But he objects to the spirit, when its paramount object is, to make converts to the dogmas of a sect. He is embarrassed by calvinistic missions, and arminian missions; orthodox missions, and liberal missions. He approves of all, and he approves of neither in the sense of their party names. Well may the unbelieving heathen say, 'settle among yourselves, what your religion is, and then we will determine, whether to embrace it or not.' We would be glad to present each of his distinct reasons of objection to the use of any other name, than that of christian. But we have not space. We quote the following paragraph, as equally impressive and true.

'I know that great practical importance is attached to the reception of certain doctrines which are the subjects of controversy.—I have had intimate official intercourse, during a ministry of twenty-two years,—with opportunities for this intercourse inferior, perhaps, to none,—with persons of various religious opinions. I have seen them in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness. I have stood by the bed of death, and caught the last breathings of the departing spirit,—and I do now say, that I have witnessed the same gratitude and love, the same trust and devotion, the same patience and resignation, the same holy confidence and joy, among them all.

'It hath not pleased the merciful Creator, I do firmly believe, to suspend the happiness, temporal or eternal, of his creatures, on the mode of faith, but, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, on the testimony of an approving conscience, enlightened by the word and the spirit of God.'

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'It has seemed to me to be not unsuitable, brethren, at the consecration of a christian church, to set forth a humble plea for the christian name; nor unappropriate to the day which you have happily chosen for this consecration.—It is the day which is devoted by a large portion of the christian world to the commemoration of the nativity of the Prince of Peace. 'Peace on earth and good will towards men' was the proclamation of the angels at the Saviour's birth!—To plead for the union of christians under the name of this Saviour is to sound a note in unison with the angelic song. I would that it were met by a full response from every heart in this assembly!—I would that the peaceful strain were uttered by every tongue that is hymning, on this day, the Redeemer's praise!—I would that it were mingled with every prayer that ascends from every christian altar!—that it were breathed from every soul that bows itself *at the name of Jesus and confesses him to be Lord!*'

The second sermon is founded on this text, 'if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his.' Dr. Lowell cares not, by what name a man designates himself, orthodox, or heterodox, calvinist or arminian; he tries his religion by the question: has he the spirit of Christ? Is he meek, or passionate, forgiving, or revengeful, humble or arrogant, benevolent, or unfeeling? These are the questions that will try his spirit; and not, to what church does he belong?

'I am not prepared to say not only that they may not innocently differ, but that great good may not result from their disagreement. I am not prepared to say that one mode of faith may not be better adapted to a certain stage of progress in cultivation and refinement, or to produce beneficial effects on certain minds and certain dispositions than another. Sure I am that this disagreement has led to the preservation of the sacred text in greater purity and uncorruptness, to the more diligent study of the scriptures, and has given scope for the exercise of the best christian grace—the grace of charity. Alas! for good men that this purpose is so seldom answered!

'But is it visionary to believe that it will *yet* be answered? that we shall yet be united in this which constitutes the chief ornament of the christian charac-

ter?—Is it visionary to believe that the professed disciples of Christ will possess so much of the spirit of their master as to be kept from *falling out by the way?*'

We regret the narrowness of our limits, when we contemplate sermons of this excellent and apostolical character. In the paramount importance of a spirit and sentiments like these, criticism would be wholly misplaced. We only wish, that ministers generally preached, and lived upon this key-note. In comparison of this earnest, gentle and affectionate spirit, all the idle words of '*man's wisdom*,' the trick of eloquence, and the parade of figure and ornamented speech are, *but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal.*

DR. CALDWELL'S DISCOURSE.

The friends of the late President Holley will be pleased to hear, that Professor Caldwell, of Transylvania University, has issued proposals to publish, by subscription, 'a discourse on the genius and character of the Rev. Horace Holley, L. L. D., &c. with copious notes, biographical and illustrative.' It is to be elegantly printed in Boston, and to contain an engraved likeness of the late President. Proposals may be seen at our office, No. 160, Main street. The profits are intended by the publisher for the benefit of the widow and orphans. We give the following, as an extract from the dicourse. It is marked, as the reader will see, with the sign manual of the Professor's style and manner. If readers of a severe and hypercritical taste should object, that it is too full, exuberant and ambitious, they will allow, that these are more excusable faults, than those, which arise from poverty of thought and eloquence. We consider it in his happiest manner.

'Constitutionally, Dr. Holley was most acutely alive to the beauties of nature, and all the splendid productions of art. On few individuals has there ever been bestowed so keen a relish for this elegant and inexhaustible source of enjoyment. Nor had he failed to cultivate, with zeal and distinguished success, his native susceptibility, which served him as a fountain of such exquisite delight. On beauty of every description he gazed with feelings of high-toned rapture; and turned from what was unsightly, with an offended sensibility bordering on pain. Hence arose the refinement and peculiar excellencies of his taste as an amateur, and the well known correctness of his judgment as a critic.

'Although not himself a frequent or successful suitor in the bowers of the muses—for he rarely attempted the witcheries of song, and never touched, with

deep effect, 'the minstrel's bold and high-strung lyre.' He notwithstanding looked on creation with the frenzied eye, and felt her charms with all the thrilling ecstacy of the poet.

'As relates in particular to the sublime and beautiful, and whatever is characterized by intensity and strength, so indissolubly were the feelings of poetry interwoven in his nature, that they constituted a part of it. Where others were only gratified, he was delighted; and what gave delight to them was rapture to him. Though of not an enfeebled aspen sensitiveness, that trembles and shrinks at the approach of the breeze, or 'dies of a rose in aromatic pain,' he possessed, perhaps, as ample an endowment of manly sensibility, as was ever bestowed on an individual of our race.

'In him the azure of the heavens by day, boundless in extent, and vieing in purity with 'the spirit that made it,' and the glories of their star-fretted canopy by night, the freshened resplendance of the morning sun, as he rises rejoicing from the lap of ocean, and the tempered radiance of his evening orb, as it drops for repose into the crimson wave, after the toils of a day of brightness; the cloud-piereing mountain with its fantastical drapery, its frowning precipices, and its piles of granite; the illimitable ocean whether swept by a tempest or slumbering in a calm; in either case a mighty and impressive representation of the attributes of omnipotency and boundless extent: the wide-spreading prairie, to the wondering eye alike interminable, with its gorgeous and undulating sea of vegetation, buried in solitude, or peacefully or tumultuously thronged with animals, whose myriads seem to compass infinity; the deep entangled forest wrapt in gloom and primeval silence, except when resounding to the hunter's rifle; the Indian's war-whoop, or the monster's howl; the bursting thunder-cloud, riving alike, by its bolt of fire, the knotted oak and the rock of adamant; the mighty river, the roaring cataract, and the wild and desolating sweep of the tornado;—Objects stupendous and magnificent like these, produced in him those intense and high-wrought emotions of the sublime, a faithful description of which would be received by the insensitive as a fiction of romance.

'With sensibility equally awakened, and corresponding emotions equally vivid, did he enjoy his 'soul's home' when placed in the midst of softer and more soothing scenes, rich in the humbler beauties of nature. The sequestered bower erected and decorated by the hand of taste, whether silvered by moonlight, or fanned by breezes bearing on their bosom the virgin freshness and fragrance of morning; the emerald lawn spangled with flowers wantonly scattered from the lap of spring, the crystal rivulet glittering in the sun beams as it smoothly winds within its grassy banks, or breaks in faint and tranquilizing murmurs over its variegated pebbles, which the lapse of its waters through indefinite ages has polished into lustre; the leafy grove, concealed in its own secluded loneliness, or enlivened by the sportings of the feathered tribes, and vocal to the thrilling music of their loves; the luxuriant meadow gemmed with the early dew-drop, where flocks and herds enjoy their frolic and partake their food, and the checkered prospect of the sunny hill-top and the shaded vale.—Such were the sources of his minor delights, in the midst of which he loved to linger with a kindred fondness, which, if faithfully pictured, would seem to the intellect of 'grosser mould' a 'tale of fancy, or a poet's dream.' But to him it was a living and

ever active reality, to which his nature ministered, and which clung to him through life as an attribute of his soul.

'Nor was he less enamoured of all that is poetic in human nature, than of that which the earth, the ocean, and the heavens unfold to us. And, notwithstanding the revolting pictures of it which, in their cankered imaginations, complainers and canters make it their pastime to draw, and the dismal denunciations which they thunder forth against it, there is much in human nature that is not only delightfully but intensely poetic.

'The sportive innocency and irrepressible delights of infancy, the sprightliness and blooming gaiety, the buoyant hopes and fresh desires of youth, ere yet neglect or disappointment, misfortune or care has assailed and withered them, the first emotions of virtuous love, which soothe with visions of ineffable felicity the soul of the possessor, and, 'in witching fancy' deck, with all that is most excellent, fair, and attractive, whether in earth or heaven, its chosen object, the warm and wide-spreading affections and desires of ripened life, that encompass in their scope the existing family of man, and throwing their longings into future years, and other anticipated conditions of being, give to us even here 'upon this bank and shoal of time' an existence that reaches beyond the grave—the all-subduing beauty and loveliness of woman, composed of the choicest and most enchanting attributes—the elegance of her form and the delicacy and chastened richness of her complexion, the grace and airy lightness of her movements, the sprightliness and vivacity of her etherial spirit, the lustre of her eye, whether brightened by pleasure or impearled by a tear, the fascination of her smile, the retiring blush of her virgin purity, the devotedness and constancy of her friendship, the generous and absorbing confidence of her love, her conjugal tenderness and fidelity, the endearing and indescribable affections and attentions, which none but a mother can experience and bestow, which beam from her countenance with such winning radiance, and proclaim her the world's most perfect model of disinterested attachment, and duty instinctively and faithfully performed, the fond, and untiring vigilance with which she hangs over the pillow of affliction, ministers in kindness to the troubled spirit, cools and calms the burning temples, soothes to slumber the aching brow, and then retires to weep unseen, and pour forth the balmy incense of her prayers for the relief of the sufferer, and even her noble and undaunted darings, when dangers environ the objects of her love;—These are the genuine materials of poetry—these are the attributes of human nature—and of these was the deceased enthusiastically enamoured.

'Nor of the higher and bolder manifestations of man was he a less ardent and devoted admirer. The fearful workings of the tragic passions, convulsing the soul with the throes of an earthquake, or breaking forth with the ruinous burst of the volcano—the lofty darings of the youthful hero, who rushes from the arms of affection and beauty to battle and carnage, and regardless of danger, suffering, and death, surrenders up his life in exchange for glory—the mighty in genius, at one time ruling and calming the turbulence of free minds by the powers of persuasion, stirring them to phrenzy by his maddening eloquence, or, by the omnipotency of argument, forcing conviction on a listening senate—at another, exploring the heavens in quest of new and remoter worlds, or profoundly scanning and settling the principles and laws of motion of those already fa-

miliar to astronomy—or again, in the inspired character of the poet, sweeping in thought through earth and heaven, even to the footstool of Deity himself, plunging into the fearful abyss of the Infernals, and returning fraught with the choicest and most radiant materials, to weave a fabric of imperishable song—nor must I forget the still more magnificent and impressive spectacle of a patriot hero striking, with his own single arm, as the commissioned and avenging minister of Heaven, a daring usurper, or a blood-stained tyrant from his seat of power, or, placed in command of a patriot army, pouring into its masses his own mighty and invincible spirit, wielding it to his purposes by the potency of his genius, and, in defence of his country, and human rights, gloriously leading it to victory or death. These are the objects of true intellectual and moral sublimity, the most lofty and resplendent materials of the poetry of man—and with these was the deceased perfectly familiar, and as deeply, perhaps, susceptible of the emotions corresponding to them, as comports with the constitution of human nature.

NOTICES.

We wish to bestow the merited meed of our praise upon the 'American Journal of Education,' printed in Boston. It is just such a work, as the community needed, resting its claims simply upon its intrinsic importance and utility. The best systems of education in all countries are collected, and contrasted, that the reader may be qualified to strike the balance of their comparative value. Such a journal upon subjects of such incalculable importance ought to be in the hands of every parent, who feels the responsibility of his station; and certainly of every qualified instructer. We are told, that it is a journal, that has no parallel in England, or even in Europe. It has our hearty good wishes.

We have received the third report of 'the American Sunday School Union.' We have only space to extract from this interesting document, the heart cheering result of the present standing of this noble Christian charity, which will receive the countenance, aspirations and prayers of every friend of the gospel. It embraces 362 auxiliaries; 2600 schools; 24,307 teachers, and 174,191 scholars. The donations already amount to 14,000 dollars.

From a recent report of the American Tract Society, we are pleased to hear of its great and increasing success, and that the friends of this charity have an institution thoroughly organized. The number of tracts circulated is immense. The manner and style of the writing is highly respectable; and to form any idea of the incal-

culable amount of good, resulting from this gratuitous circulation of short and earnest sermons, and affecting religious narratives, the reader must have seen the face of society in the aspects, in which we have seen it in the vast country of the West.

We have received the first number of 'the New York farmer and horticultural repository,' a periodical, which appears in a style superior to any thing of the kind, which we have seen. There is a pastoral richness and freshness in the writing, calculated to render the details of the most useful of all pursuits interesting. The 'Georgics' will persuade more persons to become practical farmers, than cold, dry and technical disquisitions.— We wish this interesting publication all manner of success.

We would be glad to speak with praise, and to utter our wishes for the success of many new periodicals now before us, or in contemplation. Readers, who understand the character and objects of this periodical, will know, that they are too numerous to have a notice of each one, come within the limits of our plan. Besides, as we always feel pain in administering censure, self respect interdicts us from the language of indiscriminate encouragement and praise. Many things are done in these days, that had better been undone; and many publications and periodicals are manifestly failures. Our readers may be assured, that we exercise a conscience both in the administration of praise and censure. Nothing can be more unworthy, or reprehensible, than the indiscriminate lauding and abuse, without conscience, object, merit, or motive, that so disfigure the periodical publications of the day. When we shall be found praising that, which has no merit, our judgment and taste will

be in fault, and not our best purposes, and most vigilant investigation.

We ought not to close these notices without acknowledging the receipt of 'the Transylvania Journal of Medicine and the Associate Sciences,' a quarterly publication, edited by Drs. Cook and Short, professors in that university. Our incessant and laborious occupation, since the receipt of this quarterly, has prevented our giving it such a perusal, as would justify our entering into any formal analysis of its contents. We may very confidently assert, on the face of it, and from the transient purusal, we have given it, that in point of intellectual merit, it is highly respectable. We intend to notice it in another number; and only observe here, that the execution of the work, the character of the articles, and the style and manner, in which they are treated, both cheered us, and gave us pride in view of the progress of western literature. There can be no mistake in calculating the effect of such publications, not only in diffusing medical science at home; but in raising the character of this great section of our country abroad.

This work announces the publication of a system of Pathology and Therapeutics by John Esten Cooke, professor, &c. in Transylvania University, in 2 vols. 8 vo. 1100 pages. Another volume is proposed.

Dr. Slack, of this city, has just published 'a Key to the technical language and a few other difficulties of chemistry; or chemical nomenclature.' We have looked through this small, but exceedingly useful work. It will be found to contain more valuable information, and to be a better '*vade mecam*,' for commencing students in the science of chemistry, than many works of greater

extent, and higher pretensions. The improvements in the nomenclature of this science, commenced by Lavoisier, and carried out by Sir Humphrey Davy, are adopted in this little work. An interesting exposition of 'the doctrine of chemical equivalents,' is given at the close. Dr. Slack announces his intention to publish 'a treatise on electricity, illustrated with plates and diagrams;' and a work on 'incompatibles and poisons, accompanied with a description of tests, and the modes of using them. An account of mineral waters, and their mode of analysis, will be included.'

TO PATRONS.

☞ Our next number will complete one year of the duration of this journal. Our readers can not but be aware, that our expenses and our labor have been great. We do not pretend to have been entirely disinterested, in publishing the cheapest journal of the kind in America. We wish to be useful to western literature. This could not be done, unless the people would read us.—None, but a cheap journal of this kind, could circulate extensively. It is not for us to speak of the manner, in which this, has been conducted. It has gradually made its way into all the states in the union, in all of which it has a greater, or less circulation. We began under every disadvantage and discouragement. The experiment in this form was a novel one. Our clerk was not broken into his employment. The post office channels were unexplored. Confusion arose from synonymes in the names of towns and counties. Instead of admiring, that we have made mistakes, the candid will give us credit for having made so few. The bill of every person who has not paid, will be sent with the next num-

ber. We wish those, who intend to discontinue, to notify us early, that we may judge about the number of the edition, which we ought to issue for another year.—No person will be considered, as discontinued, until all arrearages are paid. Persons, who have failed, in receiving any of their numbers, are requested to inform us, and they shall be supplied. To enable us to fulfil our own obligations, prompt payment will be indispensable; and we do not expect any delay in the payment of our bill, after it is presented. To take from subscribers all plea for delay, on the ground of the uncertainty of the mail, we warrant every transmission. Every subscriber, who will inclose to us a line, stating, that he has in that line forwarded to us the amount of his bill, shall be credited, as paid, whether the money arrive in the letter, or not. Whoever that has not paid, chooses to inclose to us *five dollars*, in season to reach us by the time of the transmission of the next number, shall be credited *one dollar and fifty cents*, in advance on the next volume.

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THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1828.

[The following extracts are from a work, which, it is expected, will shortly issue from the press of Messrs. Tower and Hogan, Philadelphia. ED.]

The Life and Adventures of Arthur Clenning: Or the American Robinson Crusoe. By the author of 'Francis Berrian.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having obtained the ensuing adventures for publication, as the reader will see, a circumstance, which I am about to relate, gave me serious alarm, lest this volume should be classed with the common novels and made up stories of the day. It would give me pain to have it lose the little interest, which might appertain to it, as a recital of plain and simple matters of fact. My apprehension, that such might be its fate, was excited by hearing, the very evening, after I had completed this compilation from the notes of Mr. Clenning, a critical dialogue between two old, spectacled, female, novel-reading, tea-drinking cronies, as they discussed the merits of a recently published novel over their evening tea. I seemed to them to be absorbed in reading the news papers; but in truth my ears drank every word. The incidents of the story, upon which they sat in judgment, were as nearly like this biography of mine, as fiction may approach to fact. I considered their opinions a kind of forestalling of my doom. The sprites of the lower country did not pitch fork the fictitious Don Quixotte with more hearty good will to the burning depths, as the real Don Quixotte related their management, than did these excellent old ladies dispose of this book. The wretch! said the first; he has removed the lands marks between history and fable. The fool! said the other; he does not know how to keep up the appearance of proba-

bility. My husband enquired on the spot, said the first, and the people had never even heard of such a man. The blockhead! said the second; he should have laid the scene just four hundred years back. He caricatures nature horribly, said the first. He is wholly deficient in art and polish, said the second. It is a poor affair from the beginning, said the first. The author is only fit to write for the news papers, said the second. He has been an exact and humble copyist of Sir Walter Scott, though he is just a thousand leagues behind him, said the first. He is nine hundred miles behind Mr. Cooper, dear man, said the second.

I could proceed to give a chapter of criticism of this sort, as kind, as discriminating, and as wise and considerate, as most of the similar discussions, in which poor authors are dished. As I walked moodily home from this edifying descant, I could not help reflecting, that this was a fair sample, of what I might expect from nine tenths of my readers, should I have the fortune to be read; and the chances of even this, I could not but consider, fearfully against me. I felt, in reference to the madness of a rash writer in venturing before the public, as the Roman poet did of him, who first trusted himself in a frail ship to the winds and the waves. Then again a change came over my thoughts, and I took courage, as I repeated the old saw, '*magna est veritas, &c.*' The plant, thought I, is always strong, where nature works at the root. There is the appearance of truth in these adventures, which no art can pattern. Let them say of me what they choose, as a writer, so that they allow me fidelity, as a biographer. Let me assert too, that there are a thousand stranger histories, than this, hidden among our forests. Let our readers see, as we see daily, men, that have distinguished themselves in every quarter of the world and in every way, *brought up* at last, here in the West; let them hear incidents so marvellous, that I have finally come to consider nothing strange, or incredible; let them meet with such personages, as I encounter every day, and they would finally cast off their incredulous temper, and adopt a more docile and believing frame of mind. I could relate whole volumes of strange narratives of marshals and mariners, and warriors, and poets, and authors, and actors, from La Salle and Hennepin to Tecumthe and Thoroughgrabb.

If the reader still enquire, why adventures, like these of Mr. Clenning, have not found their way to the Atlantic country before, I answer, that many of these personages, who have encountered so many moving accidents by flood and field, have come to the stillness and repose of our woods, in many instances to avoid the annoyance of scribblers, and news papers and biographers, in the hope, that they might here live unnoticed, and die in peace, without caricature, puff or eulogy. There they will be disappointed.—We of the quill mean to *have at them*, and bring them all forth to

the light and the air. We could find occupation in this business for an hundred pens, and a life of the length of Methuselah's.

If the reader knows any thing about the western country, he can not but have heard of the 'Marine settlement,' and of the celebrated Mr. Birkbeck. Here, on one of the most beautiful prairies in the world, are congregated a number of thriving farmers, who can milk fifty cows, and set forth half a dozen stout teams of oxen to turn up the green sward of their meadows. These men have visited every shore on the globe; and from ploughing the pathless brine, have come here to turn up the peaceful furrow. If the reader doubt for a moment, whether Arthur Clenning be a Juan Fernandez, an Alexander Selkirk, or a mere man of straw, he owes to my reputation, as a biographer, to visit that settlement, and ask, in the proper west country phrase, *might there be in your settlement a Mr. Arthur Clenning*, who had strange adventures on an island in the south seas? If he thinks this too heavy a tax, let him make the same enquiry, post paid, by mail; and my reputation for fidelity shall be decided, by the response. Not doubting, that this point will be settled to the reader's satisfaction and conviction, I proceed forthwith to account for the manner, in which I became possessed of the materials of this biography.

I had perceived in all parts of the western country how universally, and with what prodigious interest the adventures of Captain Riley were read. Being of that unhappy class of men, a writer by profession, and having been for a long time beating the field, in hopes to start some kind of game worth pursuing, it occurred to me, that I might visit that gentleman, and obtain materials for a second edition of his life and adventures. The thought came upon me in all the freshness of a first conception. The next morning I was on horse-back, and crossing the Mississippi, for I then lived west of that river, to journey to lake Erie, near which, I had understood, that gentleman lived.

Being in feeble health, I journied across the beautiful prairies east of the Mississippi, admiring the grand and flowering nature before me at my leisure. It was delightful weather in the season of early autumn. On the evening of my second day's journey on one verge of the vast and fertile plain, to which I have referred, I passed a number of fine farm houses, and saw others of the same aspect before me. In the centre, just beside me, and on the margin of a magnificent wood, was an establishment with appendages indicating not only comfort, but opulence. The house was of brick, painted white, with pillars supporting piazzas, that ran round it.—Every thing was rural and in good taste. The whole scene breathed an air of tranquillity, repose and abundance. The eye, the imagination and the heart rested upon it in a moment. It was one of those places, where we read by a glance the taste, thoughts and character of the inmates. I said to myself, if a contented and

retired mind were to search the whole earth for a local habitation, here would it select a resting place.

As I rode, musing and slowly, by this habitation, I remarked, that murky clouds hung round the western horizon, and thunder was heard in the distance. It was nearly night fall, and as I had ascertained, it was some miles to the next inn. I enquired of a passing traveller, to whom this establishment belonged? I reckon, you are a stranger here, he replied. Every body knows the rich Clennings. All these houses, before and behind you, belong to them; and the owner of this white house is here called 'king of the Clennings.' He has been over the seas, and has a story to tell, that beats Robinson Crusoe hollow. He has lately had a fortune fall to him over the seas. There is not a handsomer lady than his wife, in all Kentucky, which is saying a great deal. I made some enquiries, whether he was in the habit of receiving strangers? I reckon so, was the answer. All the rich people love to go there, instead of staying at the tavern.

Putting these circumstances along with the calculations of an invalid, in respect to the greater promise of comfort in such a place, than in a public house, and adding to them the necessity of a speedy shelter from the approaching storm, I dismounted, knocked, told my story, and was so welcomed, as to leave no doubt on my mind, respecting the hospitable intent of the owner of the establishment. Powerful and continued rains detained me there two days. He, who can say, that he has had two happy days in succession, relates something worthy of recording in his tablets. I so put it down in mine. I had breathed, the while, such an atmosphere of cheerfulness, contentment and benevolence, that when the clouds began to disperse, and the blue of the firmament once more to show itself in the zenith, I almost regretted this admonition of nature, that I had no longer a plausible pretext to prolong my stay.

I will attempt no portraiture of the head of this establishment in this place; for the reader will see it in the following pages. I do not dare attempt the thing in reference to his lady. She was, in truth, so sweet a woman, so beautiful, so good, so hospitable without ostentation, so dignified, and yet so simple in her manners, that if I were to go on with the painting and coloring, that rise to my memory and my thoughts, it would only seem, as if I were in good truth commencing a novel. Besides, it might give pain to a certain *lang syne* friend; and raise the impression, that I indulge my thoughts and my pen in language not befitting various circumstances, that appertain to my case. In sober truth I avow, that although I feel tempted to avail myself of terms of the age of twenty one, I believe, my impressions are only the abstract homage of due sensibility to beauty, loveliness and goodness united. One salutary result certainly remained, the conviction, that there can be a really contented, affectionate and happy family. I always

feel an emotion of thankfulness to providence, when I see a sensible proof, that the idea of happiness on the earth is not an illusive and empty mockery.

I might undertake a portrait of the sweet Augusta, the eldest daughter, a girl apparently of twelve years, of whom something, also, will appear in these pages. This was, indeed, one of the loveliest girls that I had ever seen. This loveliness was compounded quite as much of intelligence, and amiability as of beauty. There was mingled with these charming qualities a certain archness, and pretty sauciness, smacking considerably of the '*fille gatee*,' and petted favorite, that threw a touch of earth on the picture, and reminded one, that she was not entirely of another order of beings.

Circumstances called the father and mother away, part of the afternoon previous to my departure, and Augusta was charged to entertain me in their absence. I believe, I had the fortune to be particularly acceptable to her; for she showed me her compositions, her drawings, her collections of flowers and insects. She played, and sung for me; and the whole derived a charm from being apparently done, as with a view to minister forgetfulness to the sufferings of an invalid. My manner declared, what I thought of this little, kind and ministering beauty. Her perfect frankness won mine. In remarking upon her letters, and those of her correspondents, she discovered, that I had the tone and conversation of one, to whom criticism upon such subjects was familiar. In short, I inadvertently disclosed the object of my journey. Her eye sparkled with pleasure. Why, sir, said she, with a little ironical archness in her eye, you need not continue this weary journey in search of a Tadmor in the desert, when there is here a Babylon ready built to your hands, as I read in a speech the other day. If you want to make a book out of a voyage, and a shipwreck, my father can furnish you undisputed adventures, much more striking, than those of Capt. Riley. He has written the whole story on purpose to print it. Sir, I hope, you will say, that there are no books now going half so pretty. He wrote it, before he became rich, in hopes to make money by printing it. When we were in the cities, he used to carry his manuscript to the booksellers. I always pitied my poor dear father, when he came home from seeing those strange and hard hearted people. I finally teased him to tell me, what the wicked folks said to him, and he told me, that they informed him, he had no name, that the world was full of books, and language of that sort. My dear father became rich, and I thanked God, that he would have nothing more to do with booksellers.—Since that, the manuscript has been allowed to sleep. I sometimes see my name in it, and I should be so proud to read myself in print! If you will take it, and print it, I will answer, that my father puts it at your disposal. You are just such a man, as I wanted to see—for you deal with booksellers. I have teased my father incessant-

ly to publish it. You can not tell, how delighted I should be to see myself in a book.

My dear little maiden, said I, do you think your father would allow you thus to dispose of a manuscript, which I dare say is valuable? She answered me by handing the manuscript. 'Take it (said she,) if you will, as the gift of providence, and ask no questions.—The rude people have a way of calling my father king; and mama says, that Augusta is empress over the king.' How proud I should be to see this made into a book! you will find it a pretty, and a well written history, all but one place in it about me, and you must scratch all that idle nonsense out. I can promise you, that if you like it, you can do with the rest, as you please.' So saying, she put into my hands the ponderous manuscript, and skipped out of the room.

After retiring to my bed chamber, I surveyed the manuscript, here and there, by candlelight. It struck me, that it would make an interesting book. My vanity indeed whispered me, that I could have written many parts of it much better myself. But then here was a book of real adventures, and if the reader could only have seen the living actors in this manuscript, as I saw them, I answer, that nothing more would have been necessary to have engaged his undivided interest. Many passages, too, seemed to me to be written with great spirit and eloquence. It was no trifling consideration, that the work was finished to my hands, and would save me a prodigious amount of mental labor of arrangement and preparation. The more I thought of it, the more it seemed a reasonable and hopeful speculation; and I ended by indulging considerable solicitude, lest I might find more difficulty with the father, in obtaining the manuscript, than with the daughter.

At any rate I had pleasant and golden visions that night. My mind floated in Elysian dreams; wandering from the island of the manuscript to the content, affection and enjoyment of this charming family. I dreamed of angels, and digging up immense sums of money from the earth. When I awoke in the morning, I deemed these dreams of good omen, and prophetic of the money, which I should make from the book.

When I descended to breakfast in the morning, I found, that the father and daughter had talked the matter of the manuscript over. I assured him, that I thought the manuscript one of great promise. Nevertheless, said I, there is no certainty; for the public is as capricious, as a spoiled beauty; and I added something about compensation. He smiled, and said, that I must take it, as the gift of his daughter, if at all. I was soon confirmed in the justice of Augusta's impression, that she was empress over the king. In short, an unconditional transfer of the manuscript was made to me. I gave up the thought of proceeding on my journey to lake Erie, and Capt. Riley's, delighted to have taken game in such a short hunt, and to recross the Mississippi, and return to my family. I

was as impatient to give the manuscript to the reader, as, I dare say, he is to obtain it; and only add, that he will find very little of the professed author in the work, as I have only in a very few instances departed a little from the original. I ought also to advertise the reader, that the complimentary views of Mr. Clenning's character are found to be in the hand writing of another person, supposed to be that of Mrs. Clenning.

CHAPTER II.

I shall visit dear Lochaber no more.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report,
Of a land I shall visit no more.

COWPER.

He awoke the next morning, as the sun was raising his broad and purple forehead from the ocean, pouring his oblique rays through the trees, and awakening a thousand songs from the tenants of their shade. The balmy freshness of morning, mingling the aroma of the tropical verdure and flowers with the evaporating dew, filled the atmosphere. The gently rippling bosom of the ocean was purpled with the waxing splendors of the sun. The youthful solitary arose, refreshed and thankful, for the boon of such an existence, though alone to enjoy it.

He looked up to Him, who for some kind and wise purpose had saved him, while so many others had perished. The beauty and freshness of the renovated nature, in which he stood alone, spoke to his heart, that, though far removed from the companionship of man, God was there. His first act was that of devout and heart felt thanksgivings, to the preserver of his life and the author of this glorious nature. He earnestly invoked the Divine benediction on his parents and friends, and thought keenly and with bitter self reproach upon his indifference to the society of his brothers, sisters and friends, while he was yet with them; and alone, as he was, with his conscience and God, he felt what a blessing the companionship of friends is, and how differently he would act his part in it, could he but share it again.

Having finished his devotions, he walked to the beach. He trembled, lest some wild animals should have found and preyed upon his priceless stock of bread. But it was still unharmed. A

few shell fish, found on the beach, satisfied his craving for animal food, and along with bread, bitter and salt with sea water, made him a breakfast, that hunger and a sense of the mercy of the Almighty, in granting even this resource from dying with famine, rendered palatable. To secure this supply of bread from future danger was his first effort.

He dared not trust it exposed on the naked beach, until he should have explored the region, on which he was cast. He rolled it, with great labor and toil, to the cliff on the shore, and by strong exertion, raised it to such a height on the table surface of a perpendicular elevation of the cliff, as would secure it from becoming the prey of beasts, and the cask preserved it from the ravages of the birds of prey, that were hovering in great numbers on the shore.

At ease upon a point, so vital to his subsistence, so many thoughts and meditations crowded upon him, that it was long, before he could command sufficient singleness of calculation, to view his new position, or come to any definite conclusion, what was next to be done. He paced slowly, back and forward, with his hand upon his brow, and engaged in intense and painful thought. There was a splendor and beauty in the solitary scene before him, which filled his eye. But society alone can cheer, and satisfy the heart; and the first thought from the view of every thing before him, untouched by the axe, unmarked by the hand, unimpressed by the footstep of man, was, that he was the only human being, that existed in this charming solitude. Such a beautiful nature only speaks to the heart, when we feel, that others enjoy it with us, that other eyes sympathize with ours, in the pleasures of vision, and that other hearts commune with us in our joys. Well say the scriptures, that it is not good for man to be alone.

Still, as a lover of nature, the vividness and freshness of the landscape made its way to his heart; and he paused, as he slowly sauntered among the trees, in admiration of the novelty and splendor of the new creation round him. He admired the trees, that reared their straight columns so high in the air, their trunks enwrapped with the tender and beautifully formed foliage of vines, and their cone-shaped tops spreading an alcove of verdure, birds chiding, and singing in their tops, of a plumage of indescribable richness, and forms entirely new, sea fowls with their necks stretched out in advance of their bodies, like an arrow, screaming, and sailing between the trees and the cliffs, animals of a size and color wholly foreign to his eye frolicking on the trees, a clear brook winding from the cliffs, and its waters dancing along in the sunbeams—such was the prospect, upon which he gazed. In the distance a single animal of uncouth appearance, nearly of the height of man, and moving on by bounding in leaps of a dozen feet at a spring, was known to him from the resemblance to engravings, which he

had seen, as a Kanguroo. This animal he well knew to be harmless, nor had he yet seen an object to inspire fear, or a sense of danger.

Not far before him, a prodigious cliff towered on the shore of the sea, overlooking every object, but the mountains, which rose at the distance of a mile from the shore. To think of climbing them for a survey of the country was a project too arduous for his present strength. He walked slowly to the cliff. In the direction of the sea nothing was visible, but the boundless, barren and heaving billow; on the immediate skirt of the sea nothing, but continued ranges of these black cliffs, continually lashed by the foam of the surge, that tumbled upon their bases. Through the interior, at the distance of one or two miles, and in some places a league, there sprung up from the smooth, green turf a barrier, almost as regular, as a wall, to an immense height, and composed of the same black and volcanic rock with the cliffs on the shore. At an elevation of, perhaps, three hundred feet, there was a narrow grass terrace, enamelled with the most brilliant flowers, hanging from flexile stems, and contrasting delightfully with the black and shining masses of rock, which they covered. From this terrace mounted another wall to another terrace. By these regular gradations sloping back, like the sides of a pyramid, the black walls rose into mountains above the region of the clouds. The aspect of the beauty of the trees received almost a terrific contrast from the frowning, gigantic and savage grandeur of these mountains, upon whose summits, smoking with volcanic fires, the clouds rested, and the thunders burst. The regular belt of open woods between their bases, carpeted with grass, formed, a beautiful and equable stripe of verdure, contrasting, in its amenity and softness, with the awful mountains, that bounded it on one side, and the white and sterile sands, and the blue and boundless billow on the other.

It was the labor of half an hour to gain the summit of the cliff before him. The rounding of the shore indicated an island, and of no great extent. No contiguous islands, or rocks rose from the bosom of the wave. The sky, shining in cloudless and tropical brightness, the illimitable sea, undotted by a sail, the repelling loneliness and immensity of sterile nature stretched in front, and volcanic mountains, that arrested the clouds behind him, were the grand features of the scene, which spread around, above, and below the young solitary. From the cliff he descended to wander in the woods along the smooth carpet of grass, preserving a parallel distance between the mountains and the sea. He made his way over the green and flowering sward, often stepping across rills of pure water, that wound from the bases of the mountains through the grass and flowers. He occasionally came upon more considerable rivulets, and beautiful little streams; but still seeing the same birds, the same animals, barren trees, and gaudy and unknown

flowers, the same screaming flights of sea fowls, and the same monotonous beauty of animal and vegetable nature. To his view there was something in this sterile and useless exuberance and gaudiness of nature, these beautiful flowers, that shed their perfumes upon the desert air, and this soothing amenity of the landscape, that almost had the aspect of mocking his solitude. It may be, said he to himself, as his heart thrilled with the momentary suggestion, it may be that the same Providence, which brought me to land, has cast some of my companions on this same solitude; and that at this moment, like me, they are wandering in search of the same objects, society, food and shelter? The impulse to make known his presence, by calling upon them, was too powerful to be resisted.—Companion, companion, he cried, I too am alone. He waited a moment almost in terror, as a thousand magnified voices answered back, in bursts ringing from the mountains, alone! alone! The deafening sounds seemed the reply of a thousand giants, that inhabited the caves of the cliffs. He waited in breathless anxiety, till the remote reverberations, alone! alone! died away, and his calm reason convinced him, that these cries were no more than the responses of echo. He sat him down in the shade, and his eyes filled with involuntary tears. The birds on the trees, said he, have their families and their loves. The animals play in groups, and each one at night retires to kindred shelter and society. But thou, who hast left a father's house, unconscious of the value of home, and unthankful for the comforts and joys of society, wilt fall unpitied, unrelieved, and alone in the desert, and probably human eye will never see thy bleached bones. Oh! here, at such a time, and place is the response of the heart to all, that has been said by the impious and unbelieving against religion. In this extreme desertion, his heart betook itself to the ever present Divinity. 'Father in heaven, (said he.) Thy spirit hovers over the deep. Thou dwellest above these mountains. They, who pray to Thee, in my father's house in company, and I, who pray to Thee in this solitude, both speak to the same ever present, ever gracious Being. Blessed be thy name, that I can commune with Thee, if with none beside. Pity, sustain, and shelter me, forlorn and lonely, as I am, with a sense of thy presence. Thou hast planted in my bosom this earnest craving for the society of my kind. Either, in thy good time and way, restore me to my kind, or be Thou to me society, consolation and hope, so long, as Thou shalt see fit to continue me in life. Whenever Thou shalt determine to remove me from this solitary communion with Thee below, may it be to the multitudes, *which no man can number*, who exult in thy presence above.' Thus tranquillized, composed, and fortified with prayer, he looked to the coming night without distressing anxiety. He had charged himself on *Him, who heareth the young ravens when they cry*, and he saw the sun descend almost with cheerfulness.

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It required both labor and danger to ascend the cliffs. Sometimes he crawled on his hands and knees along sharp declivities of stones, not daring to look down the dizzying eminence, which he had gained. At other times he held fast to small bushes, rooted in a tender soil, threatening to yield from their roots, and precipitate him down the sides of the mountain. As he ascended, the prospect opened before him. Distances diminished. The chasm in the cliffs at the cove seemed directly at the foot of the mountain, and it appeared, as if by a few paces one could step from the foot of the mountain to the sea. The rounding of the shore most distinctly indicated that he was cast on an island, and that of a circuit, which the eye could measure. On every side, in the direction of the sea, nothing could be seen but the quivering, blue surface, wave beyond wave, scintillating with the splendors of a sun, now almost culminating from the zenith. At a distance, which seemed reduced to nothing, but which by comparison, he judged, might be four, or five miles from the cove, where he was cast ashore, was another chasm in the cliffs, which gave promise of being a larger, and better harbor, than the former.

At an elevation, as he judged, of two thousand feet, he sat down under the shade of some stinted shrubs, which were rooted in a little area, covered with a thin surface of soil. From this soil oozed a small spring of water deliciously cool. He took food, quenched his thirst, and looked round him. The mountain air was pure, fresh and exhilirating. The grandeur and loneliness of his position thrilled him with feelings of inexpressible sublimity.—He felt, as though he were alone in the universe, and engaged in an attempt, almost impious, to ascend in the flesh to the empyrean regions. Grandeur, immensity and solitude were spread upon every side of him.

The fleecy clouds, as they sailed through the air, hovered but just above his head. New wonders opened upon him at every ascending step. He continued to clamber from height to height, until he reached a table eminence. His eye glanced over the summit almost fearfully. On the side of the mountain opposite that, which he had ascended, was the smoking crater of a volcano, from which rose vast bursts of ruddy smoke in spiral columns. The conical and bottomless crater seemed to compare great things with small like an immense chimney under his eye, and surmounted a distinct, cone shaped eminence, that rose from a basis a thousand feet below him. The island was elliptical in shape, and in its remotest diameter the eye could just catch the indistinct blue beyond the termination of land. The prospect, as he looked off in that direction, was enchanting. A beautiful and basin shaped vale opened in the interior of the island, accurately, and strongly defined on three sides by the black and undulating summits of mountains. On the farthest side was a narrow chasm, cut through these

hills, as it appeared, by the hand of nature for the escape of the waters of the valley. Beyond that opening, a dim, blue mixture of the horizon with the level surface, indicated, that there was the same trackless waste of waters in that direction, as on the opposite side of the mountains. The sun was now declining, and cast a radiance of inexpressible softness and beauty upon the sloping declivities on the side, opposite that, which he had ascended. Unlike that side, it descended in shelving benches, covered with trees of every form and size and height and shade of foliage.

The configuration of their tops, and the bluntness of their stems gave promise, that they were fruit-bearing trees. At intervals there were small open grass plains of the most charming smoothness, amenity and verdure, as seen from his elevation. It was, indeed, impossible for him to form precise ideas of the landscape; for enough only was manifest to the eye, to give impulse to the imagination. It seemed the land of fairies and nymphs. There was such an infinite variety of slopes, such diversified beauty in the general configuration of the descending shelves, such tufted splendor in the circular eminences, that bore on their summits parterres of verdure, there was such freshness and vividness in the coloring, indicating the effect of copious irrigation, purifying mountain air, a rich soil, and a tropical sun, as caused the beauty of the scenery almost to be felt on the eye.

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The shade was surrounded by a clean white sand, in which the slightest impress would be distinctly visible. Every nerve of his frame thrilled, as he saw the manifest impress of a human footstep in the sand. It was a small, and apparently a female foot mark. His agitation was such, that the alternate shivers and throbbings threatened to renew his fever. The person had evidently walked back and forward, and the footsteps were fresh and recent. He raised his voice to its utmost pitch and cried friend! friend! He held in his breath, until the distant echoes from the mountains had sunk away. He repeated the cry, and again waiting for the response of echo.

The next thought was, to trace the direction of the footsteps.—They soon failed on the firm green sward. No savage of the American forest ever more eagerly applied all his powers, to discern, if possible, the slightest trace of the imprint of human foot on the grass, than he did on this occasion. More than once he entirely lost the clue, and returned with sinking despondence, to retrace the direction again. After the search of an hour, he found the same footstep beyond the open glade, marked in the soft black ooze which betokened the vicinity of a spring. Through this ooze the person had evidently passed, and repassed frequently.—Here again he raised his voice with the hope, that this forlorn being might hear, and answer: and in breathless suspense awaited a re-

ply. The footsteps were searched again, and finally traced to a spring. From the spring the trace was marked towards the mountains. It then traversed a patch of sward again. Beyond that, it was again recognized in a spot of wet and black earth, destitute of herbage. Every moment added to the eagerness of his search, and the frequency of his cries, and the terror of his apprehensions, lest the forlorn and destitute being, who had passed there, had perished in utter hopelessness and misery. His anxiety at times almost amounted to distraction. The sun was at the zenith, and he was still ineffectually striving to find among the trees and grass the course, which the wanderer had taken.

At length he came on the footsteps again; and they appeared to lead towards a single detached tree with a large trunk, and but a moderate height; and which in the distance exactly resembled an American live-oak, except that the immense size of the foliage made its nearer aspect more like the palm in that particular.—This tree stood alone in an open area. Its branches curved downwards, in the form of an open umbrella, and in creating an impervious shade, seemed almost to have formed a roof, that might promise to shed the rain. An involuntary tremor seized him, as he approached this tree. Near it was high grass, through which such a course had been trampled, as by a body, that had been dragged through it to the shelter of this tree. The limbs formed a curve, so near the ground, that he was obliged to lift them up, and then to stoop, in order to enter. The reader may imagine his sensation, when the first object, which he discovered, by the dim light of the dark brown shade, was a female figure, apparently lifeless, lying at the trunk of the tree, and who seemed to have sought this covert, that maidenly modesty might here find the nearest covering to the decency of the sepulchre, that could be anticipated above the soil.

PLEASURES OF AUTHORSHIP.

'Smelfungus' has remitted us still another chapter of the *Miseries of Authors.* We began to transcribe from it, to divide the comfort of our gloom with the sympathy of the good natured reader. But, as we proceeded, our hand trembled and our heart ached so much, while we realized, that it was our hard destiny to appertain to that ill-fated race, that we could not come to a finish. But the failure put us upon thinking. Weeping philosophers ought to look in both scales of the great balance of Providence. There is scarcely an evil of our mortal condition, but has its counter balancing good. For example: '*ira amantiam redintegratio est amoris.*' The

quarrels of lovers cause the good fit, that follows the paroxism, to have a tenfold sweetness. Thunder purifies the atmosphere.—Hurricanes restore the oxygen to the sleeping, and morbid and heated summer sky. May flowers are a thousand times more welcome after January frost. Domestic quiet and affection are never so paradisaical, as after a murky atmosphere has burst in a storm of scolding and a rain of tears.

To be short, dear reader, this great web of life has been woven by wisdom and goodness, and has been left, just as it should be.—Good and evil, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, trial and purification, life and death are scored into the piece, in major and minor, with their contrasts, half tones and transitions, by the great Composer, to make up the harmony of our mortal existence. The philosophy of patience and tranquillity is equally that of reason and religion. We, therefore, desire our friend to excuse our omitting to insert his 'Miseries.' In lieu of them, we beg him to give us his countenance and attention for a moment, while we attempt to take a survey in the opposite scale of some of the '*pleasures of authors.*'

Pleasure 1. You have written a most humble petition, under a fictitious name, as a friend of the author, to the editor of a distant literary journal, begging him 'to pity the lifted whites of both your eyes,' and dispense a little unction, if it be only a little, that he can spare for your friend's book. The journal comes. The eulogy is laid on with steam power, thick and three fold. The summary is as follows. We do not dare say all, that we think of this admirable book; for we are disinterested, and discriminating; and we hold ourselves above the meanness of flattery. We do not pronounce this work the joint production of all the 'nine.' But we are clear, that seven of them had a hand in it, and that the other two looked on, and smiled. Think of the bliss of the author, as his eye traces these delicious lines, and his spirit enters into the beatific vision of his glory. Well may he walk the room, exclaiming, is not this an adequate reward of all my toils!

Pleasure 2. You receive a letter on a gilt edged sheet, as white and as gauzy, as a 'souvenir,' and still exhaling the fragrance of burgamot and otto of roses. It comes from Seraphina Anna Tenderessa, and is couched in the following terms. Sir, I have read your story of 'the kindred souls.' I want words to paint the enthusiastic, rapturous, soul-dissolving, nerve-thrilling rapture, with which I read that delicious passage, where the lovers met. Oh! Sir, you have gone beyond Cooper, or Sir Walter Scott; and, to say all in a word, beyond yourself. Spare my poor nerves, I beseech you, in the next book. Oh! I am but too sensitive. P. S. As you see all the periodicals, you will oblige me by sending, per mail, the last number of the 'magazine of fashion,' if it contains engravings of the atest London figures in full dress.

Pleasure 3. You enter the parlor of a fine young lady, of a high character for beauty, amiability, good feeling, and good sense.—You perceive, that she has just been weeping. You take up the book, that she laid down, as you entered, and that appears to have elicited the pearly drops. It proves to be your last book, and open at the very passage, where you felt sure, that you had smitten the rock. Mem. Make a short visit, and carry away the whole undissolved charm of this delicious discovery, lest by staying too long, you find, that her tears have flowed from a recent broil with one of her admirers.

Pleasure 4. You receive a letter from a gentleman in an Atlantic state, who has reputation for taste and criticism. After some coying and circumlocution, he informs you, that, in his opinion, your historical writings are almost as fine, as Weems' 'life of Washington,' and 'General Marion.'

Pleasure 5. You received a duplicate letter from a foreign country, in a foreign language, proposing to you twenty queries, which you could not satisfactorily answer in less compass, than a volume. You pay in the first instance half a dollar for this glorious publicity of your name. You have the pleasure of laboring, until your head and heart ache to compress something, like a response to his queries, into a single sheet, and then spend a day to get it translated. Mem. It is a sea letter, and you must pay postage on it to New York.

Pleasure 6. You know by a thousand circumstances, that you have just attained to that amount of reputation, that all your merits will be questioned, and all your faults blazoned. *N'importe.* Better be talked of for having burned the great temple, than not known at all.

Pleasure 7. After all, there is no place for an author, like home, 'sweet home.' You are sure, that say, or think others of you, what they may, you are certainly a wise and great personage to those dear ones, whose praise, after all, is worth a thousand times more, than all other plaudits in the world. You feel, beyond the possibility of mistake, that they participate keenly in your successes and defects. You want no assurance, that their whole hearts rise, when your writings are villified, and that they are heartily in love with the person, be he who he may, who has praised you. Here you have partial and patient listeners, while your pulses quicken with the delight of reading your own writings.—Your ear drinks in the delicious draught of praise, in the involuntary exclamations, charming! Fine! Sublime! There you have them! If their hearts do not melt at that, it is because they have no hearts.

Pleasure. 8. To have the first reading of yourself, as you are still covered with the ambrosial humidity of the press. Item. To see yourself in the window seats of every house, you enter and on

the show boards in the street to be read even by the passing boys. Item. To be introduced, as Mr. —— the author. Item. To know, that you are be-praised, and be-labored, and sneered at—and that your name has been pronounced by an hundred tongues, and been in an hundred newspapers. Never mind the little draw back of going off at an auction sale under cost. Call the people Goths, and charge it to their ignorance and want of taste.

Pleasure 9. To have reasonable grounds to believe, that if you could return to the earth, after an hundred years, an odd volume of you might, perhaps, be found stopping a broken pane of glass, or buried in the dust of a country bookshelf; or only half mutilated by the barber, as shaving paper. Thrice glorious immortality of an author!

POETICAL.

The following verses are from the gifted pen of the Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem, Massachusetts. They were composed, and sung at the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth rock. They appeared in the newspapers at the time, but their beauty entitles them to preservation in a more permanent form. They will, probably, be new in our section of the country.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Come, listen to my story,
  Tho' often told before,
Of men, who passed to glory
  Through toil and travail sore;
Of men, who did, for conscience' sake,
  Their native land forego,
And sought a home and freedom here
  Two hundred years ago.

Oh! 'twas no earth-born passion,
  That bade the adventurers stray;
The world and the world's fashion
  With them had passed away;
A voice from heaven bade them look
  Above the things below,
When here they found a resting place,
  Two hundred years ago.

Dark was the scene and dreary,
  When here they sat them down,
Of storms and billows weary,
  And chill'd with winter's frown.
Deep moaned the forests to the wind;
  Loud howled the savage foe,
While here their evening prayer arose,
  Two hundred years ago.

'T'would drown the heart with sorrow,
To tell of all their woes;
Nor respite could they borrow,
But from the grave's repose.
Yet nought could daunt the pilgrim-band,
Or sink their courage low,
Who came to plant the gospel here
Two hundred years ago.

With humble prayer and fasting,
In every strait and grief,
They sought the Everlasting,
And found a sure relief.
Their covenant God o'ershadowed them,
Their shield from every foe,
And gave them here a dwelling place,
Two hundred years ago.

Of fair New England's glory
They laid the corner stone.
This praise, in deathless story,
Their grateful sons shall own.
Prophetic they foresaw, in time
A mighty state should grow,
From them, a few faint pilgrims here,
Two hundred years ago.

If greatness be in daring,
Our pilgrim sires were great,
Whose sojourn here, unsparing
Disease and famine wait.
And oft their treacherous foes combined
To lay the strangers low,
While founding here their commonwealth
Two hundred years ago.

Tho' seeming overzealous
In things, by us deemed light,
They were but duly jealous
Of power usurping right:
They nobly chose to part with all,
To men most dear below,
To worship here their God in peace
Two hundred years ago.

From seeds, they sowed with weeping,
Our richest harvests rise;
We still the fruits are reaping
Of pilgrim enterprise.
Then grateful we to them will pay
The debt of fame, we owe,
Who planted here the tree of life
Two hundred years ago.

As comes this period yearly,
Around our cheerful fires
We'll think, and tell how dearly,
Our comforts cost our sires.
For them we'll wake the festive song,
And bid the canvass glow,
Who fixed the home of freedom here,
Two hundred years ago.

STANZAS.

"——Still round him clung invisibly a chain,
"Which gall'd forever; fettering, tho' unseen;
"And heavy, tho' it clanked not."

Why look ye sad in the festive hall,
Where the tide of joy is flowing—
Where the young and fair, at pleasure's call,
Come glowing?

Have the thoughts of the past thrown a blight o'er your heart,
That ye stand from the joyous alone, and apart?
Can ye not find joy in the wine-cup bright?
In those forms of love—in those eyes of light?

Ye hear the sweet and the thrilling song—
The notes of joy and gladness;
And coldly ye gaze among the throng,
In sadness.

I've seen you in other days quaff the red wine—
I've seen you kneel fondly at fair woman's shrine—
Did the splendor, that shone round the wine-cup, decay?
Did the bright star, ye worshipp'd, in gloom fade away?

I know, there are pangs, which rend the breast,
When youth and love have vanished,
When, from its glorious place of rest,
Hope's banished—

But ye should not be sad, where the young and the gay
With the dance and the song chase dull sorrow away;
Where the cheeks of the old, as they gaze on the scene,
Are lighted with smiles, where grief's furrows have been.

Ye should chant the song in the festive hall,
Where the tide of joy is flowing;
Where the young and fair at pleasure's call,
Come glowing.

If ye would not live on thro' sunless years,
The unlov'd, lone wreck of time and tears—
Ye should join the mirth of the fair and free,
In the bowers of love—in the halls of glee. J. B. D.

REVIEW.

The History of Louisiana, from its earliest period. By Francois-Xavier Martin. Volume I. pp. 364. New Orleans: Lyman and Beardslee. 1827.

The author of this history is associate judge of the supreme court of Louisiana, a Frenchman by birth, who was educated, as we have understood, in the academic halls of Paris, the metropolis of taste and letters, as well as arts and fashions. He is supposed to be a thorough and ripe scholar in French literature, as might be expected from his training. To a citizen of Louisiana there is not the slightest need of reference to his ability, to accomplish his assumed task with credit to himself, and honor and utility to his state. His responsible official duties, exercised in rotation in the chief divisions of the state, have necessarily placed the whole state in minute and frequent surveys under his eye. He has, in the same way, been furnished with innumerable opportunities for collecting facts, narratives and incidents, touching the first settlement, and the progressive history of the country. He appears, moreover, to possess a constitutional aptitude for the study of colonial history, and the collection and preservation of the documents, that relate to it.

He informs us in the preface, that he has been engaged for twenty years, in making collections, the fruits of which are here given to the public. He assigns, as palliations for any defects, that may be found in this work, the laborious duties of his office; and that he felt age creeping on him, and the decay of an impaired constitution, admonishing him, that unless he speedily gave the work to the public, it would be a posthumous one. We are pleased that he has heeded the admonition. By birth, character and training, and by the recorded stores of the annals of his native country in the archives of a memory, extending over half a century, he is peculiarly fitted for the task.

It is obvious, that this history is rather prepared with a view to the closet of the scholar, the instruction of the statesman and politician, and that class of readers, who require exact and detailed information, than by fine periods and eloquent writing, to furnish interest and pleasure to the general reader. He very modestly accounts for its peculiarities of style, by informing us, that it is not written in his vernacular tongue, though it is well known, he speaks English with sufficient fluency. It requires, indeed, but a moderate acquaintance with the philosophy of language, to discover,

that he thinks in French, and that this whole volume has undergone a mental translation in its present form. It would be easy to multiply amusing extracts in proof, if that were our object. This circumstance, and the perpetual recurrence of Gallicisms, impart a certain air of naivetté and singularity to the writing, which, however they may strike the eye of a severe critic, or however they may subtract from the elegance of the writing, serve, as we think, on the whole to fix attention. For us, this idiomatic and singular structure of sentences arrested our eye in the same way, as a discourse, delivered with the accent and peculiar idiom of a foreign language, strikes the ear. Such a discourse, provided it be not outré in excess, is more observed, and better remembered, than it would have been, if clothed in the purest English.

There is an introduction to the volume of 83 pages of topography, which presents a considerable mass of useful information. We extract a few facts, as examples. The cold of Louisiana in winter, he says, is more intense than that of Nice in Savoy, while the heat of some part of the summer is greater than that of Havanna. In New Orleans, in the sultry months, the thermometer often ranges to 98, and 100° of Fahrenheit's scale, while in winter it sometimes descends as low as 17°. Ulloa relates, that he has seen the Mississippi frozen at that place some yards from the shore. We do not believe, that any thing of the kind has been observed, except in the winter of 1822, for many years. He supposes the great summer heat of New Orleans chiefly to arise from the levelness of the surface of the surrounding country, the depth of the swamp forest for a great distance on all sides, the slightness of the breeze, that is felt, and the unventilated marshes of woods over which the northern breezes float, before they reach that city. No city in the world has so deep an interest in draining the swamps, and clearing away the forests about it, as New Orleans. When it shall stand, like a city in Flanders, in the centre of a widely extended and open plain, it will, probably, be as healthy, as other cities in the same latitude.

The following extract presents a fact, to the truth of which our own feelings have borne testimony:

'Heat, intense as it is, does not seem as in other countries, to concentrate itself in the earth and warm it to a certain depth; on the contrary, the water of the Mississippi, taken from the surface, is warm and from below, cold. This demonstrates that the heat, which prevails in the country, does not penetrate below, and is accidental, generated by the absence of wind, or the action of the sun on woods, marshes and swamps.

'The effect of great heats is felt in a manner not common elsewhere. In walking, after the setting of the sun, one passes suddenly into a much hotter atmosphere, than that which preceded, and after twenty or thirty steps, the oooler air is felt: as if the country was divided into bands or zones of different temperatures. In the space of an hour, three or four of these sudden transitions are perceptible.

'This is not easily accounted for. It results probably from the burning of the woods, which takes place after gathering the crop, and is one of the ordinary causes of heat in the air, in the direction of the fire. The land being equal in quality and form, it can not be imagined that the rays of the sun are more fixed in one spot, than another. It is likely that some of the columns of air, considered horizontally, remain unmoved since the setting of the sun, and thus preserve the heat it communicated; while others, set in motion by a light or variable wind, lose theirs. These mutations are perceived when there is no wind.

'In the fall, which is the most pleasant season in Louisiana, and often prolongs itself during the first winter months, the sky is remarkably serene; especially, when the wind is northerly. In October, the thermometer frequently rises to the seventy-eighth degree, which is the greatest heat in Spain.

'In a country, in which the heat of summer is so great and so long, it might not be presumed that the cold of winter should be, at times, so severe as experience shows. Sharp frosts have occurred as early as November, but their duration, at this period, is extremely short. In the latter part of December, in January and the first part of February, the mercury has been known to fall many degrees below the freezing point. But cold days are rare in Louisiana, even in winter. In this season, heat succeeds to cold with such rapidity, that after three days of hard frost, as many generally follow, in which the average heat of summer prevails.'—p. 28.

He remarks, after Ulloa, the phenomenon, that at certain times in the summer, when rains are abundant, and thunder loud and frequent, a thick coat of yellow matter, resembling brimstone, gathers on surfaces of collections of rain water. Ulloa whimsically supposes it to be an exhalation from resinous trees, uniting with the sulphureous parts of the atmosphere, carried along by the winds, and precipitated by the tempests. This appearance has given rise to the popular error, that it rains sulphur.

Judge Martin supposes the current of the Mississippi in high water to descend at the rate of six miles an hour, and at low water only at two. We deem these estimates to be both in extremes. He imagines, that the bed of the Mississippi rises, in proportion as the banks become higher by depositions from the overflow. The proof of this is, that the planters on the coast are compelled at intervals to raise their *levees*. There is a contrary impression at St. Louis and St. Charles, in reference to the Mississippi and Missouri in those points. There is, also, according to him, evidence, that the bed of the river rises on the bar at the mouth. The chief pass at the Balize, in 1722, had, according to Ulloa, 25 feet of water over the bar. In 1767, the same writer found it to be only 20 feet, a shallowing of five feet in little more than 40 years. For a number of years past, it has been estimated at 16 feet. If the shallowing of this bar be thus constantly on the increase, the incalculable bearing of the fact upon the western commercial interests, ought to render it a subject of immediate and accurate investigation.

The author barely touches, in passing, at the estimated insalubrity of New Orleans. He admits the desolations, caused by the frequent visitation of its terrible epidemic at intervals, for a number of past years. He thinks, however, that this unhealthiness has been overrated; and he might have added the reasonable ground of hope, that the better paving, draining, watering, and improving the city will still further diminish it. He remarks at the same time, what we have heard a thousand times asserted, and what seems to be verified by circumstances, that the planters, who spend the summer on their plantations on the coast, above the city, find their residences comparatively healthy. But our article admonishes us, that we may not pause upon the topography of the volume. We only remark, that a great amount of information upon this subject is embodied in it, with the satisfactory aspect of having been collected by an observing man, who has thoroughly, and often explored the country, of which he treats, and who has imparted additional zest to his article by the striking Franco-English idiom, in which it is given.

In commencing his history, Judge Martin follows the prescription of all the great historians, and begins a thousand leagues, and whole centuries away from the point, at which he is driving. We know, that in so doing, he shelters himself under the shade of the greatest names. He thinks, too, that if he were restricted to the historical matter of Louisiana alone, and the period of time, specifically included in its annals, it would render his work jejune and uninteresting. We have the misfortune, if it be such, to differ from him in this opinion. Nothing renders a work interesting to us, like finding it entire, compressed, and as little embarrassed with matter, not necessarily associated with it, as may be. Books upon all subjects are multiplying to such a degree, that unless an author comprises his work in the narrowest possible limits, and separates from it all extraneous views, and goes at once 'in medias res,' and gives his narrative, and makes his bow with all practicable brevity, no degree of diligence in reading, or opulence in the means of purchasing, will enable the reader to keep his head above the increasing deluge of literature.

We would desire to go through this volume, article by article, and give an abstract of each. It would carry us utterly beyond our limits. One of the chief excellencies of the work is the very great number of historical facts, which it records, a number so great, that even the bare enumeration of them would not be comprised in the usual limits of our articles. We remark in general, that it presents ample views of the discovery and colonization of the different settlements of North America—and inter-weaves with the proper history of Louisiana that of Canada, and its conflicts and relations with the contiguous English colonies in the North, and of the Care-

linas and Florida and their wars and relations with Louisiana on the South.

Premising, that this is the general aspect of the volume, we disengage ourselves from the long and crowded details of the work, and as we skim over the surface, we here and there select a fact, which, we think, will have more than the ordinary interest of annals intended for the general reader. In reading Garcilasso's history of one of the first Spanish parties of discovery and invasion in Florida, for with these early adventurers on our shores, these purposes were generally united; we see clearly, how much their imaginations were inflamed with the results of the conquest of Mexico and Peru. Their thoughts ran continually on gold and pearls. Garcilasso speaks of their finding pearls in Florida, as large as hazle nuts, and dealt out to them by the finders by the bushel! According to him, they also encountered lions; male caciques, heading a thousand warriors, and female amazon caciques, leading their troops to battle! '*Privilegium viatoris est.*'

At page 19, is an impressive narrative of the fate of a French colony, left by Jean Ribaud at the mouth of Edisto, in South Carolina. By insurrection, the burning of their stores and various disasters, of which the details are given, they were reduced to such straights, that the survivors cast lots, who of their number should be sacrificed, to appease the horrible cravings of the appetites of the remainder. The wretch, on whom the lot fell, tamely submitted his neck to the butcher's knife. Nothing, but the well attested fact of occasional expedients of the kind having been adopted on these terrible emergencies, could convince us, that men would ever be driven to such an alternative, to preserve a miserable existence.

The St. Lawrence was discovered by the French, under Denys, in 1506; and in 1508, Aubat carried across the Atlantic the first American Indians, who trod the soil of France. Cartier, in 1535, gave its name to the river St. Lawrence, and ascended the stream to the present site of Montreal, then called by the Indians *Hochelaga.* He wintered with his party in that inclement climate. It proved to be one of the iron winters of the country. Twenty-seven of their number had already died of the scurvy. A specific was pointed out by the Indians, in a decoction of the *Abies Canadensis*, or Canadian fir. In eight days, all the sick were perfectly recovered by the use of it.

At page 9, we are introduced to Fernandez de Soto. The sketch of his life and adventures possesses considerable interest. He made his way at the head of a Spanish force through Florida, and the intervening country, as far north as Kentucky, in 37°. In a contest, which he had with the southern Indians, Garcilasso computes, that 11000 were slain, and 1000 women burned in a single house. We should remember, that this estimate is made by the same writer, who measured the Florida pearls by the bushel. He

wintered in the country of the Chickasaws. In the spring, the army resumed their march, crossed the Mississippi, ascended it to White river; and thence descended the country, at a distance from the former river, to avoid its swamps, to the mouth of Red river. The great portion of his followers here sickened, and died. He was seized with a mortal sickness himself. Perceiving, that death was approaching, he made his last arrangements with great calmness. His remains were enclosed in a strong coffin, which was filled with leaden bullets, and sunk in the river. He had acquired an immense fortune under Pizarro, in the conquest of Peru. This he squandered in projects of rash ambition, which proved fatal to most of his followers, from having a vain desire to have the name of the conqueror of Florida associated with those of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. The continuation of the adventures of the remains of Soto's army, conducted by Muscoso, is not without its share of interest.'

In the next chapter, at page 39, we read of the foundation of Quebec. This term is an Indian one, importing a narrow place, and was given to this spot, because the St. Lawrence here narrows strongly, and suddenly. The country was called New France. A connected view of the progress of the colonies in Florida and New France is given. We do not believe, that the history of these incipient settlements has ever been presented in a form more full and instructive, than in this book.

In the third chapter the history of the North American colonies is continued. At page 77, is given the narrative of Marquette and Joliette. They traversed the portage between the lakes and the Ouisconsin, and descended that river to the Mississippi. On their return to Quebec, this important discovery filled all Canada with joy, which was marked by a solemn procession and *Te Deum.*

The year 1660, was a disastrous one to Canada. The Iroquois were hostile, and committed many murders. The culture of the soil was neglected, in consequence of the dread inspired by these disasters. Epidemic disease followed, in which many of the people perished. It was supposed to be the result of enchantment, or witchcraft:

'Time and the progress of knowledge have dispelled the opinion (which at this period prevailed in Europe, and the colonists had brought over) that at times, malignant spirits enabled some individuals to exercise supernatural powers over the health and lives of others. It was said, a fiery crown had been observed in the air at Montreal; lamentable cries heard at Trois Rivieres, in places, in which there was not any person; that at Quebec, a canoe all on fire, had been seen on the river, with a man armed cap-a-pie, surrounded by a circle of the same element; and in the island of Orleans, a woman had heard the cries of her fruit in her womb. A comet made its appearance; a phenomenon seldom looked upon as of no importance, especially in calamitous times.'—p. 67.

A severe earthquake was felt in Canada, in 1663:

'This extraordinary phenomenon was considered as the effect of the vengeance of God, irritated at the obstinacy of those, who, neglecting the admonitions of his ministers, and contemning the censures of his church, continued to sell brandy to the Indians. The reverend writer, who has been cited, relates, it was said, ignited appearances had been observed in the air, for several days before: globes of fire being seen over the cities of Quebec and Montreal, attended with a noise like that of the simultaneous discharge of several pieces of heavy artillery; that the superior of the nuns informed her confessor some time before, that being at her devotions, she believed "she saw the Lord, irritated against Canada, and she involuntarily demanded justice from him for all the crimes committed in the country; praying the souls might not perish with the bodies: a moment after, she felt conscious the divine justice was going to strike; the contempt of the church exciting God's wrath. She perceived almost instantaneously four devils, at the corners of Quebec, shaking the earth with extreme violence, and a person of majestic mien alternately slackening and drawing back a bridle, by which he held them." A female Indian, who had been baptised, was said to have received intelligence of the impending chastisement of heaven. The reverend writer concludes his narration, by exultingly observing, "none perished, all were converted."—p. 69.

How exactly is the history of superstition, united with ignorance, alike in every country! How often in our boasted protestant regions of light have we heard similar language held from the pulpit! How often has the minister held out the dishonorable and unworthy representation of the Almighty, that a slight change in the deportment of the people from good to bad, or the reverse, would influence and change the great and universal laws of his government.

The fourth chapter is chiefly occupied with the adventures of La Salle, who merits the name of the patriarch of the Mississippi. As we have recently given a sketch of them, we need not repeat them here in detail. A fact, which was new to us, is recorded in this chapter, that at as early a period of the history of New France, as the erection of fort Frontignac, a number of adventurers from New England had traversed the remote countries between their own and the Mississippi, had crossed that river, and visited New Mexico. He gives, as authority for this fact, Col. Dudley of Massachusetts. The account of La Salle is full and complete. The first formal occupancy of the shores of the Mississippi was by him in 1630. A small fort was built in the Chickasaw country, and the command given to M. Prudhomme. The French white banner was there unfurled for the first time, and the place is still called *ecor a Prudhomme.* This was in the winter. In the spring, La Salle and his party descended the Mississippi, and soon after saw enormous alligators for the first time. We can easily imagine the flourishes of surprise, and the exclamations, in the form of *sacre bete!* and *diable!* with which these imaginative people would con-

template these formidable mud-dwellers, so seen. They were amply supplied with provisions, such as maize, the meat of bears, deers and buffalos, brought them by the Indians. On the 7th of April, they had descended the Mississippi to the gulf, where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung.

La Salle returned to Quebec, and thence went to France, and returned with a colony. The expedition missed the mouth of the Mississippi, and landed in the bay of St. Bernard, in the country now called Texas. His various attempts to reach the mouth of the Mississippi, by traversing the Indian country, are narrated, and they are of a character to excite no inconsiderable interest. We see what inconceivable efforts, people travelling through a wilderness, and thrown upon the simple resources of nature, can make under the inventions and impulses of the instinct of self-preservation. We select but one incident. On their route, Rica, an Indian servant of La Salle, stopped suddenly, exclaiming that he was a dead man. He immediately fell, and in a few minutes was swelled to an astonishing degree. He had been bitten by a rattle snake. The Indians pointed out herbs, by the use of which he was cured. On their way they passed through a village of the Ceni. This was a populous country. Dollars, furniture, spoons, forks and plates were common in their cabins, indicating their relations with the Spaniards. Horses were so plenty, that the Indians were willing to barter one for an axe. The greatest curiosity, however, which they saw in these remote cabins, at the distance of six days' march from the Spanish settlements, was one of the Pope's bulls, exempting the Mexicans from fasting during the summer. On their march, one of the party, attempting to swim a river, was devoured by an alligator. This is the only attested instance, within our knowledge, of a similar fact. On another attempt to reach Canada through the wilderness, he was massacred by a small party of his own followers. His nephew was assassinated at the same time. This great man was alike illustrious by his enterprise, talents and misfortunes.

The next chapter is chiefly occupied with the wars between the Canadian French and Indians, and the contiguous English colonies. The early history of New England is full of the same gloomy details. A small advantage, gained in one of these contests, induced Louis the XIV. to have a medal struck, with this inscription, '*Francia in novo orbe victrix.*' This is supposed by the author to be the first medal, struck for a victory in the new world.

In the year 1696, the population of all New France did not exceed 16,000; that of Canada being 13,000, and that of Acadia 3,000. The contiguous English colonies, at the same time, had a population that exceeded 260,000. The French colonies were commenced first, and had been far more expensive, than the English. We may add, that they were much less harassed by the savages. But

in the one instance, free men were left to their own pursuits in the wilderness. In the other instance, the concerns of the colonists were managed by a monopoly at home. Never was fairer contrast of the respective tendencies of liberty and despotism. In the words of the author, 'vast were the means employed by France: exiguous those of England. Yet the population of the colonies of the latter was sixteen times that of those of the former.'

Chapter seventh commences the history of the actual settlement of the lower part of Louisiana. An expedition was fitted out for that purpose from France. The command was given to Ibberville. The fleet sailed, September 24, 1698. They arrived in the gulf of Mexico before the island now called St. Rosa, January 25th. On the twenty-seventh of February, Bienville went in quest of the Mississippi. On the third day of their journey, they came upon a river, which, from the turbidness of its waters, they justly concluded to be that mighty stream. Whatever doubts remained on their minds, with regard to that point, was soon dispelled by seeing a prayer book, in which the name of one of La Salle's men was written, brought to them by the savages. The first French settlement, that was made in this quarter, it is well known, was made at the sterile point of Biloxi Bay. We soon find missionaries and *coureurs du bois* traversing the immense intermediate distances between Canada and the lower courses of the Mississippi:

'Ever since the discovery of the Mississippi by La Salle, Canadian huntsmen, or *coureurs du bois*, strayed at times to the banks of that river, and missionaries from that colony had been led by their zeal to locate themselves among the Indians on the Wabash, the Illinois and other streams that pay the tribute of their waters to the Mississippi, and of late among several tribes on the very banks of that river, and on the first of July, Sauvolle had the pleasure, which he little expected, of receiving the visits of two of these missionaries, who resided with the Tensas and Yazoo Indians.'—p. 147.

While the one party exhibited an unquenchable zeal to convert the savages, the others were no less eager to explore the country for a thousand leagues in extent, to trade with the Indians, and to hunt for mines.

Where the latter appetite strongly exists, impostors never will be wanting, with tales of the discovery of abundance of gold and gems. A Canadian, of the name of Matthew Sagan, furnished the count de Pontchartrain, with memoirs, in which he pretended to have discovered mines of gold on the Missouri. The credulous minister swallowed the bait, and had an expedition got up at great expense, to explore, and work them. Twenty-four periogues were ordered to be built, to be manned with an hundred Canadians. They were instructed to ascend the Missouri, and work the mines. The colonial government had the periogues built, and the outfits

of the expedition prepared, although they well knew, that the impostor had never been on the Missouri.

The history proceeds to give the progress of the colony, and its contests with the Spanish on the one point, the British on the other, and the Indians on the third. The dreary and uniform general feature of the commencing North American establishments, presents to us a regular succession of savage alliances on the one hand, and murders and scalpings on the other. Although the French colonies suffered less from this cause, than the English, they sometimes had their portion of this dreadful kind of affliction.

In 1705, the French garrison, in Louisiana, received a considerable reinforcement of soldiers, in a 50 gun-ship, commanded by Decoudray. With them came two *Grey Sisters*, five priests, and twenty-three poor girls, who had scarcely landed, before they were married to as many husbands. In 1713, the military force in Louisiana, consisted of two companies of Europeans and one of Canadians. The aggregate amount of the population was 380 persons, 20 negroes, and a few female Indians and children, domesticated in the houses of the whites, and groups of the males, encamped near, and sauntering round. Hides, furs, and peltries, were the chief articles of export. The French *coureurs du bois*, plied in a circle of vast extent for these articles, the centre of which circle was the chapel of the priest. As a favorable sample of the style and manner of this book, we quote the following:

'The French had been unfortunate in the selection of the places they had occupied. The sandy coast of Biloxi is as sterile as the deserts of Arabia. The stunted shrubs of Ship and Dauphine Islands, announce the poverty of the soil by which they are nurtured. In the contracted spot, on which Sauvolle had located his brother on the Mississippi, the few soldiers under him, insulated during a part of the year, had the mighty stream to combat. The buzz and sting of the musquitoes, the hissing of the snakes, the croakings of the frogs, and the cries of the alligators, incessantly asserted, that the lease the God of nature had given these reptiles of this part of the country, had still a few centuries to run. In the barrens, around the new fort of Mobile, the continual *sugh* of the needle-leaved tree seemed to warn d'Artaguette, his people must recede farther from the sea, before they came to good land.

'It is true, during the last ten years, war had in some degree checked the prosperity of the colony, although during the whole of its continuance, except the descent of the crew of a privateer from Jamaica, no act of hostility was committed by an enemy within the colony; but the incessant irruptions on the land of the Indians, under the protection of Louisiana by those in alliance with Carolina, prevented the extension of the commerce and settlements of the French towards the north. Yet, all these difficulties would have been promptly overcome, if agriculture had been attended to. The coast of the sea abounded with shell and other fish; the lagoons near Mobile river were covered with water fowls; the forests teemed with deer; the prairies with buffalos, and the air with wild turkeys. By cutting down the lofty pine trees around

the fort, the colonists would have uncovered a soil, abundantly producing corn and peas. By abandoning the posts on the Mississippi, Ship and Dauphine Islands, and at the Biloxi, the necessary military duties would have left a considerable number of individuals to the labours of tillage; especially if prudence had spared frequent divisions of them to travel for thousands of miles in quest of ochres and minerals, or in the discovery of distant land, while that which was occupied, was suffered to remain unproductive. Thus, in the concerns of communities, as in those of individuals, immediate, real and secure advantages are foregone, for distant, dubious and often visionary ones.

'According to a return made by the Marquis de Vaudreuil to the minister, there were, at this period, in New France, including Acadie, four thousand, four hundred and eighty persons, capable of bearing arms; which supposes a population of about twenty-five thousand.'—p. 174.

The eighth chapter opens with an account of the charter of Crozat. It proceeds with accounts of the collisions of the French with the English, against whom the former seem to have formed almost a perpetual league with the Southern Indians, with the exception of the Chickasaws, who appear more generally to have taken part with the English. Towards the close of this chapter, we have an account of the interesting visit of St. Denys to Mexico. In the ninth chapter, the commencing establishments in the western parts of Louisiana, on Red river, and in the adjoining province of Texas are narrated. Two considerable immigrations of people from the Canaries, the latter amounting in number to 500 souls, came to these regions. The former body settled at San Fernandez in the centre of Texas, and the latter among the Assinais, not far from the present site of Nacogdoches in that country. At this period of the history of the country, the names of La Harpe, and Don Martin de Alacorne begin to become conspicuous in it. In 1720, the settlements in the Illinois and at Natchitoches were represented to be in a flourishing condition. In July of this year, two line of battle ships appeared off the coast, and the population received a large increase, during the summer and autumn. Biloxi was found to be a place too sterile, and otherwise inconvenient to be the nucleus of a new colony. There were two parties among the inhabitants, in respect to the point, to which the seat of government ought to be removed. The one party advocated for that purpose the present site of Natchez, and the other of New Orleans. It was finally fixed at the latter place.

Among the adventurers to Louisiana, in 1721, was a German female, who had been attached to the wardrobe of Czarowitz Alexius Petrowitz. She married an officer of the garrison at Mobile, who was imposed upon by her story, to believe, that she was a princess in disguise and distress. She followed her husband to Paris, where she became a widow. Thence she went to Brunswick in Germany, where her pretensions were detected. She afterwards met with various adventures, and died in extreme dis-

tress at Paris. A similar imposition by a lady, personating a princess in disguise, was carried on at this time in Virginia and the Carolinas. This distinguished personage passed through those states, levying contributions on the good nature of those, who felt, as if princesses in distress were peculiar objects of charity.

In the year 1722, a large number of immigrants arrived in the country. At this time 'the Mississippi company,' under the celebrated John Law, was formed. At page 249, we have a narrative of the interesting expedition of La Harpe up the Arkansas, and at page 256, the failure of Law's scheme, and the consequent distresses of France and her colonies. In the eleventh chapter we have the impressive history of the destruction of the French by the Natchez. It is well known, that it produced a war between the parties, which ended in almost the entire extinction of the tribe. In 1732, the foundations of New Orleans were already laid. There were, also, considerable establishments on what is now called the coast, and at Tchapitoulas and Cannes Brulees. A great number of handsome cottages lined both sides of the river. To the culture of rice had been added that of indigo, tobacco, wheat and flour. The latter article was brought down the Mississippi from the Illinois. Beside this, a brisk trade was carried on with the Indians adjacent to the several posts. Provision was made for the regular distribution of justice. Churches and chapels were built at convenient distances, and every chapel had its clergyman under the superintendance of a vicar general of the bishop of Quebec. A convent had been built, the nuns of which attended to the sick and the Jesuits had a house at New Orleans. At this time the white population of Louisiana was 5,000, and the black population 2,000.

One of the most remarkable events, recorded in the next chapter is the insurrection of the blacks at that time. It originated from the enticement of negroes, whose masters had been slain by the Natchez, and who had joined the Chickasaws. The most artful among these renegado blacks were sent from the Chickasaws, into Mobile, New Orleans and other places, to induce the negroes to procure their freedom by joining them among the Chickasaws, or the English in Carolina. The contagion spread. Many of the considerable estates had gangs of from 30 to 40 slaves. The fatal night was fixed. Availing themselves of permission to assemble for dancing and recreation, they were to collect at a certain point, were to destroy all the white men, confine the women and children in the church, and then possess themselves of the arms in the magazine, thus furnishing themselves with means to resist the planters, and of sweeping the coast with devastation and slaughter. They hoped to awe the timid to join them, by holding out the idea, that the Chickasaws would receive, and protect them. A negro woman betrayed the plot. The principals were punished with death.

Beyond this narrative follows an account of an Indian attack upon the colony. Preparations somewhat formidable were made to repel the aggressions of the Chickasaws. The collected force ascended the Mississippi, and was there joined by detachments from Canada and the Illinois. Notwithstanding injudicous delay, and the ravages of disease and famine, on the part of the French, they compelled the Chickasaws to sue for peace. The French, however, in their turn were obliged to retreat. An occurrence of harrowing interest in this campaign is related at page 303. A very young officer, son of the *ordonnateur* d'Artaguette commanded an attack upon a Chickasaw village. His conduct exhibited that mixture of gallant and youthful daring, unconquerable heroism and magnanimous benevolence, which always offer a captivating picture, when seen at any period of life, and particularly so in early youth. At the head of his men he drove the Chickasaws from a fort, and a village, which it protected. By great efforts he chased them from one and another, and would, probably, have been successful in finally repulsing them. At their last entrenchment he received a wound, and fell weltering in his blood. The greater part of his men and Indian allies fled, and left him to his fate. Forty-eight men and the chaplain generously defended their prostrate leader to the last extremity. They were borne down by numbers, and all made prisoners. The young chevalier and the chaplain were tied to the same stake, and the rest, four by four, at stakes surrounding their spiritual and temporal leaders, and they were all, save one, burned to death by slow fires. By one of the unaccountable savage caprices, the sergeant was spared.

The campaign against the Chickasaws is related, page 306. The force was respectable in point of numbers, being the largest that had yet been seen in these regions, consisting of more than 1,200 whites, and twice as many blacks and Indians. The expedition ascended the Mississippi, to the point, where Memphis now stands. The campaign was badly conducted. The force was too large for the occasion, and for such a long march in pathless woods. and ended, as has been seen, in dishonor.

The 13th chapter is chiefly occupied, with the wars between the French of Canada and the adjacent English colonies. The defeat of Gen. Braddock, and the occupancy of fort Duquesne, are related, as are the great events, that preceded the fall of Quebec. It gives details of the progress of the cultivation of the country; rice, indigo, tobacco, and the sugar cane. At page 320, a description is given of the myrtle-wax shrub. We believe it to be the same with what is called *bayberry* in New England:

'The myrtle wax shrub is very common in Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia, and not rare in the more northern states on the Atlantic. It bears clusters of very diminutive bluish berries, the seeds of which are in-

cluded in a hard, oblong nucleus, covered by an unctuous and farinaceous substance, easily reducible into wax. In November and December, the berries being perfectly ripe, are boiled in water, and the wax detaches itself and floats on the surface. It is then skimmed off and suffered to cool. It becomes hard, and its colour a dirty green: after a second boiling, the colour becomes clearer. The candles made of this wax exhale, in burning, a very pleasant odour. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to bleach it. It is apt to crack, and is rendered tenacious, by being mixed with tallow or soft wax.'—Page 320.

At page 320, is given a narrative of great celebrity in the French annals, of this country, as the origin of a tragedy in French, which we have read. We give the paragraph, which relates it, entire:

'In a quarrel between a Chactaw and a Colapissa, the former told the latter, his countrymen were the dogs of the French—meaning their slaves. The Colapissa, having a loaded musket in his hands, discharged its contents at the Chactaw, and fled to New-Orleans. The relations of the deceased came to the Marquis de Vaudreuil to demand his surrender: he had in the mean while gone to the German coast. The Marquis, having vainly tried to appease them, sent orders to Renaud, the commandant of that post, to have the murderer arrested; but he eluded the pursuit. His father went to the Chactaws and offered himself a willing victim: the relations of the deceased persisted in their refusal to accept any compensation in presents. They at last consented to allow the old man to atone, by the loss of his own life, for the crime of his son. He stretched himself on the trunk of an old tree, and a Chactaw severed his head from the body, at the first stroke. This instance of paternal affection was made the subject of a tragedy, by Le blanc de Villeneuve, an officer of the troops lately arrived from France. This performance is the only dramatic work, which the republic of letters owes to Louisiana.'—p. 323.

The 14th and last chapter, seems to us the most interesting and instructive, in the volume. It turns chiefly on the affairs of Louisiana, and is replete with useful information; and yet it is so composed of connected details, that it would be injustice to select any of them, as detached from their connexion with the rest. It commences with an abstract of the treaty of Paris, by which Canada and its dependencies were ceded to Great Britain. The Illinois, too, was ceded to that power. The expedition of Major Loftus, proceeding to take charge of that government, is related. At page 352, the adventures of Madame Desnoyers, a St. Domingo lady, are narrated. She was taken up in a small boat, near Cuba, by the French sloop Fortune, and brought to New Orleans. She had been taken by pirates. Her husband had been murdered, and she with her babe and a negro woman had been committed in a small boat to the mercy of the waves. They had been seven days on the sea, when they were taken up. She was received with great benevolence at New Orleans.

It was understood, that Louisiana had been ceded to Spain. In 1766, Don Ulloa, a celebrated mathematician, arrived in Louisiana, as governor of the country on the part of Spain. He did not at present take possession of his government, but made a thorough survey of the country. He was the same person, so well known in the history of philosophy, as having accompanied the academicians, La Condamine, Bourguet and Godine, for the purpose of determining the figure of the earth under the equator. By a census of this year the colony was found to have 1,893 men capable of bearing arms; 1,244 girls; 5,550 whites, and nearly as many blacks.—The unhappy quarrel, that originated in the province between the conflicting French and Spanish authorities has been often before the public. It is well known, that the French inhabitants made opposition to the cession. Ulloa was sent back without taking possession of the country. But the government soon after passed peaceably into the hands of Don Alexander O'Reily, the Spanish commandant, who advanced a profusion of kind words to allay the ill feeling of the French, and among other things, he promised a general amnesty. The next volume will show, how he kept his promise. The trade of the colony, during the last year of the French regime is thus given:

'The exports of the province, during the last year of its subjection to France, were as follow:—

In	Indigo,	$100,000
"	Deer skins,	80,000
"	Lumber,	50,000
"	Naval stores,	12,000
"	Rice, peas and beans,	4,000
"	Tallow,	4,000
		$250,000
An interlope trade, with the Spanish colonies, took away goods worth		60,000
The colonial treasury gave bills on government in France, for		360.000
So that the province afforded means of remittance for		$670,000

Page 363.'

Cordial respect for the character, learning, talents and standing of the author, has repressed in our mind any disposition to present any of the singular phraseology and mode of expression in this volume. We doubt not, that judge Martin's reading has been chiefly in the French and Spanish languages. Hence, instead of finding his authority for the use of English words in classical English authors, many of them are drawn from common colloquy.—Our language hardly knows such a word as 'exiguous;' and still less is the word 'smart,' as a *smart* town, village, settlement, &c., to be found any where, except in Kentucky *patois*. These are samples of various similar words, interspersed through the book. The

language and narrative often want clearness. The author has been so long used to the perusal of the immeasurable tomes of French and Spanish canons, and he has so long exercised his understanding to find his own way amidst the glorious uncertainty of the law, that he has, probably, arrived at the conviction, that a little ambiguity may be a sharpener to the acuteness of his readers. The curious inversions and Gallicisms have no doubt contributed something to this ambiguity and want of clearness. But on the whole, it is an impartial, instructive and very useful volume of history. We question, if any state in the union can offer a better.—No person, who wishes to be thoroughly acquainted with the rise and progress of the settlements on the Mississippi, can dispense with the reading of this book.

Hudibras a Poem, By Samuel Butler. *with a biographical sketch of the Author.* pp. 262. London: Jones & Co. 1824.

The faculty of the quick perception, and ready command of ludicrous combinations of thought, called wit, is, probably, of all the high mental endowments the rarest. But a very few uncommon minds, kindled with the scintillating radiance of these excentric lights of thought, gleam along the cerulean of mediocrity from age to age. In this, as in the other higher mental endowments, in proportion to the rareness of its occurrence, is the estimation, which the consent of mankind has attached to it. Hence, perhaps, it is, that although so very few possess wit, every one makes pretensions to it, and is desirous of being thought to be endowed in this way. This, together with the general dread and envy of those, that are estimated to be wits, sufficiently indicates the general desire of this kind of reputation.

Yet of all the brilliant endowments, it is the last one, we would desire for any one, we loved. We have seen it but too often a mischievous and malignant propensity, a two edged sword in the hand of the possessor, scattering *arrows, fire-brands and death, and asking the while, am not I in sport?* The possession universally creates fear, envy and dislike. We naturally dislike, what we dread; and with reason. It is the analogy of nature to find animals mischievous exactly in proportion to their powers of annoyance. The rattles of the venomous crawler are given to admonish us to beware. Some animals have their means of annoyance in one form, and in one degree, and some in another. But an index is labelled on each one, cautioning us, that the animal will, probably, be dangerous and mischievous, nearly in proportion to its means of doing injury. We are often obliged to look through the

most bland and deceptive exterior, to discern this power and propensity to harm; and we discover, that the lures of beauty, and the decorations of the coquette are the storm signals to warn silly adventurers to bear away from the shoals. Most of all, we see the wit, as soon as he finds himself possessed of this dreaded, coveted and mischievous weapon, but too generally disposed to draw his *battle blade*, and throw away the scabbard. Then *have at* every one, friend, or foe, that crosses his *poth*, is the word.

When bestowed, like every other endowment, it was no doubt given for wise, and benevolent purposes. Directed by wisdom and kind feeling, no engine, more potent to operate good, can be imagined. It exerts an energy of influence, which no man is either above or below. The calmest philosopher shrinks from its sarcastic smile. Its slow and moving finger of scorn quells even the great giants of power and impenetrability of skin and skull. It is perfectly irresistible over the whole empire of humanity.

In proportion to its prodigious potency, is the responsibility attached to the use and application of it. He, who possesses it, has a strict account to render to his kind, his conscience and God for the right use, or abuse of it. Not only all the neglected good, which the possessor might have achieved, but all the positive injury to morals and principles, which he has inflicted, will be charged against him in the final balancing of justice.

Could the possession of wit be accompanied with kind dispositions, and right views of the ends, to which it ought to be applied, it would be an endowment as much to be desired, as otherwise it ought to be dreaded. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, we have no doubt, that the pleasure which springs from witnessing the playful corruscations of genuine and innocent wit, is not only a healthful and cheering one, but perfectly consistent with the principles of the strictest and purest morality. Weeping philosophers may tell us, as much as they will, that to smile is a fault, and to laugh a crime, which God has forbidden. We believe no such thing. We are with Cæsar, in his estimate of the lean and gloomy Brutus. Rogues may look gloomy from an evil conscience, and a want of self-respect. Hypocrites may affect mystery and gloom, for the authority and consequence, it may give them in the eyes of their blind admirers. They, who want intrinsic material to create respect, may assume solemnity of deportment, to preserve their dignity unimpaired. We believe that God requires of us to labor for cheerfulness, and that an honest and benevolent man, ought to smile as often as he innocently can. Heaven knows, that these sunshines of the mind will be sufficiently few and far between at the best. We are not afraid of smilers; but we always beware of Knights of the woful countenance, and them of the long and tristful visage.

Those wits, from age to age, who have made us laugh from innocence and good nature, ought to be regarded, not only as contributors to the sum total of the enjoyment of human existence, but even as auxiliaries in the cause of benevolence and right feeling. It is only when wit springs from guilty levity, or indecent and impure thoughts, or from ill feeling and malice, directed by revenge, that it becomes mischievous, and to be avoided.

Aristophanes, Lucian and Horace, Moliere, Rabelais and Voltaire, were wits of greater or less purity of thought and sentiment; and the laugh, which they raise is often questionable, and not to be indulged without some draw-back of a reproaching conscience. The same may be said of Le Sage's Gil Blas, of Sterne's Shandy and other writings, and more eminently of Gullivers travels, and most of the writings of Swift, especially the memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, and the greater portion of his verses. Few writers possessed the utmost endowment of wit in the same degree with Dean Swift. But it is every where tainted with misanthropy and harshness. The wit of Smollet is more amiable, but is still coarse, and often indecent. Fielding is still more cheerful and benevolent in his irony and sarcasm, but like the former, is often vulgar and obscene. We have neither space nor disposition, to name the wits among the English and French comic writers, nor discuss that of the delightful and amiable Addison, at the head of his own peculiar species of wit.

One, and the wittiest of all writers in our view, ancient or modern, Cervantes, in his unrivalled and inimitable Don Quixotte, has left us the most perfect example of a wit, versatile, cheering sarcastic, taking every form, and delightful in each. It evidently flows from a pure, amiable and magnanimous character. There is nothing to soil the most transparent mind in reading it. Even the most ascetic monks of the gloomiest orders, were allowed to read Don Quixotte, when every other species of light reading was interdicted. The intellectual character of the wit is of the highest order; and yet at the same time, it is invested with the sportive playfulness of infantine simplicity. The reader must feel the sunshine of the soul, to enjoy it. Bad men will not be able to enter into the pleasure of it.

We should be glad to observe the same thing, in the same extent, of the next wittiest book, that we know, Butler's Hudibras. We deem the wit of this book, to be, for the most part, innocent, and often to have a moral tendency of high utility. The general purpose, clearly is, to strip off the mask of cunning and hypocrisy from pretenders to religion, who have it not, and who avail themselves of the respect and veneration for it, inherent in the human mind, to subserve their own purposes. No doubt, he inflicts a thousand bye blows, and has various subordinate objects to hit in passing. But to ridicule all kinds of hollow pretension, cloaked

with cunning, and covered with false colors, is the main purpose of the book. We wish, we could say, that good things did not sometimes share his biting sarcasm, along with bad. We wish, that we could say, that he never shows irreverent levity, nor uses expressions of coarseness and obscenity. But the book is to be read with this caution of foreknowledge, and with a view to its main drift, which is clearly useful; and its general tone and character, which is playful and innocent. Every one will allow, that the wit and the ridicule are irresistible, The man, who can preserve his whole gravity, while some of the rhymes of Hudibras are under his eye, must be good or bad, happy or unhappy, in the extreme.

Every one talks about Hudibras. Every one quotes some of his ludicrous rhymes, as common saws, which are hackneyed in almost every book, with which we meet. Yet in these days of pretension and superficial reading, there are but few, who really refer to the great classic masters of the Augustan age of English literature. The constellation of bright lights, that succeeded Butler, we need not repeat their great names, are almost unread in these days, and unknown. They remain sealed books in the libraries of those, who possess them. We shall have rendered no unacceptable service to literature, if we only remind our readers, that Dryden and Pope preceded Lord Byron, Campbell, and Moore; and that Butler and Swift, have left all subsequent efforts at wit, at a wide distance behind them. With a view to direct the minds of our readers, back to the times of the second Charles, and the period intermediate between that, and what may be called present literature, we have given the following brief notice of Butler, and have made extracts, as copious, as our limits would allow, of some passages, which we consider the wittiest in Hudibras.

Butler, the author, was born at Stensham, in the county of Worcestershire, in England, 1612. His father was a reputable farmer. He was put to the university of Cambridge, but did not graduate for want of funds, to enable him to complete his course there. Poverty, seems to have marked him for her own, from the beginning. He lived in times, exceedingly favorable, for furnishing him with those irresistibly ludicrous images, which embody the very power of laughter along the pages of Hudibras. They were the times of grimness, long visage and cant, in the period of the commonwealth and Oliver Cromwell, when the people said their prayers over a glass of wine, and prayed the loudest and longest, when they were meditating some great villainy. In his portraitures, he is, as we have remarked, often coarse and vulgar, and sometimes obscene. At other times he is clearly reprehensible, in making too free with sacred things. But the principal aim, strikes us as amiable, and even laudable; and the general scope of his purpose, as without the slightest taint of malevolence.

Probably, no book in the English language, has a fairer claim to be considered original, in its aim and in its manner. The slight seeming resemblance, for it is no more than seeming, between Sir Hudibras and Ralpho, and Don Quixotte and Sancho, entirely vanishes, as we read, and discover the dissimilarity of the general plan and scope. No book has had so many attempted imitations; and yet there is nothing of the kind in the language, that is worthy of having the slightest parallel drawn between it and the work before us. The celebrated historian Hume, says, that there is not a book to be found in any language, which evinces more learning, than this poem. Voltaire, himself a professed wit, says, that he never met with so much wit, as is contained in Hudibras. It touches upon one of the most interesting and extraordinary periods in the English annals. Some have been pleased to suppose, that the interest of this poem, founded upon a peculiar state of society, manners, opinions, follies, and crimes, has passed away, and become obsolete, with the gloomy events of the times, in which they existed. Unhappily, the follies and absurdities, which he has here chastised, belong to human nature; and by their own eternal transmigration, roll round, and reappear. The same scourge, is as necessary now, for the same hypocrisy and dissimulation, as it then was; and we consider the wit of this work as permanent, as the follies and vices of human nature.

The description of the logical and rhetorical powers of Hudibras is an admirable one:

'He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute,
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination;
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.

'For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else when with greatest art he spoke,

You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.'—p. 2.

He thus gives the character of the orthodoxy of Cromwell's time:

'For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church-militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.'—p. 5.

Finer doggrel can not be imagined, than the two lines at the commencement of the second canto:

'There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over;

The answers of echo are happily imagined:

'He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes.
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rrogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,

'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin!
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. Quoth Echo, Mary Guep.
Am I not here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in that quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum Budget:
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'st thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail;
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honor's cause? Quoth she, A Puddin.'—p. 53.

His love for the widow, and her peculiar character are thus hit off:

'But all in vain. He'ad got a hurt
On th' inside, of a deadlier sort;
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure-land;
(For he in all his am'rous battles,
No advantage finds like goods and chattels,)
Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the purtenance.
But time had somewhat 'suag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain,
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft did ake,
And suffer griping for her sake;
Till purging comfits and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs,)
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him)—malion
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.

She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad:
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her; hey-day!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back-way, like a witch's prayer.'—p. 56.

We could easily multiply extracts to any extent, as samples of the ridiculous in that whimsical kind of doggrel, which surprizes us as much, by the ludicrous measure and unexpected rhyme, as the laughable congruity, or contrast of the images. But they too often have the character of levity upon serious things, or contain coarse expressions, unfit for these pages. We have always considered the knight's interview with his lawyer, as containing the most amusing rhymes, and the most felicitous sketching in the book.

'To this brave man the Knight repairs,
For counsel in his law affairs;
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case:
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As the other courteously strain'd:
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him to put on 's hat
'Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd.—Very well.
And now he brags 't have beaten me.—
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where e'er he meets me.—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him.—Well done, in troth.
When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.

Now, whether I should beforehand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion,
And trover for my goods.—Ah! whoreson.
Or if 't is better to indite,
And bring him to his trial.—Right.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him.—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case has the better end on 't;
Who putting in a new cross bill,
May traverse th' action.—Better still.
Then there 's a lady too.—Ay, marry,
That 's easily prov'd accessary;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the dev'l of hell;
Who put me into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life.—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body —Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night;
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle.—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
'Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.
For if they 've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I 'd give
More than I 'll say, or you 'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse
For matrimony and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose
And if I durst I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I 've known,
But we that practise dare not own.
The law severely contrabands

Our taking business of men's hands;
'T is common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'ganst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
'(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 't is to my purpose pat)—
For Justice, tho' she 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd
Like charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Convey men's interest and right,
From Stile's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *hocus pocus;*
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *hiccius doccius*
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife;
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass;
The business to the law 's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences;
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jury-men or tales,
Altho' retain in the hardest matters,
Of trustees and administrators.
'For that, quoth he, let me alone;
W' have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up, and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
'That 's well, quoth he: but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch:

And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her,
I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains to inveigle, and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies:
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal and hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye;
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees;
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls.
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
'I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 't is) your fee;
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice,
To bait a letter as you bid:
As not long after, thus he did:
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.'—p. 240.

The epistle of Hudibras to his lady love is inimitable in its kind. We quote the first fourteen lines, as a sample:

'I who was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I 'm sent
To everlasting banishment;
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.'—p. 244.

In the reply of the lady, among other shrewd sayings, she sets forth the privileges and influence of ladies with equal wit and truth:

'Tho' women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (outwitted by his wife,)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life;
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast
And false usurp'd or vainly lost
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration;
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force your managements 't obey,
As we to your's (in show) give way.
Hence 't is, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ord'ring you, and your affairs;
When all your empire and command
You have from us at second-hand;

As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card nor star,
And did not guide a man of war;
Nor we, because we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power unseen,
To govern him, as he does men:
And in the right of our Pope Joan.
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down:
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.
'We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe and the longer tongue
'Gainst which the world has no defence.
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all your world's affairs of state,
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heav'nly vehicles
O' th' spirits, in all conventicles;
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price as what we sell.
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he has chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty or imperious;

He 's but a journeyman to us:
That as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in or turn him out.
'We are your guardians, that increase
Or waste your fortunes how we please,
And as your humour is, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.'—p. 258.

Works of William Paley, D. D. Archdeacon of Carlisle, in 5 Vols. 12 mo. published by S. King, New York; and Vol. 6, 8 vo. First American Edition. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little and Wilkins.

The contents of the first volume, Evidences of Christianity. 2. Moral and Political Philosophy. 3. Natural Theology, and Tracts. 4. *Horæ Paulinæ*, or Clergyman's Companion. 5. Sermons. 6. Sermons and Charges.

This truly great man, was born at Peterborough, in England, in 1743. His first indications of character, were in manifesting thoughtful and contemplative propensities, very unlike the general habits of boys of his years. The only amusement to which he was addicted, and the taste for it never forsook him, was angling. But though studious and retiring, he had a natural fund of cheerfulness, and even drollery, that made him the favorite of his juvenile companions. In 1758, he became a member of the university at Cambridge. Here his first years were remarkable for great proficiency in mathematics, for slovenliness, and jocularity. In the maturer periods of his studies, he became distinguished, as an acute and subtle disputant; and manifested no small portion of that kind of adroitness and dexterity, so much desired at the bar, which shows the wrong the better side of the question. He became subsequently, fellow and tutor of Christ's college. In his lectures, in the discharge of the functions of these offices, he delivered the body of his famous treatise, upon moral philosophy. In these duties, as well as in all his subsequent career, he most studiously avoided all those disputed points of Theology, which began, about his time, to be discussed with so much asperity. He advanced steadily in the church, and in reputation, not however publishing much, until 1785, when his 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' issued from the press. This is unquestionably, the most popular and useful treatise of morals, that was ever published, although it has been censured for laying the foundation of morals, on expediency. But when rightly understood, it appears to us,

that the 'expediency' of Dr. Paley, means the same thing with the 'active virtue' and the *summum bonum* of Aristotle; and 'the *will of God*,' and 'the *fitness of things*,' of other ethical writers. This system of morals is remarkable for its simplicity, cogency, clearness, and logical accuracy. An intelligent child can understand his positions and views, while the profoundest philosopher can frame no series of reasoning more mathematical and convincing. It is true, there are objectionable points in this admirable treatise, but take it all together, in point of clearness and utility, it has nothing to compare with it.

The benevolence of his christian feelings was clearly displayed, in the early and active part, which he took, both from the pulpit and the press, against the abominable traffic of the slave trade; and we believe that Dr. Paley has the honor, of having preceded in efforts, to establish the 'colonization society,' in recommending the founding of African colonies from the free negroes of America.

In 1790, he published his *Horæ Paulinæ*, which has been thought to display more originality of thought, more sagacity of remark, and more delicacy of discrimination, than any of his other works. The object of this work is, in one word, to show the coincidences between the 'Epistles of Paul,' and 'The Acts of the Apostles.' It is a work, which evidences great learning and keenness of intellectual sight. Passing over his writings of less importance, in 1794, he published his 'View of the Evidences of Christianity;' the most popular, and best known, of all his works; the most luminous and convincing treatise, probably, that ever was written upon that most important of all subjects; and remarkable for its characteristic and happy avoidance of all disputable points among the sects, and all doctrinal matter of doubtful authority, or ambiguous interpretation.

Though he lived, during the ministry of the great Pitt, and wrote politics, and even showed at times, full as much political subserviency, as became so great a man, he never seems to have been a favorite with that minister. At any rate, he never obtained a bishopric. But he continued to be endowed, by different bishops, with one good place after another, until his living was quite as ample, as some of the bishops. He grew into years, in fame, learning, opulence, and repose; and had the high satisfaction of having both his parents survive, to witness his comfort and opulence, and the ripeness of his fame.

In 1800, he began to experience the pains and infirmities of decay. During the remission of the agonies of a nephralgic complaint, he prepared for the press, his great work, on 'Natural Theology.' He could not be expected, to be original, in such a work. But what others had left obscure, he has illuminated; enriched what was jejune; amplified what was deficient; invigorated what was weak; and condensed what was diffuse. We only

contemplate a notice of his works in general, and therefore can not go into any analysis of this great and noble work, in which the author has so triumphantly proved the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Almighty, and so eloquently vindicated his ways to man. He expired May 25, 1805. Few men have left such noble intellectual monuments behind them. Like Dr. Johnson, he was, in person, above the common size, and inclining to corpulency. In his will, he directed, that a volume of his sermons should be published, after his decease, and distributed to every head of a family among his parishioners. In clearness of expression, in harmony of style, and in force of moral sentiment, some parts of these sermons are equal, if not superior, to any of his other works. In the pulpit, he was one of those preachers, who excelled in bringing the most important truths home to men's business and bosoms. For the most part, he has shown great care, to avoid disputable points of doctrine and opinion, and those discussions, *which gender strife*. The consequence was, that the popular and extensively circulated writings of this great man, were read, without question of his orthodoxy, by the orthodox; or of his liberality by the liberal; and there are few intelligent divines of any denomination in England, or America, who would not feel shame, in avowing themselves unacquainted with the writings of Dr. Paley.

At the close of a biographical sketch of him, appended to the first volume of his works, is an amusing anecdote, which may, also, be useful to the indolent, in proving to them how far strong, high and sudden resolution can go, in breaking off indolent habits, and establishing those of industry, in their stead. He relates the anecdote himself, and of himself. He says, that he spent the two first years of his undergraduateship, indolently and happily, but unprofitably. He kept society, which was not immoral, but idle and expensive. He was awakened one morning at five, by one of his lazy and extravagant companions. He said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I can afford the life I lead, and could do nothing were I to try. You can not afford this kind of life, and you could do every thing. I have had no sleep all night, on account of these reflections; and am now come, solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' He says, that he was so struck with the visit and the visiter, that he wholly renounced his former modes of life, and became afterwards cheap in his habits of life, and eager, methodical, and closely studious in his modes of spending his time.

The five first volumes of his works have been republished in this country some years. The last large octavo volume of his posthumous sermons and charges has been recently, and very beautifully printed in Boston. We have looked through the volume, and have heard some of the sermons read, as family sermons, for which purpose they seem to us admirably adapted. They unite in an uncom-

mon degree, simplicity, instruction, seriousness and liberality. The charges exhibit strong and clear views of his notions of ministerial duty in regard to the pastoral functions of ministers, their habits of life, and their modes of spending their time. The subjects of them to those, who understand Dr. Paley's way of writing, will explain their general character. The first is on the distribution of religious tracts. 2. On the oaths of church wardens. 3. On parish clerks. 4. On afternoon lectures. 5. On the studies suitable to the clergy. 6. On the amusements suitable to the clergy. 7. Use and propriety of local and occasional preaching. 8. And the last, Sunday schools, of which he is a clear and decided advocate, refuting the common objections, which began about that time, to be started in England, and elsewhere, against the common and general instruction of the poor. It will be gratifying to our best feelings, as Americans, that this learned and distinguished dignitary quotes, as his last and highest example, among the rulers and great men of the age, who have advocated the common and general instruction of the poor, the late General Washington.

We have given this very brief notice of an American edition of the writings of this great man, because we think, that no American divine ought to be without his writings in general. It is presumed that no one is unacquainted with his Evidences of Christianity, and his Moral Philosophy. His Horæ Paulinæ are at least as well written, and his Natural Theology is, probably, the most eloquent of all his works.

It is not to be disguised, that he is liberal in his sentiments; although he had subscribed to the '*thirty-nine articles*,' which are well known to be decidedly orthodox. But he is so careful to say nothing offensive to the orthodox, so sedulous in his purpose to avoid disputable points and questions, that we would suppose these sermons, the most likely to obtain a place in the library of an orthodox clergyman, of any other writings of that class. Indeed, it is hard, in some cases, to ascertain his views, in relation to the points at issue between the orthodox and the liberal.

There is one general aspect of his writings, upon which we wish more especially to fix the notice of our readers. He was, unquestionably, a man of first rate endowment, and by no means destitute of cheerfulness, and intellectual sprightliness. He had an uncommon talent of methodizing, arranging, and condensing, what others had said before him. No one has ever manifested more luminous acuteness, in giving a connected series of moral arguments in such a logical and synoptical view, as peculiarly tends to produce a conviction, like that of demonstration. But his last and his highest attribute is his noble simplicity, and his unrivalled plainness. Very few readers of the gospel, we suspect, have ever been struck, as they ought, with the sublime dignity of the four gospels, in their entire destitution of every attempt at ornament.

A celestial visitant, who should sojourn a while on our planet of envy and pride, if he had a touch of earth in his nature, would somewhere show a desire of display. Not so our Lord. The highest trait of his dignity is, that he throws off all the visible display of it. Paley is calm, intellectual, great; and he seems to feel satisfied with the internal consciousness of this. If he shows any ambition, it is to avoid every thing like ornament and display. He hurries into his subject, *se rapit in medias res*, says what he should, and no more; and the whole manner is as unadorned, as plain, as unostentatious, as if pride and vanity and display made no part of human nature. We admit ourselves, that we have a pernicious attachment to ornamented speech. The American divines and orators, and we may add, writers in general, are exceedingly ambitious, and fond of figure and trope, and the trick of eloquence and fine writing. But after all, if we had right eyes to see, hearts to feel, and minds to understand true taste, greatness, and dignity, it is clearly in this noble contempt of ornament, that trusts for effect to the simple, intellectual power and conviction of reason and truth.

The Transylvania Journal of Medicine, and the Associate Sciences. Edited by John Esten Cooke, M. D. Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Transylvania University, and Charles Wilkins Short, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Botany in the same Institution. Vol. I. No. 1.—February, 1828. pp. 150. Lexington, Ky. Albert G. Meriwether.

This journal seems to have commenced under happy auspices. The conductors wish it to become the receptacle, not only of communications touching medical science, but surveys of the botany, mineralogy, geology, and zoology, of our great valley. We contemplate with equal pride and satisfaction, the origin of such works, in the midst of us. We augur much higher advantages to our community from the mutual and honorable emulation of these sectional exertions, than from the publishing a single journal of the kind, got up, it is to be feared, at least as much for the private benefit of the publisher, as for the common weal of the whole country—a journal, whose purpose seems to be, to break down provincial and local efforts, and to exert the despotic energy of an eastern sultan, in strangling all competition.

Every one knows, that such works have a local excitement, influence and utility, that never can be originated in the same degree at Philadelphia, and which, could they even be created there, will inevitably lose their freshness and excitement, before they can be

tranferred back again. Competition, emulation, improvement, and investigation, go hand in hand. Let us have local medical journals, to be receptacles of local information, to embody the local aspects and peculiarities of climate and disease, to arouse each other's energies in competition, and to keep each other in the straight path. For a coarse illustration, on our great roads, where many coaches run in competition, the fare is not only cheaper, but the conveyance easier and better. The moment you travel, where one strong company has excluded all efforts but their own, your expenses are doubled, at the same time, that you travel with far less comfort. We have a peculiar climate, peculiar diseases, an unique configuration of country, a peculiar people, and we need medical journals among ourselves, specifically devoted to our own peculiar diseases, and appropriate enquiries touching them.

We grant, that in the south of our valley, diseases are more formidable, and require more prompt and energetic remedies, than in the Atlantic country. At least, this is the case, in the swampy and sultry, low, and unventilated regions of the south. But we had not thought, that the diseases in general, or the fevers in particular, in the West, were so much more malignant, than in the East, as the opinion of the conductors of this journal, as expressed in the preface, would seem to imply. Neither are we willing to allow, that our cities are so much more filthy, than those of the Atlantic country. At least we believe, that the police of New Orleans and Cincinnati, the two chief towns, is very little behind them, in regard to efforts to remove filth and nuisance, and preserve cleanliness, and all those precautions, necessary to the public health.

The preface, however, is sensible, neatly written, and what is better, to the point. The physicians of the West are called upon to depend upon themselves. They are reminded, that the fruits of observation, experience, and research, are not their own, nor collected for their own individual advantage, nor to be carried down to the grave unpublished, and locked up in their own mental coffers. To impart, and diffuse them is a duty, which they owe to the cause of suffering humanity.

The first article is by professor Dudley, '*on injuries of the head.*' We have understood, that this gentleman has a well deserved celebrity for success, in an original mode of treatment of these diseases. The article is written with neatness, simplicity and compactness; and little as such subjects seem to admit of it, there are paragraphs in it, that might even be called eloquent. Thirteen or fourteen important and interesting cases of this kind of injury are given, and the modes of treatment. The practice seems to have been, as a general rule, to remove a section of the skull, corresponding in extent to the injury, to discharge by the incision congested matter, and apply the trephine. Among the successful cases of this kind of treatment, a very striking one is related of W.

T. a young gentleman from South Carolina, aged twenty-one. At the age of five, he received an injury on the skull, which at the time produced apoplectic symptoms, and a paralysis of one side. He became a confirmed invalid, as he grew up, and at fourteen was subject to epileptic convulsions. The recurrence of these paroxysms, strange as it may seem, benefitted his general physical health and vigor, but produced such a visible injury of his intellect, that it became useless to continue him at school. His memory grew treacherous and his powers failed. Professors Chapman and Physic, being consulted, only advised palliatives. The section of cranial bone, corresponding to the injury, was removed. Great hæmorrhage and serous discharge ensued. The operation was succeeded by convulsions. But the offending cause was evidently removed, and the young man subsequently recovered perfect physical and intellectual health and vigor.

In short, the whole of this paper strikes us, as being of great interest, and calculated to inspire hope, in relation to cases the most deplorable, and hitherto considered the most hopeless of any of the miseries, to which our suffering nature is subject.

As a favorable, and yet just sample of the style of this paper, we select the following:

'The incomparable paper of the English surgeon and philosopher, [Abernethy, we suppose,] on the constitutional origin and treatment of local diseases, will render the name of its author familiar with posterity, when the marble and the granite in the monuments of the ancient cities, shall have mouldered and been forgotten. The human system is indivisible: however numerous the various sub-systems entering into its entire anatomy, each one is dependent on all the others in the performance of its functions, while the result of the combination is unity. This being true, and it is thought no person will attempt to controvert a position founded in nature, the number of local diseases must be extremely small, compared with the long list as laid down by authors.'—p. 31

The second article is by professor Caldwell, on '*venous circulation.*' It is strongly marked with his peculiar manner, his forcible, vehement, poetic, and epigrammatic style, in short paragraphs, and in a connected train of reasoning, to which it would do entire injustice to quote any portion, in detachment from its antecedent and sequent links of the chain of reasoning. We notice the word 'tonicity,' which, not being of the faculty, we dare not pronounce a new coined word. If we understand the Dr. this learned and eloquent article denies the positions of Dr. Barry, which amount in substance to the affirmation, that *the cause of the circulation of venous blood is respiration.* In other words, that distinguished writer is one of those men, who hold that the powers of the living system are moved and sustained on mechanical and chemical principles. Dr. Caldwell contends for an independent principle of vitality, neither strictly mechanical, nor chemical, in its operation; and

that the action of the capillaries and veins, is kept up, neither by impulsive aid from the heart, nor suction from a vacuum formed by inspiration. If we comprehend him, he holds to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, to that inexplicable and independent power within us, which vitalizes the system, and performs the functions of circulation and life, on principles no way reducible to respiration, mechanical laws, or chemical action. It would be presumption in us to say more, than that we deem it a learned and cogent paper.

The third paper is an *essay on the theory of fever*, by professor Cooke. We should suppose it both learned, and well written. But it turns so much on the various, learned theories upon this subject, that have preceded his, discussions so technical and appropriate to the profession, that none but a practised physician ought to think for a moment of attempting an analysis of it. He discusses, and ingeniously and acutely, as it seems to us, and disproves the various systems which have explained the origin of fever. Having removed these theories out of the way, he proceeds to lay down his own. It is this: The principal remote causes of fever are *cold and miasmata*. Their effect is to weaken the action of the heart. The blood, the complexion, and the contents of the stomach are blackened by *miasmata*, and, as a consequence, the action of the heart is weakened. By whatever remote causes this effect is produced, the consequence is, that the heart, diminished, and enfeebled in its action, does not propel the blood from the *cava* and its branches, with sufficient energy. Accumulation and congestion of blood take place there, and of consequence in the branches of the *cava*, the head, stomach, liver and kidneys. Hence the symptoms of fever, and all other diseases. By an ingenious train of reasoning, he makes out, that under these circumstances, the heart, at first enfeebled, finally re-acts with increased energy. This increased action continued to a certain extent, produces relaxation again, and that again produces re-action. Thus the causes of disease go on increasing. This increase and decline are the proximate cause of paroxysm, and all the symptoms of regular increase and remission at uniform intervals. This, as far as we understand it, is the naked proposition of the theory, which seems to us to be highly plausible and ingeniously maintained.

'Art. IV.—*Prodormus Florulæ Lexingtoniensis, secundum florendi ætatem digestæ.* By Charles Wilkins Short, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Botany in Transylvania University.'

This article, in the succeeding numbers of this journal, proposes to give some account of the vegetable productions in the neighborhood of Lexington, and the circumjacent parts of Kentucky. There is no florula extant, that suits this latitude. This work contemplates supplying that deficiency. It is intended to arrange the

plants in this florula, neither according to the artificial method of Linnæus, nor the natural method of Jussieu, but in the order of their seasons of flowering. In the next place will be given the derivation of each generic name, as the genera occur. The class and order of the genus in the Linnæan system, will next be given. The description of the genus will follow. Next will succeed some particular species of the genus under consideration, and they will be given in different parts of the florula, according to the periods of their efflorescence. In conclusion, general observations will be made on the character, locality, period of blooming, duration of florescence, and ordinary time of its maturing its seed, fruit, &c.

We are pleased with the prospect of such a work, from a hand so competent to do it justice. It will tend to elucidate the botanical treasures of our country, to inspire the love of nature, and to facilitate the delightful study of botany.

The three succeeding articles are simply medical reports. The first, by Dr. Harrison, is on *cholera infantum*. It details the causes, and proposes the mode of curing this disease, which is so proverbially fatal to infants.

It seems to us to be the result of much study and observation, and we are told, it may be considered a standard article upon the subject. Article 6th, records the successful treatment, by Dr. Daniel Caldwell of Russelville, Kentucky, of a remarkable case of the protrusion of a body, supposed to be the Pancreas, through a wound between the last true and the first false rib; and Article 7th, a case of Polypus, treated successfully with Tartar-Emetic, communicated by Dr. Short.

The next two Articles are a review of Dr. Caldwell's *Elements of Phrenology*, and an obituary of the elder Dr. Yandell of Tennessee, by Dr. Yandell the younger. There is an exuberant freshness in both these articles, which indicates an overflowing mind and an excellent heart. Taking into view the youth of the writer, and the peculiar circumstances of his education, we consider these articles the buddings of great future promise.

There is a something in the style and manner that strongly smacks of the honorable ambition of youth. When we see such minds spring up in our woods, what may not be the future literary aspirations of our country? Having recently given an article in this journal upon the same work, of which the review in question treats, we shall add nothing here upon the subject-matter of it, except, that we consider it eloquent and happy. It is true, it is highly laudatory in its views of the book, as might be expected from the reverence of a young clevé for his intellectual father, for such, we have been told, has been Dr. Caldwell. But, we believe, all unprejudiced readers of that book will subscribe to the general justice of Dr. Yandell's review. For so very young a man, we consider it on the whole an extraordinary production.

The obituary notice of Dr. Yandell the elder, is from the same hand. It has eloquence and poetry, and we are told, great truth in the delineation. If there are points of eulogy, that might seem strained, when we see filial piety scattering the cassia, the evergreens, and perfumes, of deep and honorable affection, over the grave, not only of a father, but a useful, benevolent, and intelligent physician, untiring in kind exertions, and the medical almoner of the poor, there are but few, we would hope, who would not think more highly of him for this last affectionate demonstration of the veneration of a son for the memory of his father. Such a physician, as he describes the deceased to have been, a patriot, a philanthropist, a physician, who carried healing and consolation without price to the poor, and who crowned his other virtues by the firm and consistent profession of christianity, is a character, upon which eulogy may be allowed to dwell. We believe, that the loss of no other character in the community, does, or ought to call forth more sincere sorrow and tears.

The miscellaneous matter of this number, though short, seems to be important. On the whole, in point of purity and carefulness of style, and as far as we are qualified to judge, of utility, importance and treatment of the articles, this journal need not fear to institute a comparison with the proudest that our country has produced. Our regard to literature and science in general, and our local predilections, incline us to wish, that it may keep up to the high mark, on which it has commenced. It announces at the close, the publication of a treatise of Pathology and Therapeutics, by professor Cook, of Lexington, of 1,100 pages; and promises another volume, in the course of the ensuing summer. We trust, that we of the West, will confute the ancient adage, 'that great books are great evils.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received numerous favors from Illinois, Tennessee, and Kentucky. They came too late for a place in this number. They will be noticed in our next. We regret the late arrival of the pretty verses on 'April.' But our obliging correspondent will remember, that intellectual flowers have this pre-eminence over those of the field and the wood, that while the latter will soon have passed away, the former will be as bright and as blooming in June, as in April. Such verses are, like the fragrance of the rose, perennial. We shall be glad to hear from the framer of these verses again.

The 'lost child.' From a respected Louisiana correspondent, we have received information, that this child, about whom so much interest was excited in the minds of the readers of the Review, is certainly found, and before this, restored to its mourning parents. An extract, giving the details of the information, will appear in our next.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

At the close of the first year of the Western Monthly Review, the editor and proprietor tenders his sincere thanks to its patrons. He has not wished to blazon the pressure of other labor, beside the editing of this Journal, through which he has been obliged to wade, in the discharge of his duty. Most of that labor will be cleared off his hands, before he shall have put himself to the editorial exertions of another year. Whether this circumstance will enable him to advance the reputation of the Review, he can not say. But it will, at least, enable him to approach his functions with more courage, cheerfulness, and singleness of purpose. He puts it to his friends in the western country, to say, whether a periodical, purely literary, can be sustained here or not. If this should go mourning down to the grave, with its predecessors, he is confident, that no one will say, that it owed its decease to his want of industry. He flatters himself, that he has broken off valuable and necessary masses of information, for every western man, which nine-tenths of his readers would never have seen, or incurred the expense of

purchasing, in the original works. He has presented them in a readable form, and they have been read. Very few are aware of the expense necessarily incurred in the purchase of books for review. Still fewer will understand the severest of all literary labors, the condensation of much matter, into a small compass. It will require but a moderate acquaintance with matters of this kind, to see, that even if he is generally and promptly paid, his profits must be exceedingly small.

In order to have time to make collections, and to satisfy himself, what number of the Review he ought to print for the coming year, and at the same time to enable him to put the finish to a large work, which has long been in hand, the first number of the next volume, will not issue, until June. If, through the mistake of any of the agents, he has sent a bill to any subscriber, who has paid, he requests him to notify him of the person, to whom, and the time, when payment was made, and such person, in consequence of such statement, shall be considered, as having made payment. He wishes as many, who desire to be subscribers, as can find it convenient, to communicate directly by letter, with the publisher, E. H. Flint. A work, so expensive to him, and so cheap to the reader, can poorly afford to part with deduction for agency. The work will be continued, in form and on terms, as heretofore, to wit, *three dollars* in advance, or *four dollars* at the end of the year. Subscribers, who wish to receive it by private conveyance, are requested to notify us of the route, by which it may be conveyed, and to warrant the transmission, and it shall be sent to them free of charges of conveyance. A number of respectable writers, are now pledged, as contributors. He contemplates important improvements in it for the coming year, and to bestow upon it his undivided exertions.

TIMOTHY FLINT.

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E. H. FLINT offers for sale, at his Book-store, number 160, Main-street, nearly opposite the first Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, the following BOOKS, which he will sell cheap.

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TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE

WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

In making the collections of matter in these numbers, we find them insensibly to have swollen under our hands, to the size of a large volume. They are too painfully identified with our own wear and tear of brain, not to inspire the belief, that they will be bound and preserved. We can easily enjoy in anticipation, the eagerness, with which the future historian will repair to them, as a synopsis, of most of what has been said, and written, in the Western Country, touching its own natural, moral, and civil history. It would be useless for any one, to imagine the difficulties we have had to encounter, unless he were placed precisely in our situation. It seems to be a common opinion, that it is the easiest of all things to edit a Public Journal, and that a Hercules of this sort, may be made out of any kind of timber. Let those who so deem, make the experiment. You wish the reputation of being learned and grave. Some twenty of your readers award you that honor; and the rest fall asleep over your writings. On the other hand, you wish to be facetious and free and familiar, and you insensibly slide into coarseness and vulgarity. On the one side, you wish to preserve the dignity of literary and philosophic discussion inviolate; and the million, who are used only to the foul feeding of politics, as soon as they come to a fair estimate of your writing, never cut your pages, nor subscribe for you, but once. To steer between Scylla and Charybdis, to clear the due medium between these extremes, is an enterprise, that has more perils, 'than war or women have,' and requires a tact and delicacy of judgment, and a calmness of temper, and a steadiness of self-possession, which fall to the lot of but a very few.

Every one knows the utter impossibility of pleasing all. Some pronounce your serious articles Jeremiads, and your gay ones buffoonry. The very subject, which moved the deepest fountains of feeling within yourself, perhaps, discourses grating jargon in the minds of a majority of your readers. Each one has his notions, and most frequently immoveable ones, touching education, politics, philosophy and religion, and all points of opinion and taste. Proteus himself could not have assumed shapes enough to satisfy all.

When this Journal was commenced, our course was mentally marked out, as well as our resolution, that nothing should swerve us from it, but the demonstration of experience, that it would not be well received by the discriminating and intelligent among the public. Self-respect has withheld us from blazoning notices and testimonials, as flattering, as we could desire, from people, in whose taste and judgment we had confidence, before they praised us; and whose discriminating praise was unbought, unsolicited; and bestowed, when it was known, that our views of propriety would prevent us from availing ourselves of the common editorial balance of paying back in praise again. We have, more than once, felt a disposition to use our privilege of eulogy, and have been withheld by having received such a notice, as would cause, what we intended to have said, to have the aspect of unworthy attempts to repay in kind. In the same spirit, we have, except in a single instance, forborne to notice strictures. Kind and well intentioned criticism, every man, who possesses a particle of the real spirit of a scholar and a gentlemen, will always receive with courtesy and an answering spirit. Our critics, for the most part, have no higher object in view in their microscopic efforts at fault finding, than to create a *reverend* and proper estimate of their own learning, taste and acute-

ness. Whenever we notice strictures upon us, we intend it as clear evidence of our respect for those, who have passed them. We leave others to the course of their own judgment. For us, we have seen nothing to incline us to swerve from a measured silence.

The public has judged, and correctly, that most of the articles in this work, have been from one hand. A few contributors are now pledged for the coming year, who would do no discredit to the first journals in this, or in any country. We feel sure of our mark, so far as our judgment can reach, that mere ordinary and common place writing, shall find no admittance into our pages. To exclude whole masses of such writing has been one of our most painful duties, during the past year. Those, who have taken the trouble to read our pages, will discover, that our plan has been original. We have seen no model for such an arrangement and distribution, as we have made of our matter. Some have found fault with us for not naming the Journal, 'Miscellany,' and others, 'Magazine.' What a trifling ground of objection is a mere name! Our plan was obvious, and would be the same, call the work by what name we might.

The poetry, except two articles, has been altogether original, and of domestic fabric. That the public begins rightly to estimate the powers of the chief contributor in this department, we have the most grateful and consoling testimonials. Every one remarks, and most truly, that editors ought to have good, *steel wire*, instead of nerves. But we do not see the cruel necessity, that an editor should not have a heart. The 'Camp Meeting,' we are told, has found its way into the most extensively circulated journal in the United States, a religious paper, edited with a great deal of talent, which we used formerly to read, and with which we should be pleased to exchange. We allude to the 'Methodist Magazine of New York.' Whatever be the general dearth of poetical feeling, and however capricious the standard of poetical excellence, it can not but be, that some kindred eye will rest upon the poetry in this volume, and that a congenial string will be harped in some heart. In the structure of poetry, the public seems to demand nothing more than pretty words, put into ingenious rhythm, with a due regard to euphony. In conformity to that taste, we have inserted some poetry, which we considered made up rather with reference to words, than pictures and thoughts. But we have flattered ourselves, that the greater amount has had something of the ancient simplicity and force, to recommend it to those, who had a taste for that, and has had an aim, to call the mind 'from sound to things, from fancy to the heart.' We have an humble hope, that, if the author of these verses survives the chances of the distant and deadly climate, in which his lot is cast, and is not, in the hackneying cares of life, deprived of the visitings of the muse, the time will come, when no man, that has any living and permanent name, as a writer and a poet, will be forward to proclaim, that he did not discover the powers of the writer; or after investigation, viewed them with disapprobation.

Most of the tales, moral essays, and articles of natural history, have been copied into the papers; and in many instances have been seen wandering over the country, without 'a local habitation and a name.' As regards the Reviews, our narrow limits restricted us to brief notices and abstracts. We have considered the latter the most useful, as it is certainly the most difficult and laborious part of our function. Let those, who doubt us, put themselves into the editorial chair, and abstract the contents of five hundred pages, and condense them into ten. We have in this way gone over forty volumes, most of which were to all, but some twenty readers, as completely sealed books, as though they had never been. Yet they are books that every western man, who lays any reasonable claims to be estimated a reading man, ought to consider it a discredit not to know. Our readers have been brought acquainted with the names and general scope of these works, and know where to repair, if they wish for further information. These books could not have been purchased, except at the expense of an hundred dollars. The reader can not but see, that in condensing the contents of these volumes, we have encountered not only wearing labor, but a very considerable degree of expense.

We hope, we shall be sustained, in supposing, that our researches, touching the natural, moral, civil and geographical history of the Mississippi valley, have been of public utility. If any person should dispute this point, the worst

infliction, which we wish him, for his heterodoxy and hard judgment of us, is, that he may be qualified the better to try us in the case, by being obliged to read the twentieth part of what has passed under our eye upon the subject. We could not wish our worst enemy, to purchase our personal observation, at the expense of time, money, and disease, which it has cost us. We console ourselves with the confident persuasion, that it will one day be allowed us, that we have done something towards illustrating the country, over which we have so extensively travelled. The time is at hand, when the political and moral claims of this great region, will be as well understood, and as promptly admitted, as its physical extent and resources are at present.

The religious views, that we have incidentally taken, we are perfectly aware, will be too stern for some, and too liberal for others. This is a point upon which we felt, there was no ground for compromise, seeing that we had a tribunal of conscience, to which to be responsible, as well as our readers. We exult in the best of all liberty, which our country possesses, *Religious Liberty*. We deprecate, above and beyond all other tyranny, that which attempts to establish its despotism over conscience. We have our own views of religion. They can never be changed, except upon conviction. But we have felt no call to commit them before the public. Temperate and well written discussions of this subject have been acceptable to us from the most opposite quarters of opinion. Upon no sentiment of religion have we expressed an opinion of praise, as coincident with our own, except that, which inculcated *peace on earth and good will to men*; and urged the strain with moderation, dignity, and in a tone of christian feeling. We are prepared to allow the reader to put his own construction upon this course. We have chosen it deliberately, and we mean to pursue it independently.

We are not apprehensive of the charge of arrogance, when we say, that the Western public needs a Journal of this kind—that the one portion of the citizens of this great valley, may not be ignorant what is written of its natural and civil and literary history in another. Our task is to buy, condense, and serve up this information, in a manner the most brief, unexpensive and attractive, that may be to our readers. From the past they must argue to the future; except, that, as we shall be more disengaged, we hope to produce another volume, more worthy of their patronage. We are sufficiently instructed, that many, who expected to find in this work the character only of a newspaper, will be disappointed; and that to many others, the kind of writing in this Journal has been, of all others, the most uninteresting. Those, who now continue their patronage, will act understandingly, and will know, what kind of fare they may expect.

In regard to the administration of praise and blame in this volume, we can only say, that there is a difference in books, which exists independent of us, and which we can not help. Every respectable man knows, that he has a higher purpose in life, than to administer to the vanity of another, or expect another to devote his powers to soothing his. Since we can not endow minds with the same powers, it is folly to speak of all mental efforts in the same terms of maudlin praise, as disgraceful to the receiver, as the giver. Let us learn not to distribute, nor expect flattering words; but to be 'just and fear not.'

CONTENTS.

Editor's Address, - - - - - - - - - 9
The Lost Child, - - - - - - - - - 20
Western Interests and Improvements, - - - - 24
Progress of the West, - - - - - - - - 25
The Missouri Trapper, - - - - - - - 27
Female Correspondence, - - - - - - - 28
The Warrior's Execution, - - - - - - - 32
The Camp Meeting, - - - - - - - - 34
Review of Bryan's Poems, - - - - - - - 39
" " Long's Expedition, - - - - - - 43
" " Schoolcraft's Travels, - - - - - - 49
" " Lindsley's Addresses, - - - - - - 52
" " The Western Medical and Physical Journal, - 54
" " The Ohio School Bill, - - - - - - 55
" " J. O. Beauchamp's Confession, - - - - 58
" " Cincinnati in 1826, - - - - - - 61
History of Louisiana, - - - - - - - - 67
Downfall of the Fredonian Republic, - - - - 69
Burial of the Young Appalachy Warrior, - - - 71
Canals, - - - - - - - - - - - 73
Cincinnati Museums, - - - - - - - - 78
Agriculture of Louisiana, - - - - - - 81
The Kentuckian in New York, - - - - - - 85
Wakulla Fountain, - - - - - - - - 89
Extracts from the Hunter, &c. - - - - - - 92
Review of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, - - - - 95
" " Locke's Grammar, - - - - - 101
" " New Views of Society, - - - - 105
" " Paul Jones, - - - - - - - 119
" " Ruter's Arithmetic, - - - - - 125
Simplicity, - - - - - - - - - - 129
National Character of the Western People, - - - 133
Sketches of the Character of the North American Savages, 139
Indian Mounds, - - - - - - - - - 143
Revolutionary Reminiscence of throwing the Tea overboard in Boston Harbour, - - - - - - - 145
Monastery, - - - - - - - - - - 150
Misanthropic Hours, - - - - - - - - 151
Boon's Remembrances of arriving in Kentucky, - - 154

Review of Caldwell's Introductory Addresses, - - 155
" " America, by the Author of 'Europe,' - - 164
" " Hammond's Reports, - - - - - 175
" " Pamphlets, - - - - - - - 181
" " Abbot's Discourse, - - - - - 182
" " Atwater's Address, - - - - - 183
" " Harrison's Lecture, - - - - - 185
" " Illustrations of Masonry, - - - - 186
The Northern Lakes and Niagara Falls, - - - 193
Thoughts upon Prejudice, - - - - - - 198
Sketches of Indian Manners, - - - - - 204
Natural History of the Mississippi Valley, - - - 209
The Feast of Booths, - - - - - - - 212
Review of 'America,' - - - - - - - 217
" " History of Tennessee, - - - - - 226
" " Reed's Address, - - - - - - 235
" " Deming's Oration, - - - - - 239
" " Curtis' Oration, - - - - - - 241
" " Kirkham's Grammar, - - - - - 243
Flowers of the Mississippi Valley, - - - - - 249
National Independence, - - - - - - 255
Sketches of Indian Manners, - - - - - 263
Religious Character of the Western People, - - - 268
Indian Maid's Death Song, - - - - - - 271
The Beech Woods, - - - - - - - 272
Review of Marshall's History of Kentucky, - - - 274
" " Hope Leslie, - - - - - - 289
" " Doddridge's Address, - - - - - 296
" " Fulton's Masonic Oration, - - - - 300
" " Short's Agricultural Address, - - - 304
Extracts from the Journal of a Voyage, &c. - - - 313
Flowering Shrubs and Plants of the Mississippi Valley, - 322
Traits of the Indians of the Western Country, - - 325
Population and Prospects of the West, - - - - 329
Newspapers, - - - - - - - - - 335
Stanzas to a Mocking-Bird, - - - - - - 340
An Evening Walk, - - - - - - - - 342
Review of Marshall's History of Kentucky, *continued* - 345
" " Caldwell's Preliminary Discourse, - - 357
" " Pierpont's National Reader, - - - 365
" " Wilson's Sermon, - - - - - 371
" " Upham's Dedication Sermon, - - - 372
The Academy, - - - - - - - - - 377
Jemima O'Keefy, - - - - - - - 384
To a Coquette, - - - - - - - - - 394
To the Nightingale Sparrow, - - - - - "
Poetic Shifts, - - - - - - - - - 395

Review of Scott's Life of Napoleon, - - - - 397
" " Tannehill's Sketches of Literature, - - 418
" " Pierpont's Discourse, - - - - - 431
" " Genin's Oration, - - - - - - 434
" " Fisher Ames, - - - - - - 436
Violetta and Thoroughgrabb, - - - - - 442
Duelling, - - - - - - - - - 453
Mrs. Mason's Monody, - - - - - - 462
Review of Caldwell's Elements of Phrenology, - - 465
" " Brown's Novels, - - - - - 483
" " Harrison's Speech, - - - - - 494
" " Cooper's Crisis, - - - - - 502
Mississippi River, - - - - - - - 505
Birds of the Mississippi Valley, - - - - - 519
The Miseries of Authorship, - - - - - 523
The Being of a God, - - - - - - 528
The New Year, - - - - - - - - 429
Review of Biography—Declaration of Independence, - 531
" " Harrison's Narrative, - - - - 542
" " Simms' Poems, - - - - - 553
" " Greenwood's Sermon, - - - - 558
" " Hilliard's Address, - - - - 561
The Hermit of the Prairies, - - - - - 569
Reptiles of the Mississippi Valley, - - - - 589
Menander,—a Western Epic, - - - - - 592
Review of Chronicles of the Canongate, - - - 597
" " The Red Rover, - - - - - 603
" " Le Génie du Christianisme, - - - 609
" " Burroughs' Address, - - - - 626
History of the Mississippi Valley, - - - - 633
Miseries of Authorship, - - - - - 647
Lines on passing the Grave of my Sister, - - 651
The Orleans Hymn, - - - - - - - 654
Review of American Antiquities, - - - - 656
" " Sketches of Louisville, - - - 664
" " M'Kenney's Sketches, - - - - 669
" " Atterley's Voyage to the Moon, - - 674
" " Lowell's Sermons, - - - - 684
" " Caldwell's Discourse, - - - - 687
Advertisement, - - - - - - - - 697
Adventures of Arthur Clenning, - - - - 703
Pleasures of Authorship, - - - - - 709
Anniversary Hymn, - - - - - - 713
Stanzas, - - - - - - - - - 715
Review of History of Louisiana, - - - - 717
" " Butler's Hudibras, - - - - 732
" " Paley's Works, - - - - - 745
" " Transylvania Journal of Medicine, - - 749

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